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INTRODUCTION

When Vasco da Gama first returned from India with his battered ships and decimated crew, a thrill convulsed the whole Portuguese nation. They saw the quest in which their fathers had grown old brought to a triumphant conclusion. The gateway of the Orient for fifteen centuries barred to Europe at last stood open wide.

If we wish to understand how a people felt when the sea route to the East had been discovered, we have but to visit the church of Belem. All the exuberant joy of a young and vigorous race, its marvel at new horizons revealed, its visions of fantastic realms afar, are petrified for ever in the strange wild flora that adorns the architecture known as Manueline. There, surrounded by a riot of twisted cables, seaweed, shells, beside pillars encrusted like submerged rocks, beneath vaults that have the beauty of sea caverns, we may catch the echoes of a pæan for an ocean wonder. Belem commemorates a dream come true, a miracle accomplished.

Portuguese expansion overseas is an inexplicable phenomenon upon the page of history. Desire for expansion presupposes want of space at home, but the Portuguese had more than enough room in their own pleasant little land; the population was well under two million. The nation had just emerged from a centuries' old struggle for life, first with the Moors and then with the Castilians. Why such a people, having at last won peace by victory over their neighbours, should have felt the urge to spread across the unknown world is an unanswered riddle.

"This country is too impoverished and depopulated to garrison possessions overseas. To maintain them would be impossible!" So the wise Infante D. Pedro had said in 1436, when the conquest of Tangier was contemplated. Nobody can deny that his words were reasonable. Yet, less than a century later, without any influx of man-power or wealth, Portugal was mistress not only of the chief towns of Morocco, but also of possessions all around the coast of Africa, and she was laying down the law to half the kings of Asia.

It is not surprising that this greatness did not last. The wonder is that it should ever have been. For a country of Portugal's resources to maintain what she had won would have required a race of heroes with genius to guide them. The supply of heroes did not fail, but genius can have no succession. Of course there were many great men. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were vital ages and produced dynamic personalities in every land, but the growth of Portuguese dominion overseas was initiated and established by two master minds that stand out far above their generation: the Infante D. Henrique—Henry the Navigator—was the force that drove the nation to explore the dark Atlantic, to clear up the mysteries of the earth, and that set them on the road to India; and the great Afonso de Albuquerque laid the foundations of their eastern empire.

In the history of that century we may read of many men who carved out kingdoms with their sword, but Albuquerque is unique among them. Just as the systematically undertaken and scientifically worked out Portuguese explorations differ from Columbus' fantastic adventure, so Albuquerque has nothing in common with the swashbuckling conquerors of the New World. He was no soldier of fortune out for plunder. He sought no riches for himself, and the treasures of the East did not allure him. He was the slave of an idea and only wished to live and labour for it. He appears to us alternately as sailor, soldier, statesman, administrator, diplomat, equally proficient and at home in every part, his many-sided powers devoted always to one end: the founding

of a mighty empire in the East, the exaltation of his king and country. It is not Albuquerque's military successes, amazing though they are, that show us the true greatness of the man. Albuquerque upon the battlefield is one of the most brilliant captains of his age who waged war after the ruthless manner of his time—but in his constructive work he stands alone.

Albuquerque was essentially a builder. We feel this as we watch him at work upon the gigantic edifice that he had planned, piecing it together bit by bit, lavishing the same care upon every detail, while never losing his vision of the whole. Albuquerque built for the future, built to last—"all he did," has observed a contemporary, "he wished to endure for ever". Happily for him, he never knew how from the very nature of things his work could have no continuity. He was born out of his time, and the principles on which he based colonial empire have only found acceptance at the present day.

To rule men of another race without enslaving them, to respect their customs and give them religious liberty, to acquaint them with a justice that they had not known before, to let them have some share in their own government, to educate and train the younger generation—these may be the professed aims of all modern colonial rule, but such theories are recent. It would not have occurred to many men of Albuquerque's time or later that a conquered people need be happier for the conquest. It is a modern notion to regard the natives of a colony not as mere servants of the white man, but as fellow subjects of the Crown, with liberties to be protected under the same flag. In all these ideas Albuquerque was a pioneer who had so far outstripped his generation that when his place fell vacant there was none to fill it. It was only after Europe had experimented in Asia for over three hundred years that men of another nation reached conclusions which he had worked out for himself so long before and built on theories similar to his.

A man of unbending will, Albuquerque met with much

opposition in his lifetime—chiefly from his own subordinates—yet it seems no conqueror ever left a deeper or more widespread sense of loss. When his iron hand was withdrawn from India—India wept, and worshipped at his tomb. The dare-devil captains and wild soldiery who had so furiously submitted to his discipline discovered that it scarcely was worth while to serve another master. Lopo Soares, the new governor, a short-tempered and fussy little man, was faced by a discontented crowd, both European and native, and found that he who would succeed a giant should be gigantic.

In all the following years “the time of Afonso de Albuquerque” was talked about with bated breath by scarred and bearded veterans as of a halcyon day that could return no more. And it never did. None of Albuquerque’s successors had the genius to build on his foundations.

Perhaps Albuquerque himself could scarcely have carried out his own grandiose conceptions. He dreamed of empires far too vast for any small country to support, yet while he lived they hardly seemed impossible.

As it was, in six years of rule, hampered throughout by shortage of men, of ships, of money, as well as by the lack of vision and unjust suspicions of his king, Albuquerque made his influence felt from Arabia to China. He captured the keys of the Indian Ocean. Persia, Siam, and Abyssinia sought his friendship, while a dozen anxious Indian kinglets waited upon his pleasure with respectful embassies.

“Give me three thousand men in India for three years,” he wrote to D. Manuel, “if I am to do things properly!” He never got what he asked, but he died leaving Portugal the most dreaded power in Asia.

The royal ingratitude was his sole reward.

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E. S.

INDIES ADVENTURE

CHAPTER I

Early Influences

EARLY in the fifteenth century a certain João Gonçalves de Gomide murdered his wife, Dona Leonor de Albuquerque.

The reason for this crime is not known, but contemporary record states that it was insufficient, and João Gonçalves was duly executed.

He was lord of Vila Verde and a personage of some importance, being private secretary to the King; and the unhappy D. Leonor claimed descent, through channels illegitimate but quite authentic, from the reigning Houses of Castile and Portugal. The tragedy therefore caused no little scandal, and it is not surprising that the murdered lady's children formally renounced their father's name and lineage and were thenceforward known only by the name of Albuquerque.

Into this family was born the great Afonso, at a date which is somewhat uncertain. It has usually been given as 1453, but recent investigation points to 1460 as more likely to be correct. Afonso was the second son of Gonçalo de Albuquerque (son of João Gonçalves' victim), his mother was D. Leonor de Menezes, and he was brought up at the Court of Afonso V—Afonso the African, conqueror of Tangier, Alcacer and Arzila.

It was worth while to be young in Portugal in the fifteenth century. A great new age was breaking on the earth, and

Portugal had caught a first glimpse of the dawn. While France was slowly healing wounds left by the Hundred Years' War and binding her scattered provinces together, England was rent with civil war, Germany had not yet emerged from chaos, and Castile was seething with unrest, Portugal, more fortunate than them all, was quite absorbed in "giving new worlds to the world".

Fifteenth-century Portugal was a happy little land, though she was making history. A dynasty of the people's choice ruled benevolently, if with increasing absolutism; ready money might be scarce, but the delightful climate and fertile soil of Portugal brought forth corn and fruit and wine in great abundance, while the seas around her coast teemed with fish. The struggles of the Middle Ages had thinned her population, but had ended in effectively convincing the Castilian that Portugal was independent, and intended to remain so. As for the Moslem menace, Castile had still Granada at her gates, whereas Portugal—free from the Moorish peril for the last two hundred years—had in her turn become a menace to the Moor. Were not the strongholds of Morocco falling one by one before her small but enthusiastic armies?

Nor was North Africa to be the limit of Portuguese expansion. Henry the Navigator had dreamed vaster dreams, and the mysteries of the Dark Ocean were clearing up before the tiny questing caravels that ever bore the red cross¹ farther south. Somewhere, far off, round the corner—a corner to be turned one day—lay India and her treasures. A great blow at Islam would yet be struck in India. Meanwhile, new seas, new islands, new stars, new worlds.

The science of navigation was the topic of the hour, and the handling of a square-rigged ocean-going ship as fascinating to the young man of that time as motor mechanics or aviation are to our modern youth.

Lisbon was the Mecca of all interested in nautical or

¹ Prince Henry was Grand Master of the Military Order of Christ, which is the reason why the distinctive cross of that order came to be the symbol of Portuguese sea power, and was displayed on the sails of all Portuguese ships.

geographical studies. Lisbon was like an open window on the world—a world that grew wider each day. Thither congregated men from every clime: sailors, scientists, merchants, adventurers, and savage captives from regions beyond. And every year the fleet brought in fresh marvels; battered and buffeted, it sailed across the bar, and lean bronzed men poured forth with wondrous tales of high adventure on the unknown seas, and shining islands far away, while people listened open-mouthed and visions of Universal Empire rose before the throne.

This was the world of Albuquerque's youth, and he is lost in the Portuguese pageant until the end of the century. We have glimpses of him now and then. We know that he was at the battle of Toro beside the heir-apparent, Dom João. In 1480 he accompanied the fleet which the King of Portugal sent to Taranto to fight the Turks. Early in his career he appears to have been drafted to Arzila. These outposts of empire were the usual destiny of younger sons. What Albuquerque did there is not recorded: there was probably little to be done beyond perpetual skirmishing with the warriors of the desert—a useful military experience.

About 1490 we hear of Albuquerque as a member of the Royal Guard, and soon after as Equerry to the King, D. João II. He was back in Africa again, however, at the beginning of the reign of D. Manuel. He may have taken part in some of the clandestine voyages that were organized about that time to find out what lands of interest lay within the sphere ascribed to Portugal by the Treaty of Tordesillas. There is no documentary evidence to suggest that he did, but Albuquerque appears in later years as a skilful and practised seaman, and sailors are not made ashore.

At any rate, we know little or nothing about him until the year 1503, four years after Vasco da Gama's first return from India. The fleet sent out at that date to visit Portugal's new sphere of influence was commanded jointly by the cousins Francisco and Afonso de Albuquerque. Then it is that the man emerges from the shadows for the first time.

Afonso de Albuquerque, then over forty, was a man of striking appearance: thin as a lath, with hawk eye, eagle nose, and majestic beard already turning white. He had the driving energy of the whirlwind, and feared neither danger nor responsibility. He could navigate a ship, manœuvre fleets at sea, handle troops ashore, build fortresses, or govern empires—and he was perfectly aware of his own ability.

"You could give me twelve kingdoms to rule," he once wrote to D. Manuel, "and I should do so both wisely and well. Not," he adds, "through any special merit of my own, but because I am old enough to judge of what is right." He did not really feel that he was remarkable, he only thought that many men were fools.

As a friend he was loyal and generous; as an enemy he could be violent, but never vindictive. To the end of his life he was always surprised to find men cherishing resentment for differences he had forgotten long ago.

Albuquerque's enemies were perhaps more numerous than his friends. He was not exactly quarrelsome, as Portuguese captains went, but he had a quick temper and a caustic tongue, and he seems also to have had an unhappy knack of making his equals envious and his chiefs uneasy. A convinced disciplinarian, he never disobeyed his superiors, but they somehow never could believe that he would not. His subordinates either hated him or adored him—or both by turns—according to the degree of their submission. He was a just commander, but an autocrat who would be obeyed at any cost. Personal injury he could forgive, impertinence he might forget—insubordination, never.

True son of his inconsistent century, Afonso de Albuquerque combined the most callous cruelty with genuine kindness of heart. Contemporaries expatiate upon his charity and goodness to the poor; yet the man who never turned a deaf ear to a tale of woe could put whole populations to the sword without the least compunction.

His literary culture was average for his class and generation, based on a good knowledge of Latin and a thorough

grounding in the Scriptures, from which he could freely quote. He spoke well, and wrote easily in a style quite his own, but it apparently did not occur to him to make use of this gift except in correspondence; his life was always active rather than contemplative. He took part, his son informs us, in every military enterprise undertaken by the Crown, until he left for India. He himself has stated that he served continuously under two kings, but that his services never met with any special recognition; for some reason he appears to have been overlooked, while posts of principal command, with the honours and emoluments pertaining to them, were given to others.

After so many years of Arzila, with intervals of Court duty at home, the opportunity of leading three ships across some thousand leagues of little-known ocean and of negotiating directly with Eastern kings must have come as a welcome change.

Albuquerque had no special ties in Portugal. His property consisted of a "quinta" at Albandra and another at Atouguia, some pine-woods and vineyards at Alhos Vedros, and sundry pensions purchased from the King. He was unmarried; his family was composed of several sisters, a number of nephews and nieces, in whose careers he took a paternal interest, and one small illegitimate son (mother unknown),¹ who meant rather less to him. Being a conscientious man, Albuquerque duly legitimated the little Braz, handed him over to be brought up by his aunt D. Isabel, and then sometimes forgot that he existed. The real absorbing interest of Albuquerque's life was to see the flag of Portugal borne in triumph through the world, and the glory of bearing it himself was the only treasure he desired.

Such was the man who, after waiting half a lifetime, found an outlet for his gifts at last.

¹ Her name is given as Joana Vicente in the deed of legitimation. Who she was has not been discovered.

CHAPTER II

First Voyage to India

PORTUGUESE enterprise in the East has been represented as a mere rush after gain. It was a great deal more; it was the last Crusade. It was an act in defence of Europe against the Moslem menace.

This menace was a very real one. Several times already Christian civilization had almost been destroyed by the hordes of Islam. On the capture of Constantinople in 1453 the peril was renewed.

Hitherto Mohammedanism had drawn its reserves from an unknown and illimitable Asia, a mysterious Africa; it had for its background a world closed to Europe. Little Portugal, one of the smaller, poorer, less populous realms of Christendom, was the first to turn the flank of Islam and take the Moslem by surprise in his stronghold in the Far East.

Portugal certainly meant to capture the spice trade and divert it to her profit; but when did any government, modern or mediæval, follow a policy of undiluted altruism? Many of the men who journeyed east were hoping to get rich; some made this their main aim, and the more respectable were followed by the usual mob of scallywags and adventurers. But almost the same could be said of the earlier Crusades or any other undertaking of faulty mankind. The fact remains that this was not a mere commercial venture; the greatest of its leaders were all crusaders at heart, and the deliverance of Jerusalem was their far-off ideal. A papal bull granted special indulgence to those who died fighting the

infidel in distant lands, and the red cross of a crusading order was emblazoned on the sails that yearly bore the nation's manhood overseas.

They were beautiful to behold, the sixteenth-century square-rigged ships, though not designed for comfort. Four hundred tons was about their utmost capacity; there was little space for exercise on deck, and little air below; as for stability, nobody at that time had even dreamed of a steady ship; all ships bobbed like corks upon the waves.

What with captain, pilots and other officers, sailors and men-at-arms, each vessel was expected to accommodate ninety to a hundred and fifty men, and did so somehow or other. The captain enjoyed a fair-sized cabin in the castle of the poop, and his immediate subordinates had more or less comfortable quarters in the same part of the ship. The men were bunched together between decks. Water did not keep fresh, and biscuit soon got mouldy in the tropics; lack of green food inevitably brought scurvy, and, to add to all the other discomforts, the ship's wooden sides were warped by the heat and almost always sprung a leak, and that meant pumping night and day. Sea voyages were not recommended by doctors in those days.

Navigation, too, was not half so certain as it is to-day. Instruments were few and mostly inaccurate, the majority of seas were still uncharted, and the huge square sails were difficult to manœuvre. Such difficulties could only be overcome by first-class seamen, which, fortunately for themselves, most Portuguese pilots were. The pilot was the professional expert who was responsible for steering the correct course. The captain was expected to consult him and be guided by his advice on every technical problem that arose. As supreme commander the captain reserved the right to disregard the pilot's advice, but he would be blamed if anything went wrong in consequence. Of course some captains knew quite as much as their pilots (Albuquerque, for one, seems to have enjoyed scoring points off his), but the captain, being a *fidalgo*, was not professionally a sailor.

Portuguese gentlemen of that time were at home both on sea and on land, and every intelligent man was passionately interested in the science of navigation, but the fact remains that captains were selected for their distinguished birth and eminent social position as much as, or more than, for their nautical attainments. It was well, therefore, that the humbler pilot could make up for possible deficiencies.

The fleet sailing for India in 1503 was bound on a double errand, commercial and diplomatic. Their first object was to collect the yearly load of spices (mainly pepper), and the second to persuade the Rajah of Cochin to grant what Portugal required. This was nothing less than a fortress of their own to be built on his territory. The Rajah of Cochin was friendly enough, but any emergency might arise, and the memory of the massacre of Cabral's men at Calicut was only two years old. A Portuguese fort on Indian soil would make a repetition of the occurrence difficult. Further, D. Manuel's captains had instructions to establish trade with Quilon and attempt to reach an understanding with Calicut; Vasco da Gama had been dispatched the year before to deal out chastisement for the Samorin's misdeeds, and the admiral was even then on his way home, having obeyed his orders to the letter and added a few embellishments of his own. The Samorin ought to be in a repentant frame of mind.

Francisco and Afonso de Albuquerque were each given three ships, but they did not sail at the same time. Afonso, who did nothing slowly, had his squadron equipped and under way a good ten days before his cousin. He was not obliged to wait for him, no doubt to their mutual satisfaction: Portuguese captains preferred one another at a distance, and cousins were no exception to the rule.

Thus Afonso sailed on 6th April, 1503, on his flagship *Santiago*. With him went Duarte Pacheco Pereira, the future hero of Cochin and the greatest geographer and mathematician of his generation, commanding *Espírito Santo*, and Fernão Martins de Almada on *São Christóvão*. We rather

lose sight of Fernão Martins subsequently; he died at sea, one writer says, because he was so fat. A fourth ship made up the convoy, but that one did not count; at least none of the chroniclers considered it worth while to mention her. She was a privately owned caravel bound to the newly discovered East for trade, and she belonged to Caterina Dias. This lady was mistress to a wealthy Italian merchant, Marchione by name, who supplied the royal establishment with beds.

Caterina's little flutter on the spice market would have remained unknown to us but for a certain Empoli who travelled on the caravel and has described the voyage, which apparently was little to his liking. It certainly was long, and enlivened by wild weather of every kind; the whole squadron nearly came to grief by night just off the Island of Ascension. But that was not all: "Before we reached the Cape horrible storms assailed us, and we drove without a stitch of canvas east and west, for at this place there blow no other winds, and by the grace of God we passed the Cape, which we sighted on 6th July, 1503." They sailed on east of Madagascar—then called the Isle of São Lourenço—and saw land no more until the Malabar coast was sighted, not far from Calicut. It was 20th September when they at last disembarked at Cochin.

Meanwhile Francisco de Albuquerque, though he left later, had encountered better weather and was already there. Thus the cousins met in India—and it is now time to see what sixteenth-century India was really like.

CHAPTER III

India Four Centuries Ago

UNTIL a few years before, India had sat mysteriously apart, utterly ignoring the Western world. All the wealth and all the spices of the earth were hers, and Arab traders came to fetch them. The scented bales were carried over the Indian Ocean, up the Red Sea, and then by caravan across the desert. At last the Arab sold them to the Turk, and from Alexandria and Turkey the exotic wares were shipped to Venice, whose merchant princes doled them out at fancy prices to all who cared to buy. Expensive though they were, the market was assured, for spices were the luxury of which all mediævals dreamed.

Such was the devious chain that linked the Occident to India, and echoes from the restless West came to her but dimly—like distant horses' hoofs to the ear of a sleeper. Not that India slept. Her gorgeous princes ruled their kingdoms, and fought and made alliances and murdered each other in the lordly Eastern style.

Among these was the Samorin of Calicut, great among the kinglets of the Malabar Coast, to whom the Rajahs of Cochin and Cannanore resentfully paid homage. Calicut was the centre of the pepper trade, and rich in ginger and in cinnamon besides.

The most powerful kingdom of all was still the mighty Vijayanagar, with its six hundred ports and thousand elephants. The Samorin, though independent, lived in awe of Vijayanagar, or Kingdom of Narsinga, as it was also called. But already the great Hindu realm was declining: the death-grip of the Moslem was on its throat. The rulers

of the Deccan had conquered Goa, and Yusuf Adil Shah, son of the Turk and King of Bijapur, had fortified himself beside its crocodile-infested stream. Goa had been the chief port of Vijayanagar; all the best horses from Persia and Arabia were embarked at Ormuz to be sent to Goa, and the duties that they paid filled the royal coffers with wealth.

North of Goa ruled the King of Cambay, another Moslem potentate, whose useful port of Diu was commanded by the Tartar Malik Yaz.

One could name a dozen other tiny glittering kingdoms, the smallest of which was rich enough to buy up the most magnificent European king of those days. But of Europe no Indian monarch had ever thought at all, until in 1498, one day at sunset, three battered ships sailed into Calicut. The teeming Eastern crowd assembled on the beach to stare at the strange craft and unknown men from the world's end; and an era in the history of mankind passed with the fading light. The splendid isolation of the Orient was gone for ever.

The shock of the new arrivals left the Eastern kings perplexed; the Samorin could not decide upon the safest and most profitable line to take. He was a shifty soul, and trusted nobody. The strangers appeared pleasant and plausible enough—but did he really want them?

The wealthy Moslem traders at his Court suggested most persuasively that he did not; they knew the strangers' race and where they came from, and eyed them with hostility born of a blood-feud centuries old, for they were the hereditary foemen of Islam. Besides, the Arabs trembled for the pepper trade, which had hitherto been entirely in their hands. They saw to it that the Samorin made no alliance with Vasco da Gama, although he had considered the idea.

Moslem intrigue was also responsible when, two years later, the factor left at Calicut by Pedralvares Cabral was murdered and all the merchandise in the factory confiscated. The Samorin appropriated the wares to himself, while sending in profuse apologies for all that had occurred. "A most unfortunate affair," he called it, but he had been misled

by evil counsellors. The terrible reprisals that ensued convinced the Samorin that he had mistaken the strangers' apparent mildness and the broadness of his counsellors' backs. From that time Portugal waged war on Calicut.

Cochin and Cannanore did not follow Calicut's example. After all, the foreigners did them no harm and paid for all the spices that they took away, so why quarrel with them? Besides, Cochin and Cannanore were tired of being bullied by their overlord the Samorin, and glad to find themselves backed by a great foreign power that seemed the greater that it was so far away. The Rajahs of Cannanore and Cochin signed a firm alliance with D. Manuel, and declared themselves his vassals. The Samorin objected to this, but he was careful to do nothing while the fleet from Portugal was there.

Vasco da Gama bombarded Calicut and sailed for home, but he left Vicente Sodré with sundry ships behind. All might have been well if Sodré had not been bored at Cochin. The interesting part of the Indian Ocean was the Arabian coast, where the treasure ships sailed for Bab-el-Mandeb. Sodré's financial position was not what he wished: he decided to interfere with Arab trade.

"If you go," said the Rajah of Cochin, "the Samorin will come." "Not he," replied Sodré, and sailed—whereupon the Samorin arrived. Sodré was drowned in a fearful storm off Kuria Muria, and the Rajah of Cochin was driven from his capital to take refuge in the Island of Vaipim; in this uncomfortable position Francisco de Albuquerque found him.

When the Portuguese ships appeared the Samorin prudently retired; Francisco de Albuquerque dispersed most of the forces of Calicut, and restored his throne to the Rajah of Cochin, who fell into the arms of his deliverer and embraced him in gratitude.

Glad to find him in a gracious mood, Francisco raised the question of the fortress. It was not easy to refuse, and work had already been going on for four days when Afonso de Albuquerque disembarked at Cochin.

CHAPTER IV

Cochin and Quilon

THE cousins joined forces—not very enthusiastically, it seems—and marched together to inflict a fresh defeat on Calicut.

The Rajah of Cochin's delight in his allies knew no bounds. He would have preferred them not to build a fort, but the captains assured him it was for his own good.

Each Albuquerque then took charge of one half of the building, which had to be finished before the ships could load. Francisco de Albuquerque, having reached India first, was to take cargo at Cochin, while Afonso was to proceed to Quilon. Such were the orders issued by the government at home. Afonso de Albuquerque dispatched two of his ships to Quilon to await him and hastened to complete the job in hand.

When Afonso de Albuquerque was in a hurry, things got done. He and his men worked day and night, and soon it was evident that his part of the fortress would be ready first. This seems to have upset Cousin Francisco, whose temper became short. Soft answers not being in Afonso's line, the atmosphere daily grew more tense, and by the time the fortress was complete the captains were not on speaking terms.

Appearances were, of course, kept up before the Rajah of Cochin, who was invited to an impressive opening ceremony, which he graced enthroned aloft upon his elephant. A special mass was celebrated in honour of the event, a sermon was preached, and the proceedings ended with a banquet. Then, having systematically disagreed on every subject that arose, the cousins separated, and Afonso de Albuquerque sailed to Quilon.

Quilon was an important little kingdom in those days, and held the gorgeous island of Ceylon in fee. There were no Moslems resident in Quilon at that time—a great recommendation to the Portuguese—and, what was even more interesting, there existed a small but ancient Christian church founded (according to tradition) by St. Thomas the Apostle. The Rajah of Quilon was anxious to make friends with Portugal, and Portugal felt disposed to encourage Quilon. Albuquerque was very well received by the governor of the city, and the Rajah, away at war with Vijayanagar, sent civil messages.

All went so smoothly that the Samorin of Calicut felt moved to interfere. He sent envoys to the deputy rulers, warning them to be careful what they did, for the Portuguese were dangerous people and he, for one, would have no truck with them. His friendly advice was backed by handsome gifts to all who mattered.

This gave Afonso de Albuquerque food for thought: he could not hope to compete at that game. A Portuguese captain was in no position to bribe Oriental magnates; bullying, on the other hand, would be undiplomatic. Triumphs, if any, must be obtained "by kindness". To be very pleasant while appearing powerful was Albuquerque's cue, and his men were drilled to systematic good behaviour when they went ashore.

As a result all Quilon was so charmed by the engaging foreigners that there was no concession they felt unprepared to make, the more so that Albuquerque managed to stage a reminder that these delightful friends might be unpleasant foes.

It happened one day that thirty ships of Calicut were sighted sailing for Coromandel. Albuquerque's squadron of three promptly gave chase, but the wind failed just too soon and, under cover of night, the ships of Calicut slipped into Quilon harbour. It was safer there than on the open sea with the Portuguese at their heels. Albuquerque demanded that the governor should deliver them at once; otherwise

it would be his painful duty to sail into the port and burn the lot. He would then turn his back on Quilon and never trade there more.

The governor found this awkward. He knew that his prince was anxious for the Portuguese alliance; at the same time, Quilon was not at war with Calicut. He begged to be allowed to communicate upon the subject with his master, the Samorin's ships being forcibly detained meantime.

The Rajah replied by requesting as a favour that the ships might be left intact, provided that they did not leave the port without permission. With a great show of reluctance Albuquerque agreed. His intention and desire, he said, had been to destroy them all utterly. Nevertheless, such was his regard for the Rajah of Quilon that, at his request, he stayed his hand. Thus, after all, the ships of Calicut were left in peace, but they were allowed no cargo till the Portuguese fleet sailed.

And so back to Cochin, to find Francisco was no longer there. He had gone to Cannanore, the factor explained anxiously, leaving most of the cargo in the fort behind. Would Afonso de Albuquerque kindly take it to him? Afonso de Albuquerque's ships were loaded to their hatches, but it seemed a pity to leave all those goods behind. He agreed to stretch a point and take it on.

He equipped the fort with provisions and munitions, and made some changes in the garrison that his cousin had left. The captain who remained in charge of this first Portuguese stronghold in Asia was none other than the learned and heroic Duarte Pacheco. He was backed up by some seventy volunteers. Their chances of survival were by many considered small: as soon as the fleet had sailed the Samorin would certainly return in force, and then, "God rest the souls of Duarte Pacheco and his men," piously remarked the pessimists. Things did not turn out quite so badly. The garrison of Cochin escaped with their lives that year; but they had eight months' desperate fighting to sustain before the fleet of 1504 arrived.

Afonso de Albuquerque found his cousin at Calicut, discussing peace terms with the Samorin. Nothing was concluded, however; as usual, the evasive Samorin spoke a great deal about his wish for peace, but did not act up to it. The captains saw that they were wasting their time, and went together to Cannanore to make ready for the voyage home.

Francisco de Albuquerque had not finished loading his ships, and for some reason was not in a hurry. Meanwhile, January advanced, and the favourable winds might cease any day. Royal orders, however, were that the two captains-in-chief must leave together; Afonso therefore waited and fumed, while the leisurely Francisco went on loading his ships. He really was unnecessarily slow, and in a council held by all the officers on the spot it was agreed that if Francisco were not ready by the 20th Afonso would have to leave without him. The 20th came and went. Francisco, unhurried and serene, still made no move—and on the 25th he was not ready yet. On that date Afonso assembled his three ships and sailed. History does not tell us how the cousins parted.

The return was uneventful; quite a good voyage, as voyages went in those days. Once they ran short of water, but they took on supplies near the Cape, and the flagship lost her very worm-eaten boat in the process. The doldrums becalmed them many weeks, but at last, towards the end of July, *Santiago*, *Espirito Santo*, and *São Christóvão* sailed joyfully into Belem.

Albuquerque's first trip east had been a comparatively unexciting experience; but he brought back for the King seed pearls by the pound, besides forty pearls, eight shells of mother-of-pearl, a diamond the size of a bean, and much jewellery. Moreover, he had had a good look round and thought of many things; the results of his observations he imparted to the King in a series of interviews.

Francisco de Albuquerque, left at Cannanore, finished loading his ships in his own time. On 5th February he set sail.

None of them were ever seen again.

CHAPTER V

Voyage with Tristão da Cunha

THERE was panic in the pepper market when the world became aware of what was happening in India.

The Sultan of Turkey and the Lords of Venice ground their teeth with rage; the balance of trade was shifting and the day of their monopoly was over. Spices were brought direct to Lisbon and sold at prices that undercut all other markets.

To outward view the cordial relationship of Portugal and Venice remained untroubled. D. Manuel and the Doge officially were on the best of terms, and their ambassadors expressed mutual regard in flowery words. Behind the scene each party was striving to cut the other's throat.

Lisbon bristled with Venetian spies. They dogged the footsteps of the great, and followed the humble sailors to their low haunts; they hung about the Court and loafed upon the quays. They even bribed their way into the secret archives where records of the latest geographical discoveries were kept under lock and key. It is to their activities that we owe the preservation (in copy) of some of the jealously hidden Portuguese maps of the time, among others Cantino's celebrated planisphere; but all the odds and ends of information they could glean profited Venice nothing. Portugal had the ocean gates of India in her grasp, and Venice, who once had thought to rule the sea from her land-locked lagoons, could do little against a nation that was master of the Atlantic.

Venice, in fury, turned to Egypt. The Soldan was urged

to launch his fleet on the Red Sea and sweep the upstarts from the Indian Ocean.

But Portugal was not so easily to be got rid of. In 1505 D. Manuel prepared a great armada for the East, with a Viceroy in command. That dignitary was not just to come and go with the pepper as the captains of India had done hitherto; he would remain there for three years and place Portuguese power upon a firmer footing.

Tristão da Cunha—another of Afonso de Albuquerque's numerous cousins—was the man first selected by the King for this important post, because D. Manuel "had confidence that he would serve him well". He might indeed have done so, but Tristão da Cunha was not destined to be Viceroy of India after all. He suddenly became blind just when he should have sailed, and the King, at the last moment, had to make a second choice. Tristão's blindness was happily of short duration, but by the time he was well again, D. Francisco de Almeida had taken his place and left for India with his handsome son Lourenço.

Tristão da Cunha does not appear to have distressed himself unduly over the honour he had missed. The King made him happy by giving him command of the fleet to sail for India the next year, and granting him permission to take a vessel of his own to do a little private trade.

D. Francisco de Almeida had gone east to bear the pompous title of Viceroy, enhanced by the royal promise that no other man should hold it while he lived. That sounded like a permanent appointment, but apparently D. Manuel did not mean it to be so, or else he soon changed his mind. Less than a year after Dom Francisco sailed, the King had chosen Albuquerque as his successor—not to the title of Viceroy indeed—but to his post as Governor of India. Until 1508 it was to be a secret carefully preserved from all, to which the future governor had to pledge his word in writing. The document exists to-day and runs as follows:

"I, Afonso de Albuquerque, declare that I have taken my oath to our Lord the King, in his presence, that I will divulge to none the provision made regarding the captaincy of India, now held by D. Francisco, against the latter's return to these realms or in case of his death—which document I hold and may reveal to no man until such time as it should take effect and I remain in tenure of his office. By these presents I therefore declare it to be thus and pledge my faith and solemn word so to fulfil and keep. The Letters Patent for this I take with me, given me by Antonio Carneiro, closed and sealed according to the good pleasure of the said Lord King, as his gracious will required it should be done. Lisbon, 27 Feb., 1506."

The paper is written throughout in Albuquerque's sprawling hand and signed with all the usual flourishes.

During the eighteen months that had elapsed since Albuquerque's return from India, D. Manuel had enjoyed some interesting talks with him. The King was never a particularly discerning judge of men, but even he could see that this man had brains as well as big ideas. D. Manuel fancied himself for the part of Universal Emperor. He decided that Albuquerque ought to have a chance to work out some of his conceptions.

D. Francisco's three years expired only in 1508, but Albuquerque was to go east at once with Tristão da Cunha's fleet and under his command. Orders were to proceed together as far as Socotra, where they were to build a fortress to interfere with Moslem trade bound for the Red Sea. It was considered that Socotra would be a good strategic base. D. Manuel's interest in that desolate island, however, was not entirely mundane. His fleet had also a spiritual errand to fulfil.

The inhabitants of Socotra were said to be Christians, descended from converts of the ubiquitous St. Thomas. It was feared, however, that after so many centuries of isolation their religion might have become unorthodox. D. Manuel therefore dispatched, together with all

ecclesiastical equipment, a Franciscan friar to instruct these erring sheep and bring them back into the Church's fold.

After catering for Socotra's military and religious needs, Tristão da Cunha was to sail direct to India to fetch the pepper home, leaving Albuquerque, with six ships and 400 men, chief captain of the Indian Ocean. His mission would be to patrol the seas, explore the Arabian coast and capture any points that might be useful; Ormuz, for instance, might prove a valuable asset. In addition, the fortress of Socotra was to be Albuquerque's peculiar care, and was to be kept supplied with such stores and munitions as were found necessary. In 1508 Albuquerque would proceed to India, present his credentials to the departing Viceroy, and take over the reins of government himself.

All these instructions D. Manuel delivered to his future governor together with a rich and costly flag, a crimson cross emblazoned on white satin. This banner figured subsequently in every one of Albuquerque's battles, and sixty years later, faded and torn, accompanied his bones to Portugal.

The 1506 fleet consisted of sixteen ships. Those of the squadron to remain with Albuquerque were commanded respectively by Afonso Lopes da Costa, Antonio do Campo, Manuel Teles, whose father Alvaro was sailing under Tristão da Cunha's flag, and Francisco de Tavora, a brave but bad-tempered young man. The sixth ship was already in the Indian Ocean and was to join the fleet at Moçambique.

This time Albuquerque took with him two of his nephews, D. Afonso and D. Antonio de Noronha, sons of his sister Constança. D. Afonso had the not very lively prospect of being left at Socotra as captain of the fort, while D. Antonio, a cheerful, reckless lad of twenty, who feared nothing and was everybody's friend, was to accompany his uncle.

With Tristão da Cunha sailed his young son Nuno, destined years later to be himself a governor of India, Lionel Coutinho, Job Queimado, Ruy Pereira, the Alvaro Teles already mentioned, João Gomes de Abreu and others.

The flagship's pilot was the celebrated João de Lisboa, known to posterity as the author of a treatise on the compass.

The no less famous João Dias de Solis would have been pilot of the *Cirne*, Albuquerque's ship, but two days before they were to sail João Dias disappeared. The man had chosen an awkward moment to assassinate his wife, and at the time when he should have joined the fleet he was sheltering from justice over the Castilian border. There any one resembling a Portuguese pilot was received with open arms, for in the science of navigation Portugal was to her neighbour as the professional to the enthusiastic amateur. Castile therefore welcomed João Dias, and João Dias subsequently discovered for Castile the River Plate.

Meanwhile Albuquerque applied to headquarters for another pilot, and waited, but none appeared.

The spring of 1506 was a difficult season for manning expeditions. A plague was devastating Lisbon and the Court had moved to Abrantes to be out of infection's way. The fleet lay at Belem getting ready to leave, and as nobody wanted to embark with anyone from Lisbon, it seemed that half the men would have to stay behind—a serious matter when each one would be missed.

On the morning of 5th April Tristão da Cunha sailed with the fleet, leaving the *Cirne* at Belem still waiting for a pilot. When the next day failed to bring one, Albuquerque shrugged his shoulders and put out to sea.—“ I presumed I could take my ship to India as well as the best pilot in the fleet!” is his own modest statement. Accordingly he left Belem navigating his *Cirne* himself and no doubt enjoying it immensely. Tristão da Cunha with the other ships was not far off, and Albuquerque overtook his “ Capitão Mór ” on the evening of that same day.

The voyage proved neither happy nor harmonious. It was a pity that Portuguese captains so seldom agreed with one another! Afonso de Albuquerque and Tristão da Cunha may have been friends before they sailed from Portugal—Albuquerque says they were—but by the time they parted

at Socotra they certainly were not. From all accounts, his own included, Albuquerque really had no wish to quarrel with his cousin and commander, to whom he never failed to yield appropriate if not unquestioning obedience, but he and Tristão seem to have got on each other's nerves.

"If on this voyage we made together some displeasure arose between the two of us," writes Albuquerque quite dispassionately a few years later, "was it your fault, or was it mine?" Obviously he thinks the fault was Tristão's, but he points this out in quite a friendly way. He clearly cannot understand why Tristão should continue to bear him a grudge.

This letter does not refer to anything occurring before Moçambique, but there evidently was "displeasure" from the start. It began over the men whom the other captains had left behind in quarantine. To the dismay of the more nervous members of his crew, Albuquerque had gathered them all in. He said they would certainly be needed later and he expected Tristão da Cunha to divide them up among the different ships. This Tristão refused to do, and when Albuquerque said he had not on board the wherewithal to feed so many, suggested they should be left in Senegal. After much acrimonious altercation the chief captain gave way. When the fleet put in to Beziguiche for water the men were duly disembarked and distributed to the various ships.

The Cape might have been doubled in good time if it had not been for Tristão da Cunha's private ship. She proved a wretchedly slow sailer and the fleet was constantly held up to wait for her. All the captains grumbled, but Afonso de Albuquerque remonstrated, which did not help to re-establish harmony. He said that at this rate India would not be reached that year. Why hold up a whole fleet for a single ship? Detail one vessel to stay behind with her, and let the rest make full speed ahead.

Tristão da Cunha replied angrily that this ship had been granted him for his advantage and he could not have her left behind with all his goods on board. The matter was

discussed with heat, and it was only after wasting weeks off the Brazilian coast that Tristão was at last convinced. Rather bitterly, he ordered the fleet to make full sail for Moçambique, and leave his ship to take her chance.

It was too late to make up for lost time. They had to sail south of the usual course to get the wind, and thus they came across the islands still known to-day by Tristão da Cunha's name.

Soon after this not very exciting discovery, the wild storms of the South Atlantic scattered the fleet and each ship lost sight of all the others. After nearly capsizing in the gale, Albuquerque brought his *Cirne* safely round the Cape and up to Moçambique, where Tristão da Cunha and some of the others turned up later. Francisco de Tavora met and joined Albuquerque somewhere off the East African coast, but not all the captains chose to keep the appointed rendezvous.

Lionel Coutinho reached Moçambique successfully, but growing tired of waiting there, moved on to Kilwa. Alvaro Teles, intentionally or otherwise, made his course east of Madagascar and never troubled to put in at Moçambique at all. He passed on to Malindi, where he left word that he would await the rest at Guardafui. The passageway of Arab traders never lacked interest and Alvaro Teles felt that time would pass more profitably near this fascinating cape.

Ruy Pereira turned up at Moçambique, late but with exciting news. He had come via Tanana, a port of the hitherto unexplored Isle of São Lourenço—Madagascar of to-day. Ruy Pereira brought with him two specimens of the Malgache population, and glowing tales of ginger growing in the isle.

Ginger and pepper were magic words in sixteenth-century ears. Tristão da Cunha was at once aflame to explore São Lourenço—a plan which left Afonso de Albuquerque cold. Too much time had been already wasted; they should have reached Socotra long ago.

He listened in disapproving silence while captains and pilots discussed the desirability of sailing round the island

via the north. As seamen he thought they might have shown more sense. Why, he asked them at last, did they propose to follow the coast in that direction? "They gave no reason," we are told, "because they had none to give!"

Annoyed by Albuquerque's rather scornful attitude, Tristão da Cunha asked him what was *his* opinion? If they must explore the island, said Albuquerque, they ought to take it from the south, the side from which Ruy Pereira came. Not only was it more sensible and systematic to work from the known to the unknown coast, but considering the winds and currents prevalent in those seas at that season, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to round the north point of the island.

The truth of these remarks was fairly obvious, but a spirit of contradiction was abroad; Tristão da Cunha was no fool, but he was not on good terms with Afonso de Albuquerque, and was not disposed to listen to advice from him. He decided to steer a northerly course around the Isle of São Lourenço, as had been first suggested.

It was only after three months' struggle with the elements that he admitted his mistake. The wind and current were against them altogether. Even between Moçambique and Madagascar the ships were borne two and a half degrees south, and a great deal of time was wasted in vain attempts to round the north point of the island.

A little mild exploration was achieved. Names were given to various points along the coast. Young Nuno da Cunha, still at the romantic age, called the first harbour which they made Maria da Cunha, after a pretty cousin in Portugal whom he loved and later married. A few Moslem towns were visited and sacked. Some prisoners were made, some booty taken. But it soon was clear to all that little was being accomplished. Tristão at last announced his intention to turn and coast the other way, as Albuquerque had advised.

The latter was dismayed at the prospect of beginning all over again. When would they reach Socotra? He and

Tristão da Cunha had hardly spoken to each other since they sailed from Moçambique, but now Afonso de Albuquerque sought out his chief. Surely, he said, the whole fleet was not required for exploring São Lourenço? He could take his own squadron and proceed up the African coast. On the way he might round up the missing captains and bring them all with him to Socotra.

For once Tristão da Cunha agreed. He was still very interested in the Isle of São Lourenço, but had to admit there was other work to do. The proposed arrangement left him free to continue exploring, and he cheerfully made over to Albuquerque all the latter's ships. Albuquerque took them first to Moçambique to undergo repairs. These prolonged cruises in the tropics were very hard on wooden ships.

From Moçambique Albuquerque wrote to D. Manuel the first of his famous series of letters, dated 6th February, 1507. The King always demanded ample details of all that happened overseas, and Albuquerque sent him a full report of the São Lourenço cruise. He does not criticize Tristão da Cunha, but he touches on the argument with the pilots at Moçambique—an allusion which Tristão da Cunha apparently never forgave. Albuquerque could not see why. "All pilots boast!" he wrote to his cousin, "and perhaps I wanted to boast of my seamanship and navigation, since it did not reflect on you in any way!" Tristão had a pilot on his ship. "And you were obliged to act according to the advice of your pilot, and I was obliged to give you my opinion." But Tristão da Cunha did not see it in that light and was bitterly aggrieved.

The ships repaired, Albuquerque was making for Malindi when Tristão da Cunha reappeared. His exploration had ended suddenly upon a coral reef on which Ruy Pereira's ship had run aground. Tristão had avoided a like fate by a miracle and was not sorry to give up the island and reassume his post as commander of the fleet.

Afonso de Albuquerque was probably less pleased to resign it, but he struck his flag with very good grace as soon

as the "Capitão Môr" hove in sight, and together they returned yet once more to Moçambique.

There they found Tristão da Cunha's friend, João da Nova, with his ship *Frol*¹ *de la Mar*—both in a sorry plight.

The unfortunate João da Nova had left India for Portugal the year before, but somewhere off the Cape *Frol de la Mar* had sprung a tremendous leak. He put back to the islands of Angoja for repairs, but the damage proved too great for the resources available there. The stormy voyage around the Cape could not be contemplated, and he returned to Moçambique to await the ships from Portugal. The climate of Moçambique did not agree with João da Nova, and he was very ill by the time Tristão da Cunha and his fleet appeared.

Tristão was delighted to meet his friend. Between them all *Frol de la Mar* was made seaworthy, her cargo was dispatched to Portugal in another ship, and João da Nova was invited to proceed to Socotra.

On their way there they called to compliment the Sultan of Malindi, friend of Vasco da Gama and Portugal's first ally in the East. As usual, the reception was most cordial, the more so that the Sultan had a favour to ask. The rulers of Angoja and Mombasa were making life impossible for him. Would the Portuguese kindly administer chastisement?

Tristão da Cunha assured their friend that it would be a pleasure, and sailed in force into Angoja harbour without more delay. Before leaving Malindi, however, Afonso de Albuquerque informed the Sultan that he was on his way to conquer Ormuz and other towns by the Arabian Sea, and would be thankful for some pilots well acquainted with that coast, which the Portuguese had hardly yet explored. The Sultan promptly supplied the three best available and bade his allies an affectionate farewell.

¹ "Frol" is the mediæval rendering of "flor", a flower. The change to the modern form occurs quite suddenly about the middle of the sixteenth century. It was a relatinization of the word adopted deliberately by cultured people under the influence of the Renaissance. Thus, though the men of Albuquerque's generation invariably write "frol", their sons appear to be divided on the subject. Braz de Albuquerque favours "flor", whereas his contemporary João de Barros (a stylist much esteemed) adheres to the old-fashioned spelling. Castanheda and Correa both use "frol", but neither of these two is a pedantic writer.

Angoja was taken without much difficulty, the town was sacked and burned, and the fleet proceeded up the coast to Brava. There the ruler was invited to become a vassal of the King of Portugal and pay a yearly tribute. The unwilling king tried to gain time by postponing his reply. Tristão da Cunha declared that he had other business to attend to and could not wait more than a day or two. The king failed to come to terms within the time appointed, and the Portuguese attacked.

It was no easy matter to land troops through the wild surf of that unprotected coast with the enemy waiting fully armed upon the shore, but somehow they broke through at the point of the sword. A hard fight ensued, but Brava fell and the captains triumphantly cleared out the mosque.

The glow of this successful thrust at Islam left everybody in a happy mood. Tristão da Cunha, wounded in the leg, declared he would be knighted there and then on this spot where the "Moors" had drawn his blood. He actually requested Afonso de Albuquerque—himself a knight of Santiago—to perform the ceremony for him; the rite was duly accomplished, while trumpets sounded in the city square. Tristão da Cunha was then able to knight his own son and many others besides.

The royal palace was plundered, Brava was left in flames, and the fleet sailed at last for Socotra.

No special fighting was expected there, only fortress building and the pious task of converting the inhabitants to orthodoxy. Manuel Teles began to think regretfully of the splendid time his father must be having about Guardafui, and felt that his place was by his father. He broached the subject to his pilot, who found the idea attractive. One fine night they disappeared.

"Manuel Teles has such a good pilot, he deserves a good punishment!" remarked Albuquerque in utter disgust when next day he noted the missing ship. He knew his man and guessed what had occurred. Tristão da Cunha shrugged his

shoulders. After all some of the spoil would be his due as commander-in-chief.

Socotra proved less dull than might have been expected. To everyone's surprise an imposing-looking fortress was already standing there, complete with a garrison of Fartak Arabs who had recently obtained possession of the island. Summoned to surrender, the "Moors" declared they would die first, and both sides prepared for battle.

The rough sea made it impossible to disembark anywhere near the fort, but a better landing-place was discovered farther down. The captains and men got into rowing boats and made towards this point, Tristão da Cunha and his party leading, Afonso de Albuquerque, his nephews, and the captains of his squadron bringing up the rear.

Albuquerque lingered purposely, rowing slowly along the shore. His quick eye had observed that the sea would soon be calmer and permit a landing exactly in front of the fort. He waited and disembarked beneath the walls, surprising the garrison, who were busy watching the movements of Tristão da Cunha farther down the beach. By the time the latter had fought his way round, a successful assault had already been achieved.

The struggle was fast and furious. Battering instruments and ladders were fetched up by the Portuguese, while the Fartaks hurled missiles on them from above. Afonso de Albuquerque was knocked down by one great stone, which, however, does not seem to have done him much harm, and the youthful D. Antonio would have had his head cut off if his uncle had not received the stroke upon his shield. Both the Noronha brothers fought like lions, and it was D. Afonso who killed the Arab captain. The Fartaks were as good as their word, all died fighting, although the Portuguese, admiring their bravery, offered them their lives. Only one man surrendered, an Arab pilot, who was very useful later owing to his knowledge of the Oman coast.

Once more a mosque was captured and converted into a Christian church—"Our Lady of Victory". Brother

Antonio do Loureiro, a Franciscan monk, said mass, at which, we are informed, the faithful were all moved to tears "to see in a land so far from Portugal the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ celebrated in that House of Abomination!"

Thus Socotra was conquered and each man devoted himself to his own work, the friar to the converting of his flock, and the warriors to the equipment of their fortress. Tristão da Cunha was angry with Albuquerque for having got in the first blow at the Fartaks, and their intercourse was more frigid than ever.

Meanwhile, Alvaro Teles and his son Manuel suddenly arrived at Socotra as conquering heroes. The little jaunt to Guardafui had been a great success. Alvaro had captured two ships of Calicut sailing for Mecca and relieved them of their rich cargo of pepper and spice. Young Manuel had also had a stroke of luck and seized a shipload of Cambay cloths. Tristão da Cunha received the defaulters with open arms and congratulations. Afonso de Albuquerque, who hated slack discipline, must have been itching to administer the "good punishment" he had suggested, but since the "Capitão Môr" approved there was nothing to say.

He did not open the subject when Manuel Teles called to pay his respects on board the *Cirne*, but the young man, feeling a little abashed, became apologetic. He admitted that his escapade had been a little bit irregular, but he had felt he ought to seek his father.

"You are a good son!" said Albuquerque pleasantly. "I should have liked to do as you did if I had not been under the authority of my captain. Now you have returned safely, sell your merchandise, and then we shall proceed to our work, when I receive orders so to do!"

CHAPTER VI

The Conquest of Oman

ON 27th July "the chief captain bade farewell to the commander of the fort, to Afonso de Albuquerque, and all fidalgos and knights who there remained, which was not without many tears on either side". Maybe, but we may assume that Tristão da Cunha and Afonso de Albuquerque parted without any display of grief.

Tristão da Cunha sailed for India. He left with Albuquerque the allotted squadron of five, and also João da Nova. The latter protested vigorously and with some reason. It was pure bad luck that he had not arrived in Portugal six months ago. To embark on new Eastern adventures when he was overdue at home did not appeal to him at all.

Nevertheless, royal orders were that Albuquerque was to have four hundred men. The long and tortuous voyage and the climate of Socotra had not left that number available. The ship that should have joined the fleet at Moçambique had failed to appear. João da Nova was at hand on *Frol de la Mar* with ninety men. His services were therefore commandeered. He was to sail with Albuquerque's fleet as far as Diu and Cambay, after which he could proceed to India, report to the Viceroy, and then at last go home. João da Nova gloomily submitted, but from that time he was a man with a grievance.

Tristão da Cunha's departure left Albuquerque his own master, supreme commander and final court of appeal from Guardafui to Cambay. To a man of his temperament it was an incalculable relief to look to no one but himself for orders and decisions.

He had a fleet of six with which to rule the Indian Ocean, and his first problem was what on earth to do with such a fleet. After a voyage of sixteen months which should have taken six, its state was not surprising, but the fact was that it had run out of everything. All such equipment as cables, ropes and sail-cloth was depleted, chests and water barrels were mostly broken, the gunpowder was wet, the weapons were all damaged, the cross-bows had no arrows left, the lances were all rotten.

The human element was in no better case. Of gunners there were few survivors, of skilled hands such as carpenters and coopers one or two. About half the men were far too ill to be of any use at all, and they had not food to last more than a week. Albuquerque, a better manager than the other captains, had still preserved on the *Cirne* a small emergency supply of biscuit. This he divided equally among the ships while he considered what to do next.

It was worse than useless to look for help from Socotra. On the contrary, the fortress there would have to be supplied by him. There was little to eat on the island but dates and goats. Malindi or Moçambique or any other friendly base was a full thousand miles away, and the Arab foeman ruled on all the coasts around. To avoid starvation between the hostile desert and the barren sea, something drastic must be done at once. To achieve the conquest of Ormuz without delay, beginning with the subject towns of Oman, was the simple solution that occurred to Albuquerque.

Ormuz was populous and powerful, queen of the Persian Gulf, gate of the Middle East. Albuquerque knew quite well what he was up against, and he had no illusions about the inadequacy of his own resources; but, after all, was it necessary for the enemy to find that out?

"A great deal of noise and bluff will help us more than anything," he observed to his captains some days later, when the six ships, their masts adorned with every scrap of bunting, sailed proudly into Kalyat. They could not enliven their arrival with the sound of trumpets, for Tristão

da Cunha had refused to leave them any, but the men made up for that with fearsome shouts.

Kalyat was not much of a place to look at; it was about the size of Santarem, with many old buildings in ruin. Around it stretched the treeless shores and barren mountains of Arabia, but its export trade in dates and horses was considerable, and its harbour excellent. Kalyat was a port that counted in the kingdom of Oman.

Albuquerque's triumphant entry gave Kalyat a shock. It was not reassuring to be told that these were the ships of Portugal, whose king was lord of all the seas in all the world; to which information Albuquerque pleasantly added that he had come to destroy the town unless it would pay tribute!

The Sheik had heard about the capture of Socotra from the Fartaks and was troubled. He tried to temporize. Expressing friendly intentions, he suggested an exchange of hostages while a couple of men were sent to negotiate.

Albuquerque was good at staging interviews with Orientals. He was careful to create the proper atmosphere. Since greatness was associated in their minds with pomp and circumstance, he saw that they got what they expected. With his own subordinates he never assumed state, nor was he one of those commanders who consider aloofness an aid to discipline, but for the benefit of Asiatics he played the haughty satrap to perfection.

When the "Moors" were rowed out to the *Cirne* they found an awe-inspiring tableau grouped about the deck. Upon a dais adorned by costly hangings sat Albuquerque in the ship's most beautiful carved chair. His feet rested on a velvet cushion; on another by his side lay a handsome rapier. He was dressed in grey velvet, with cap to match surmounted by a coif of fillet gold; about his neck he wore a gold enamelled chain, and over his shoulders a French cloak of crimson velvet lined with grey satin—all of which must have been very hot, but certainly looked well.

The captains, in their best attire and fully armed, stood

around in effective attitudes, while the decks were embellished with rich draperies. None of this, of course, could equal genuine Eastern splendour, but Nature had given Albuquerque an impressive personal appearance, which went far to make up for deficiencies. It certainly had the desired effect upon the Sheik's envoys. Quaking before the august being they saw enthroned, they fell prostrate and would have kissed his feet; but such excessive homage makes a European ill at ease, and Albuquerque stopped them.

They found him polite, but definite in his demands. He was on his way, he told them, to make peace with the King of Ormuz. Kalyat being subject to Ormuz, he would begin by making peace with Kalyat, the welfare of which he desired to promote in every way. It was, however, a custom of the Portuguese Crown to accept some trifling yearly recognition from the states enjoying its protection. What were the Sheik's intentions with regard to this?

The messengers uneasily replied that nothing could be done without consulting Ormuz. Meantime the Sheik offered a gift of oranges, lemons, pomegranates, sheep and chickens.

Albuquerque, who from the harbour had observed armed troops about the town, refused the present. He never took anything, he said, from people whom he might have to fight. He would keep the things but pay for them pending the Sheik's decision.

The Sheik, much agitated, sent word that he was not thinking of war. Whatever Ormuz did, Kalyat would surrender. As for the tribute to be paid, the King of Ormuz could settle that with Albuquerque. Meanwhile the latter had only to command and the town would furnish him with all that he required.

In view of this submission, Albuquerque graciously agreed to waive the matter of tribute till his return from Ormuz. He was anxious to proceed, and what he really wanted from Kalyat was provisions, of which he commandeered a plentiful supply.

The Sheik made a great show of willingness to produce

all that was needed, but gave vent to his true feelings by secretly instructing his men to send the worst of everything. As the loading was mostly done by night, it was not difficult to palm off rotten dates. The natives of Kalyat also got their own back by giving the hostages an unpleasant time ashore. They did not venture any real ill-treatment, but were as disagreeable as they dared. If they had known, however, that one of their guests was the interpreter, Gaspar Rodrigues, they would probably have curbed their language in his hearing.

Gaspar Rodrigues listened unmoved, and did not show that he understood, but he sent a message to João da Nova, who with Afonso Lopes da Costa was responsible for the hostages. He told him all that he had heard, expecting that he would pass it on to Albuquerque. But João da Nova let the matter drop. He considered himself a much-injured person, and except when there was actual fighting going on, his attitude during this cruise was one of strict non-co-operation.

Albuquerque was very indignant when Gaspar Rodrigues had a word with him after the fleet sailed. João da Nova should have informed him at once, and he would not have left the town in peace. By then the damaged dates had also been discovered, and Albuquerque swore that Kalyat should pay dearly for her double dealing when he had time to administer chastisement.

There was no hypocrisy about Kurhat, where the next halt was made. Kurhat was frankly hostile with two thousand "Moors" lined up for battle on the beach. "I bore down upon the town of Kurhat, and put all to the sword," is Albuquerque's terse description of what happened. Not much wealth was found at Kurhat, but plenty of provisions—rice, meat, fish, honey, butter and dates—which were much more to the point.

The town was burned and prisoners had their ears and noses smitten off, that the sight of them might terrorize Ormuz. To frighten Ormuz was the real objective of this

preliminary campaign along the Oman coast. The mosque that was consumed by fire at Kurhat was very beautiful, but no one felt the least compunction that such a work of art should perish, any more than they cared about the Moslem ears and noses! Mosques and Moslems were alike abomination to the Lord Who, it was supposed, only felt satisfaction if they were destroyed or mutilated. A handful of men without a hope of succour from any quarter, their only chance against a powerful city like Ormuz was to destroy its morale in advance, which they did without remorse.

News of the destruction of Kurhat reached Muscat, and the city trembled when Albuquerque's fleet swept into port.

Muscat with its little horseshoe harbour, its palmy hills, its orchards and its fields of maize was one of the more attractive townships of that sun-dried coast. It would make, thought Albuquerque, a splendid base from which a fleet operating at Ormuz could draw supplies. Also the port, though small, was excellent. Albuquerque decided to have Muscat.

The town was strong, and did not lack men to defend it, but the governor of Muscat, an ex-slave of the King of Ormuz, was so frightened, says the chronicler, that he forgot his own resources. He tried to propitiate the conquering stranger by a gift accompanied by a conciliatory message.

Albuquerque answered darkly that he could not accept the offering before business had been discussed. Should they fail to come to terms, he would not like the present to prevent his cutting off the governor's head!

The envoy, shaking in his shoes, assured the terrible captain that the governor was entirely at his service. "So I should advise!" said Albuquerque grimly, but added that he never destroyed a place unless he was obliged. That this painful duty might be spared him, the governor agreed to all his demands.

Muscat would pay tribute to Portugal and furnish the ships with stores, not only on this occasion but while they were at Ormuz—transport included. The governor first

demurred at such an indefinite period of catering for the fleet, but when Albuquerque declared his terms were to be accepted or rejected, not discussed, the one-time slave gave way.

But from the sandy hills behind Muscat the keen eyes of a thousand desert warriors were fixed upon the town. Their Arab captain visited the governor and told him what he thought of his pusillanimity. Was he not ashamed to yield the city to the foreigners without striking a blow? After all, how many could there be at most? Six ships? Well, say a hundred men on every ship say more say seven hundred in all. Had not Muscat two thousand men-at-arms? Could he not assist the town with many more? Why be bullied by a hypothetical seven hundred when four thousand stood at your command?

The governor listened—uneasy, half consenting, half afraid—but the people of Muscat declared that the Arab spoke the truth. Next day the boatloads of provisions ceased to ply their way between the town and Albuquerque's fleet.

Albuquerque, with his four hundred odd, noticed something wrong. Sailors who had been ashore taking in water said there had been rejoicing in the town throughout the night. The arrival of the mountain warriors was next announced.

Albuquerque told his captains he was sorry to destroy Muscat. It was a fine town that would have come in useful. Nevertheless, such rebellion demanded chastisement. What was their opinion? These gentlemen, who felt they had not been consulted often enough, replied rather sulkily that since his mind appeared to be made up, what was the use of asking? If he meant to fight, he knew that they would follow him. None of them, as we shall see later, were in a good temper.

Muscat was attacked at dawn. Albuquerque divided his men in two parties, one led by himself, the other by Afonso Lopes da Costa with Francisco de Tavora. Each was to

break through one side of the barricades set up along the beach, then, skirting the city wall, join forces to assault the town. Their numbers were too few to operate for long divided.

The first part of the programme was carried out. The barricades went down after a stiff and exciting struggle, but Afonso Lopes and young Francisco were by that time enjoying themselves far too well to think of their chief's instructions. Carrying everything before them, they and their men hurtled into the town, where they narrowly escaped being surrounded and cut off. It was with difficulty that they retraced their steps to Albuquerque, who told Afonso Lopes what he thought of him for disobeying orders, much to that fidalgo's honest indignation.

Uniting forces, they re-entered Muscat. The streets were narrow and the Portuguese lances long. Each man thought much of striking first and little about orderly attack. In spite of all, however, the fury of their charge was such that the Arab captain and his two thousand men turned tail and fled. Albuquerque with his little band was master of Muscat.

The usual depredations followed. The town was burned, the houses sacked, the prisoners deprived of their ears and noses. The mosque, of course, was pulled to pieces, but with such zeal that it collapsed over its destroyers' heads. Everyone supposed them killed outright, but they crawled out from the debris quite unhurt. This was considered nothing less than a miracle of Heaven, and all who witnessed it were greatly edified. "It seems," remarks the chronicler with unctious, "Our Lord wished to manifest His pleasure at the destruction of that cursed house!"

Comfortably certain of divine approval, the fleet proceeded up the coast to Sohar.

Sohar had a fine fortress well garrisoned with cavalry and foot-soldiers, in spite of which "they dared not await battle" (writes Albuquerque briefly) "but surrendered to my hands". Other narratives supply details.

Sohar began by hostile manifestations, but a shattering

interview with Albuquerque left the rulers of the city quite unnerved. The alcaide of the fort decided to surrender without delay, and made an elaborate speech to that effect. He knew, he said, that the Portuguese were far outnumbered, but it seemed to be the will of Allah that they should conquer, in which case it was folly to resist. Kurhat and Muscat had shown lack of judgment. Sohar, bowing gracefully to the inevitable, would avoid their fate.

"It is a wise man who resigns himself to the will of Heaven!" said Albuquerque with a twinkle in his eye, adding that he was glad to find the people of Sohar so sensible. In the name of the King his master he accepted the town and castle. They would pay a reasonable tribute yearly and enjoy the privilege of being Portuguese.

He did not attempt to treat Sohar as a conquered city, but with every honour and consideration. A solemn procession went ashore bearing a standard with the arms of Portugal, which the local dignitaries received with festive pomp. Largesse was scattered to the populace, and all the ships fired a salute as the flag was hoisted from the fortress tower.

The alcaide then begged Albuquerque that, as a humble vassal of the King of Portugal, he might be allowed to continue to hold the fort. Graciously, as one conferring a favour, Albuquerque agreed. True, he had not the men to garrison the place himself; but it was not necessary to mention that.

The alcaide proceeded to business. How about funds with which to pay his troops? Hitherto he had been financed by the King of Ormuz, and if he did not pay his men they would desert.

This was obvious. Equally obvious—to Albuquerque—was the fact that he could not produce the money. He evaded the difficulty by sending for the rulers of the town and informing them that Sohar's yearly tribute would be the maintenance of the garrison.

Negotiations thus were brought to a harmonious close.

The alcaide delivered to Albuquerque a signed document declaring the town's allegiance and setting forth the terms of its surrender. Albuquerque bestowed upon the alcaide a scarlet cloak and a silver basin in token of his regard, to which the other captains added diverse gifts. When he was asked if there was nothing Sohar could do for him personally, Albuquerque answered that he wished for nothing beyond the pleasure he felt at finding men of such outstanding merit.

Leaving Sohar with his blessing, Albuquerque sailed.

As they followed the coast in a northerly direction, on 22nd September another town was seen, which the pilots from Malindi failed to identify. But the captive mariner from Socotra declared that this was Orfaçom, the last of the series of towns held by Ormuz in Oman.

Owing, perhaps, to the nearness of their powerful suzerain, Orfaçom did not, like Sohar, see the finger of Fate in the Portuguese arrival. No overtures of peace were made, therefore "I entered by force of arms, killed many and burned the town".

Few prisoners were taken, but there was discovered one aged and distinguished-looking "Moor" whose venerable aspect so impressed his captor that he brought him before Albuquerque. The elder showed a wisdom consonant with his years. He apparently sized up the man he had to deal with and regaled him with all the information he could give of Ormuz past and present. Concluding an interesting talk, he expressed his admiration of Portuguese prowess, which seemed to him to exceed that of Alexander.

Afonso de Albuquerque, himself a great admirer of the conquering Macedonian, asked the old man in some surprise where he had read of Alexander.

The ancient plucked from his bosom a volume written in Persian and bound in crimson velvet. He offered it to Albuquerque who (his son tells us) "esteemed it more than anything that he could have received". He made the "Moor" a present of a robe of scarlet cloth and other things from

Portugal, with which the old man went off happy, and, “ even more so ” (the same informant adds) “ to find himself free and with his ears and nose ! ”

Thus was achieved the conquest of Oman. A horrible performance it may seem to us, but a triumph of audacity from start to finish. Five important towns with defensive forces running into thousands were subjugated in as many weeks by a few hundred men, on six battered and ill-found ships, 5000 leagues from home. As for what we now call atrocities, it is pointless for us to protest in pious horror when contemporary opinion was not shocked in the slightest.

CHAPTER VII

The Surrender of Ormuz

ORMUZ to-day is scarcely a name upon the map—a few ruins, a few wretched huts, the remains of a town, crumbling in the sunlight on a desert shore. Yet this ghost was once the proudest city by the Indian seas. The world was like a ring, the Arabs said, with Ormuz for its jewel.

The setting of the jewel had little to commend it, then or ever. A desolate, waterless island, consumed by the fiercest sun on earth, no vegetation but the leafless thorn bush, a salt quarry and sulphur mines its only natural wealth—all the splendour that once was Ormuz came to her from outside, as did even her drinking-water.

The large and beautiful town that grew up on these burning rocks owed its existence entirely to its position at the entrance of the Persian Gulf and its two excellent harbours. From far and wide the navies of the East sailed to the shelter of these ports till Ormuz became the main distributing centre of the wealth of Asia. It came by sea, and also overland by caravan from Egypt, Persia, and Turkestan, for Ormuz was the junction and the terminus of many trade routes.

No city of the Orient could boast greater abundance and few in the world such luxury. India sent precious stones, rich cloths, and spices, besides the finest muslins of Bengal. Rose-water, velvet and brocades were brought from Cairo and Alexandria, also saffron and bars of gold. The perfumes of the Far East, cloves, nutmeg, sandal-wood and camphor, reached Ormuz from Malacca, and bales of costly silks came from distant China. Moreover, Ormuz was the mart where

gathered all those who would buy or sell the priceless pearls of the Persian Gulf, the finest Arab horses, carpets and silken wares, to say nothing of humbler merchandise such as fruit, salt and sulphur.

No green thing grew on the sun-baked rocks, but nowhere could an epicure regale himself more sumptuously. Every kind of fruit (Asiatic or European) could be had; butter, fish, meat, and game of all kinds, sugar preserves and pickles, even ice for cooling drinks, were brought from Persian mountains far away. The humbler and more voracious appetite was also catered for. In Ormuz there were twelve streets with twenty cookshops each on either side, where huge bowls of steaming rice could be seen and smelt both day and night, besides whole roasted sheep suspended in the doorway.

Abundance of fresh water was the sole amenity that Ormuz lacked. What they had was brought in barges from the mainland and sold in pots and jars throughout the town. Of course it was not cheap, but the general cost of living in Ormuz was high.

The inhabitants of the town, partly Arab, mostly Persian, lived lazy and luxurious lives within their beautiful stone houses, several storeys high, where skilful ventilation helped to mitigate the suffocating heat.

The Shah of Persia was their distant overlord, but he troubled them only once a year when he sent to collect tribute. The kingdom of Ormuz was nominally ruled by its king; actually, his vizier held the power. The great ones of Ormuz did not believe in kings with character; young and incompetent was their ideal. If the king showed signs of ceasing to be either, they simply put out his eyes and crowned a meek successor. In a castle at Ormuz were kept something like fifteen blinded kings. They were suitably maintained, in case they might come in useful in some of the intrigues of Ormuzian politics.

The various moves that placed the boy Ceifadin upon the throne are too long and complicated to trace here. Suffice it to say that Ceifadin's next of kin were mostly

either blind or murdered. Ceifadin was fifteen years old—the right age for a king! An elderly personage called Cogear was ending a long and rather devious career by ruling Ormuz on Ceifadin's behalf when Albuquerque fell into this happy nest of intrigue like a cannon ball.

His arrival was not unheralded. Alarming tales had reached Ormuz from all parts of the Oman coast. It was even rumoured that the strangers devoured men. Cogear perhaps did not believe this, but he was frightened none the less. It seemed to him providential that the port of Ormuz was just then full of ships, all manned by co-religionists and all ready to help.

He pinned his faith chiefly upon the eight-hundred-tonner of the King of Cambay. This ship was fully armed with quite a thousand men on board, but the galleon owned by Malik Yaz of Diu was not far behind in dimensions or equipment. There appear to have been something like sixty large ships in all, and an even greater number of light dhows. In addition to these foreign reinforcements the King of Ormuz had a fleet of his own, hastily summoned by Cogear from off the mainland.

It was in the small hours of the morning of 25th September that the Portuguese entered the straits and saw the white rocks gleaming in the moon. All day the fleet sailed cautiously amid the shoals. The purple shadows on the bleak salt hills were lengthening before the sun's last rays when, rounding the point, they sighted Ormuz harbour.

Tall houses and minarets, a throng of armed men on the beach, and daylight dying from the multi-coloured flags adorning a hundred ships that filled the port—it was an impressive spectacle. Even more impressive was the din that filled the air! A thousand trumpets blared, the clash of cymbals mingled with ear-splitting shouts—no one could hear his neighbour speak. No sign of artillery was visible. Cogear wished to avoid any outbreak of hostility before the Ormuz fleet arrived. The strangers could meanwhile imagine that this was a triumphant reception.

It failed to convince Albuquerque. Into the midst of the assorted and assembled craft he swept, followed by his captains. If Cogear had hoped to gain time, he soon was disillusioned. Albuquerque arrived, observed, anchored, and sent a message to the Cambay vessel. If her captain did not appear immediately on board the *Girne*, they would send him to the bottom! One would have thought the Cambay captain might have retorted in the same tone; instead of this he hastily embarked and soon was bowing meekly before Albuquerque.

The latter sat among his captains arrayed in his most costly armour, a gilded helmet on his head, a page on either side, one bearing a handsome shield, the other a rapier. The men-at-arms—as many from all the ships as could be crowded on the deck—made a formidable background. It was a well-planned and effective scene. The Cambay captain, like the men of Kalyat, was petrified with respect.

Albuquerque bade him rise and asked him whose was that great ship. The Moslem told him, and said he was her captain, but, he added hastily, he was about to sail!

After a few inquiries about Ormuz, Albuquerque charged the captain with a message to take ashore. The King of Ormuz must be informed that D. Manuel of Portugal desired his friendship. He had sent his captain to serve him with this fleet. If the King chose to become a vassal of Portugal and pay tribute, Albuquerque would defend him against all his enemies. Otherwise the town and ships would be destroyed. The King had the choice of war or peace. Albuquerque cared little what he might decide. On the whole, said he, he thought he preferred war, as he was accustomed to it and Ormuz was a town worth conquering.

The captain, taken aback, withdrew. What he had seen and heard lost nothing in the telling. He warned Cogear that he must be very careful. That was not a man to trifle with!

But Cogear had not met Albuquerque face to face. "All bravado!" he declared. "They would not be so mad

as to attack our numbers,"—which seemed a reasonable view to take.

All the same, Cogear preferred to temporize pending the arrival of his fleet, which was expected at any moment. Words cost nothing. Airily he signed a document expressing willingness to negotiate, and sent it out to Albuquerque with the usual present and a cordial invitation to the men to disembark and have a look round the town.

Albuquerque took the paper but refused the present. "By eight o'clock to-morrow morning," he grimly informed the messenger, "I require a definite reply!" There was no necessity, he added, for the men to go ashore. They were accustomed to remain at sea, but since Cogear was so pressing, one or two might land to buy fresh food.

What Cogear really wanted was to gain some idea of the Portuguese numbers. It was a disappointment when Gaspar Rodrigues, the interpreter, disembarked with only one companion. Their guides tried hard to pump them, but the pair were very discreet. They had been sent, they said, to buy a few things for four hundred men on board the flagship. Beyond this unveracious statement they would not be drawn.

Cogear's fleet arrived that night. It consisted of a number of light dhows and galleys, which in conjunction with the more solid foreign contingent made up a fine armada. Between the Cambay ships and others of the heavy Turkish type, lying like floating castles side by side before the town, and the swifter little Persian vessels bearing down into the harbour from the sea, the Portuguese were completely encircled.

Cogear was very happy. The enemy had no chance to escape. He ordered that as many Portuguese as possible should be captured alive. They were known to be magnificent fighters, and Cogear was planning to make use of them in future wars.

While his opponent thus tasted in advance the sweets of victory, Albuquerque held a council with his captains and

other fidalgos. Some of them emphatically denounced the Ormuz campaign as a mistake. What was the use of vanquishing the fleet when they had not men to take the town? Nothing would be gained but the death of a few "Moors". And if the "Moors" defeated them, which, after all, was not impossible considering the odds, what a serious loss of prestige in these parts and in India. Were it not far better, they demanded in tones of deep conviction, instead of undertaking what nobody required of them, to return to the fulfilment of their duty, patrolling round the Cape of Guardafui?

Guardafui and the Straits of Aden, happy hunting-ground of Arab traders, how urgently the voice of Duty always called that way!

"I have no doubt," said Albuquerque, "you speak from disinterested motives! Everybody knows how little you regard your lives" (which indeed was true). "But it so happens that I am not asking you if we should conquer Ormuz, but how we ought to do it!" Talking of prestige, in his opinion (and many present agreed), theirs would be gone for ever if they now avoided battle with this fleet. Once the fleet was destroyed, it would not be difficult to take the town. Their past victories must have undermined the enemy's morale. They had only to attack with their customary élan and the foeman would be put to flight.

"That is all very well, sir!" put in Manuel Teles plaintively, "but what encouragement can be given to the men in a war from which one looks for labour more than profit? So much has been endured already and all have empty hands!" Several others were feeling the same, but they would not have expressed it quite so bluntly. Manuel Teles, Correa says, was a bumptious youth.

"This does not come well from you," said Albuquerque severely. "Your hands are fuller than those of anybody here!"—which allusion to his pre-Socotra escapade annoyed young Manuel.

It was the spirit of contradiction that moved the fidalgos to argue with their chief rather than any real reluctance to

fight. When they found that there was no shaking his decision they got ready for the battle cheerfully. They were tired of lingering on this coast, but a brush with that big fleet would be interesting.

Next morning brought no reply from Cogeatâr. The larger vessels were seen taking positions rather more distant from the Portuguese. Signalling to his squadron to follow, Albuquerque sailed right into their midst and anchored beneath the keel of the Cambay giant. He sent word that he had waited long enough and was told that an answer might be coming any minute.

All aboard the Moslem ships were obviously prepared for battle. The cannon were in evidence and spears and lances shone in the midday sun. At the same time the galleys were seen to move forward, and with warlike shouts they bore down towards the Portuguese.

"Fire!" cried Albuquerque, and soon the fight was raging. The big ships volleyed cannon-balls and the dhows sent up a cloud of arrows. The thunder of the artillery was deafening and daylight was obscured in blackest smoke. In Ormuz panic and consternation reigned; women were screaming and fat merchants bolting in dismay, while braver souls stood by and watched in fascinated horror from the shore.

The Portuguese, entirely surrounded by their enemies, yet held their own. Cannon against cannon, they were far better gunners and shot with devastating certainty. Where the smoke cleared, the Moslem decks could be seen all strewn with corpses.

The ship from Diu was sent to the bottom and the huge Cambay vessel badly damaged. Albuquerque sent twenty men to take possession of her. The ship was very high and hard to board without ropes or ladders. Pero Gonçalves, a pilot, with a sailor's agility, succeeded first. While the fidalgos were feeling for something to hold on by, he lightly leapt on deck, whereupon the "Moors" who had been hiding all sprang out and Pero Gonçalves fought single-handed for his

life. One, Gaspar Dias, joined him while their companions slowly scaled the side and joined in the fight. It was a breathless struggle. Gaspar Dias had his right hand chopped clean off and Pero Gonçalves was severely wounded, but the Moslems were at last dislodged and pushed into the sea.

Other ships were boarded, some were burned and some were sunk; the sea ran blood. One vessel, armed by Fartaks, gave more trouble than the rest, but even that was overcome after a desperate fight.

Albuquerque, leaving the *Cirne* in his cutter, sailed in and out amid the battling ships beneath a hail of missiles. While the enemy's fleet was going up in flames, he skirted the shore, bombarding the town with a couple of light guns. The King and Cogecatar were watching with dismay the discomfiture of their fleet from the palace by the beach. They saw Albuquerque pass and fired, but he turned his artillery on them and forced them to withdraw. He sailed into the shipyard and set fire to all the ships and dispatched some of his captains to burn the outskirts of the town.

Joyfully they disembarked and set to work. As usual after a fight, they were above themselves. Why not burn the whole of Ormuz while they were about it? they cried. Forgotten were the prudent maxims they had so recently expressed!

Albuquerque was reckless enough, but he had the instinct when to stop. Ormuz was too large a town to be swept away in that light-hearted manner. They had just won an amazing victory. Better for the present to be content with it.

With difficulty he rounded up the stragglers. Some were chasing "Moors", some burning houses, some collecting spoil. João da Nova and Francisco de Tavora were sauntering in a carefree manner by the shore. "For men who thought it quite impossible to conquer Ormuz, you are making yourselves very much at home!" observed their chief as he ordered them to embark.

Altogether a satisfactory day, of which the battle had occupied six hours.

Cogeatar's nerve was completely shattered. He had seen the power of Ormuz wrecked before his eyes. Already the suburbs were in flames. He had no idea that he was fighting no more than four hundred men, or he might have acted differently. He hoisted the white flag of truce, and sent a native of Tunis on board the *Cirne*, who threw himself at Albuquerque's feet. In a speech adorned by all the flowers of rhetoric he begged for peace.

This was very fortunate. Albuquerque would have liked to land and win the town at the point of the sword, but he had not a man for every street in Ormuz. To disembark troops would have revealed that awkward fact. Better far to accept surrender from the sea. He waved to the suppliant to rise. Since the King and Cogeatar admitted their error, he graciously would grant their prayer for peace. His terms they knew already.

The very next day, trembling lest the conqueror should change his mind, Cogeatar sent Rasnoradin, his understudy, to discuss and settle every point with Albuquerque.

As a result the following treaty was signed:

The King of Ormuz received back from the hands of D. Manuel's captain the kingdom of which the latter had dispossessed him at the point of the sword.

The King of Ormuz acknowledged himself vassal of the King of Portugal and agreed to pay him each year fifteen thousand seraphims (a gold coin worth about 400 reis). He was, moreover, to pay cash down to Albuquerque 5000 seraphims to cover the expenses of the war.

The King of Ormuz would further grant a site—of Albuquerque's choice—on which to build a fortress, and establish there a factory ("feitoria") for merchandise. While the fort was in construction this factory would be accommodated—at the King of Ormuz' expense—in the best house within easy reach that could be found.

These conditions were made out on two separate scrolls, one written in Persian, the other in Arabic, each signed by the King, Cogeatar, and Rasnoradin, and enclosed in a silver

casket fastened by three clasps. The Arabic document was sent to Portugal, the Persian manuscript was kept by Albuquerque. Both were very beautiful. The Arab version was chiselled on gold leaf, the Persian was inscribed on paper in letters of gold and blue. Each was adorned by three ornamental seals—that of the King pure gold, those of his officers in silver.

King Ceifadin repaired to the “cerame”¹ by the beach from which he and Cogecatar had watched the battle to meet his conqueror. Albuquerque and his captains, in richest array and followed by their men-at-arms, came ashore in a flotilla of little boats. Young Ceifadin, with his two viziers and his guard, stood on the veranda waiting to receive the guests. The little king gazed with curiosity at the terrible warrior of whom he had heard so much within the last few weeks, and who now advanced to meet him, a spare erect figure, festively clad in crimson satin and velvet, and with a commanding countenance. Ceifadin bowed his head, the salutation he would give to kings.

Albuquerque greeted the boy with stately courtesy. However masterful his dealings with exotic princes might be, his manner towards them was unfailingly polite. He took Ceifadin by both hands (“a sign of greatest friendship among Moors,” says Castanheda) and everybody then sat down, Albuquerque on a stool, Ceifadin and Cogecatar on cushions, for (adds the same writer) “their custom is to sit like women”.

The conversation lasted for two hours and must have been tedious for everybody. They sat declaiming complimentary speeches while Gaspar Rodrigues interpreted for either side. Before leaving, however, Albuquerque suggested that it would be well to ratify the treaty, whereupon the King and Cogecatar and Rasnoradin took their oath on the Koran. Some important points were settled regarding the site of the fortress and the factory, after which, every-

¹ *Cerame* (from the Malayalam *srambi*) is a word often used by Portuguese writers of this period. In this case it appears to mean a sort of pavilion.

thing that was polite and appropriate having been said, the parties separated.

The King sent after Albuquerque a royal gift; a girdle of gold and jewels with a dagger to match, four rings, a piece of jewelled brocade, and a magnificent Arab steed richly caparisoned. The portable objects were set aside for D. Manuel, but we are not told what happened to the noble charger. Each captain also received a piece of costly silk. Albuquerque, in his turn, as decency demanded, dispatched an offering to the King—"of that which he had", says Castanheda cryptically. Return gifts to Oriental magnates must have been a problem!

The site for the fortress having been arranged to Albuquerque's satisfaction, if not to that of Cogear, who suggested several other delightful spots rather farther out of town, building began in earnest. Albuquerque, who believed in method, organized the work down to the last detail. The men were divided into teams under their captains, each with their definite hours of duty and allotted task. Some supervised the hewing of the stone, others attended to its transport from the quarry, while yet another party mixed and made the mortar.

Now that the men went ashore a new problem arose. Cogear imagined the Portuguese to be a mighty army. The day that he discovered his mistake there would be trouble. To make four hundred seem a host demanded thought.

Albuquerque instructed his captains to make their men arm differently each time they disembarked. One day they appeared with lances, shields, cuirasses and chain mail, the following morning would see the same group transformed to crossbowmen, while next day all stepped ashore as musketeers. Curious onlookers gazing at the foreign troops and speculating what their strength might be, saw fresh men every day. One thousand two hundred was the figure they finally arrived at, and this interesting fact was reported to Cogear.

It did not cheer him. Cogeatat was sad. He knew he was no longer master in Ormuz, though Albuquerque never interfered with local government. Rasnoradin had rather hoped he might; this vizier had two sons exiled in Persia for plotting to assassinate the King. Since Albuquerque was supreme in Ormuz, would he not, begged the afflicted father, pardon the lads and allow them to come home?

But Albuquerque had more tact. So long as the conquered bowed beneath his yoke he never made it gall. He had delivered the government of Ormuz to the King and Cogeatat, therefore instead of using his power directly, he asked them as a favour to have the youths recalled. Of course they did not dare to refuse. Rasnoradin was glad the Portuguese had come!

Other important "Moors" sympathized with Cogeatat. Quite naturally they resented the idea of a foreign fortress in their midst. These gentlemen relieved their outraged feelings by being as offensive as they dared to any Portuguese they chanced to meet. In the crowded streets of Ormuz opportunity was seldom lacking for jostling and elbowing violently, ostensibly by accident, but with obvious intent.

Indignantly the men complained to Albuquerque. The haughtiness of the Moors was insufferable. Were they to endure it? "Cuff them!" said Albuquerque, "if they make themselves objectionable—nothing that looks like war, just use your fists!"

Advice like this required no repetition. The next party that sought Albuquerque with a grievance consisted of distinguished citizens whose front teeth had been broken.

They found him all solicitude. Who had put them in that plight? His men! Albuquerque rolled his eyes heavenwards in most convincing consternation. "Those knights of mine," cried he, "are devils! No labour exhausts them! They are restive because they are not fighting. They take no pleasure in anything but war! Tell me," he thundered, "who was the man?" As often as not the native had no idea, but went off consoled on hearing how the culprit would be punished

if he could be found. If, however, the author of the outrage really was identified, Albuquerque ostentatiously sent his provost to arrest him—with private orders to look the other way while he escaped.

The comedy was entirely successful. The character that Albuquerque gave his men enhanced their prestige, the wrath that he displayed appeased the Persians, while the memory of their bleeding gums deterred them from further provocation of such dangerous firebrands.

So long as the foreigners were left to work in peace, the natives of Ormuz had no cause to complain of their behaviour. Albuquerque saw to that, and his discipline was ruthless. At war, as we have seen, he could be cruel enough, but with the bullying of conquered peoples he had no sympathy at all.

To spend a night ashore was strictly forbidden, so was all unauthorized wandering round the town by day. Any who were discovered out without leave were placed under arrest. Each captain catered for his own men, of whom he could appoint one only to purchase necessary stores, and woe betide the man who on his captain's errands was found making trouble of any kind!

There was great jubilation on the day when all material was at last assembled and the fortress wall began to rise. Albuquerque had designed the building on a grandiose scale. The principal tower was to be high enough to command a view for miles over the mainland, and its breadth was in proportion. Surrounded by his captains, he laid the foundation stone with his own hands while all the cannon thundered from the sea.

Everyone was full of zeal to start the wall. There was no lack of masons in Ormuz—numbers were engaged for the job—but all the proud fidalgos took a hand that day and worked as bricklayers with the best, if unskilfully, at least with enthusiasm. It was hard labour and hot, but not bad fun. The atmosphere was one of general hilarity, with the "Capitão Môr" in great form and making everybody laugh. He might be a martinet, they felt, but when he chose, he

really was amusing! A sumptuous lunch sent by the King of Ormuz came to increase the workers' satisfaction, as did also the magnificent basket of fruit for Albuquerque which he distributed equally all round.

It was the 10th of October, 1507—a day to be remembered. For once the captains forgot their discontents and nobody was quarrelling with anybody else!

While the building was in progress, Albuquerque overhauled his fleet. He was careful to beach no more than one ship at a time, as he did not entirely trust his dear friend Cogecatar. "I careened my ships," he writes with satisfaction, "and scraped them, and fitted them out with all things necessary. . . . They were as trim and as seaworthy and well-equipped as if they had left the Lisbon dockyard!" We are told that this gave him almost as much pleasure as the victory he had won. Albuquerque had at heart a seaman's love for ships.

The fortress of Socotra had also to be remembered. Provisions there might well be running out. He decided to send Manuel Teles to its relief as soon as he could be spared. The latter's ship, *Rey Pequeno*, was therefore loaded up with stores, not forgetting medicines and food suitable for invalids (Socotra was no health resort). Young Manuel, who was already tired of fortress building, sighed to be released.

Meanwhile the Shah of Persia at Tabriz got wind of the strange happenings at Ormuz. He wondered what was going to happen to his tribute. Better send for it at once!

A Persian ambassador appeared upon the mainland opposite Ormuz. Not sure if it would be wise to cross, from there he ordered Cogecatar to pay.

In great agitation, Cogecatar and Rasnoradin sought Albuquerque. The Shah knew that Ormuz had surrendered to Portugal, and yet he asked for tribute. What was to be done? "Leave him to me!" ordered Albuquerque. "I will answer him for you. You are now the vassals of the King of Portugal and need fear no power on earth."

He sent for a parcel of arrows, bullets and cannon balls



BAS-RELIEF AT BASE OF ALBUQUERQUE'S MONUMENT AT BELEM

"Tell the Shah," Albuquerque is saying, "these are the coin struck in Portugal to pay those kings who ask for tribute from any vassal of D. Manuel." (p. 55)

of various sizes and had them carried to the waiting Persian. "Tell the Shah," so ran his message, "these are the coin struck in Portugal to pay those kings who ask for tribute from any vassal of D. Manuel, King of Portugal and the Indies and the Kingdom of Ormuz!" At a future date he, Albuquerque, hoped to see the Shah of Persia face to face after conquering all his towns and villages. When this meeting took place, the Shah could ask again for tribute!

It was a blow to the ambassador. He appealed to Cogear, but Cogear, who was enjoying himself for the first time since the Portuguese came to Ormuz, complacently repeated Albuquerque's words. The message duly reached the Shah and gave him food for thought, but he conceived a tremendous admiration for the man who sent it.

All was going well. Ormuz was completely pacified, Cogear submissive, Rasnoradin friendly, the fortress was progressing, the factory was installed. Already Albuquerque dreamed of passing to the mainland and achieving more distant and exciting conquests, when his five captains, of deliberate intent, ruined everything!

CHAPTER VIII

Mutiny and Desertion

ANTONIO DO CAMPO, Afonso Lopes da Costa, Francisco de Tavora, and Manuel Teles were disappointed men. The whole charm of being commissioned to the Indian Ocean lay in the opportunity for capturing Arab traders.

None of these *fidalgos* having any wish to starve, they had in the first instance admitted the necessity for a rapid raid upon the Oman coast. But they felt the matter should have ended there. After loading up their ships with stores they ought to have set sail for Guardafui. Instead of which their commander had dragged them on and on, from one uninteresting seaport to another, up the barren Arabian shore into the Persian Gulf.

Ormuz was a fine town, admittedly, but what was the use of that? There was no opportunity to sack Ormuz! As Manuel Teles had so aptly remarked, this was not a profitable war. Yet here their captain lingered indefinitely, keeping them at work beneath a blazing sun, to build a fortress they deemed quite unnecessary.

These gentlemen were unaccustomed to doing things that they disliked. They were all heroes on the battlefield and spoilt children off it. Discipline did not exist in their philosophy. Authority of some kind they admitted must exist, but the patriarchal variety was the only one they understood. A man must obey his father—that was scriptural; he must obey the King, who to his people stood in like relation, but why in the name of all that was humiliating should one *fidalgo* yield obedience to another? A leader was needed

for convenience's sake, and one followed him as far as one thought fit. This was their attitude of mind, although they might not have expressed it in so many words.

Over such men set Afonso de Albuquerque—an autocrat by nature and a disciplinarian by reasoned conviction—and trouble will be certain.

Son of the same race and understanding perfectly the type with which he had to deal, he had tried to be patient. He had exercised forbearance so far as in him lay, disregarding many an outburst of temper and turning a deaf ear to more than one rude speech. But Albuquerque would tolerate no questioning of his authority; as a commander he would be absolute. He did not care to be argued with and objected to gratuitous advice. When he called a council it was more often to explain what he designed to do than to ask his subordinates' opinion. Experience had no doubt taught him that his own brains were a better guide than those of other people—but other people were not likely to acknowledge this!

His captains certainly did not. They were cut to the quick that their chief seldom asked them for counsel; they gave it, and were snubbed. "When I wish for your advice," said Albuquerque, "then I will ask you for it!" Tactless, no doubt, from one who could be a master diplomat, but with his brother fidalgos Afonso de Albuquerque did not always trouble to be diplomatic. It was a case of Greek meeting Greek.

João da Nova was in a position slightly different from that of the other four. João da Nova did not want to hunt at Guardafui. He had no desire to give advice. He wanted to go home. He considered that neither Tristão da Cunha nor Afonso de Albuquerque had the right to dispose of him as they had done.

Albuquerque, on his side, maintained that as chief captain of the Indian Ocean he held the power to commandeer in the King's name the services of any ship he might require. This point was bitterly discussed each time

João da Nova applied for leave to go, which he did at intervals throughout the cruise.

In between these tiffs Albuquerque seems to have had a good opinion of João da Nova. He knew that he was feeling seriously aggrieved, and spared him all he could. While the fleet was taking in stores at Kurlat, it was Albuquerque himself who loaded João da Nova's ship for him, in order that the discontented captain might feel deeply injured. "I treated him with much courtesy and love, as he himself will own after all this has blown over." When, however, João da Nova dropped the hint that if he were not granted leave to go, he might one day depart without it, both "courtesy and love" broke down abruptly. There was a sharp altercation over the subject at Muscat. João da Nova was made to swear that he would not default. He gave his oath under compulsion, but signed a written protest duly filed by the ship's clerk.

Outraged feelings had not prevented anyone performing prodigies of valour in the naval action at Ormuz, despite alleged unwillingness to fight. Even over the fortress they had had their enthusiastic moments, as we have seen, but that work soon palled. After leaving Ormuz, Albuquerque meant to sail for the Red Sea, and the captains thought he ought to leave at once.

"Which do you consider more important?" asked their chief. "To finish this fortress that we have begun, or to proceed to Guardafui?" "To go to Guardafui!" answered the captains with conviction. Nothing else could be so important! But Afonso de Albuquerque went on with his building as before.

Antonio do Campo, Afonso Lopes da Costa, Francisco de Tavora and Manuel Teles put their heads together and drafted a petition which all except João da Nova signed. He did not rightly belong to their squadron, he said, so although he sympathized, it was really no affair of his.

The petition was a weighty and wordy document. It urged their captain to abandon profitless sidetracks and

return to his duty without more delay. What these fidalgos understood to be that duty was set forth at length, backed up by reminders of the alleged royal commands. And the beginning and the end of all was Guardafui. We are not surprised to hear that Albuquerque promptly tore up this didactic screed.

He restrained his wrath, however, and sent his mentors a verbal reply. It was to the King and not to them, he begged them to observe, that he was responsible for the fulfilment of his duty. Meanwhile, he requested them to bear one thing in mind. Cogeatara was no fool and was perfectly aware of disharmony among their ranks. Surrounded as they were by enemies, they could not be too careful. He therefore entreated all at least to show a united front before the Moors and let no whisper of their disagreements get abroad.

The captains were indignant that their homily had been destroyed. They wrote a second "requerimento"—a shorter one this time.

It was just as well they had not wasted too much time or paper on it. Albuquerque was in the fortress directing the work when this document was handed to him. He took it, folded as it was, and without another glance, placed it beneath a stone doorpost at the moment being erected in an archway. The sailors, watching with suppressed amusement, called that entrance the "Portal do Requerimento" ever after.

But the captains saw nothing to laugh at. It was insult added to injury. From that day each time they came together their talk was only of their commander's misdeeds. They were aware that he had dispatched a letter to the Viceroy. As one who knew, Antonio do Campo informed the others that this letter was full of criticisms of his captains. It seemed to all that this might well be so. The five lashed themselves into a white-hot fury.

"Would you like to see the letter?" inquired Albuquerque and produced a copy. It was an account of operations at

Ormuz containing no depreciation of anyone. To save his face, Antonio do Campo hotly declared that this was not the letter.

Albuquerque was annoyed. He tore the paper up before their eyes. "Invent your own letter!" said he, "I will sign it!" When he had gone the fragments were picked up, put together and studied. They could not discover anything about themselves, but what they saw displeased them.

Albuquerque informed the Viceroy that as soon as he could leave Ormuz he would proceed to the Red Sea, but next season return to the Persian Gulf. He hoped that the Viceroy would send him men and munitions so that he could establish Portuguese power firmly in those parts.

The captains were dismayed. He meant to settle at Ormuz for an indefinite period! Theirs was a three-year commission and they expected to join the homeward fleet of 1509; but obviously Albuquerque would not let them go. He did not say so in that letter, but all five jumped to the same conclusion. It would be Ormuz for them for years. The fat was in the fire and sooner or later sparks were sure to fly.

It was Francisco de Tavora, an unstable and impetuous youth, much under the influence of Antonio do Campo, who first showed symptoms of open defiance. When ordered to accompany his chief to the stone quarry at a certain hour, he saw fit to assert his independence by going there alone some hours before. Albuquerque overlooked this breach of etiquette, but when later in the day he saw the young man prepare to re-embark without his captain, the latter signed him to wait. Francisco de Tavora took no notice and rowed off. Albuquerque rowed after, repeating his signals. At last the rebel came back, and the explanation that took place was stormy, ending in Francisco de Tavora's being suspended from his captaincy.

He launched a furious complaint with the ship's clerk—that was the custom when men fell out with their commander. Albuquerque was duly shown the paper and, rather

bored, dictated his reply. Such documents were kept to bring before the King. It happens that both have been preserved, and side by side they make curious reading.

Francisco de Tavora states that he went off by himself because he considered the exigencies of the Service so demanded. "When he is with me," asks Albuquerque, "am not I rather than he the fit and proper person to decide what the exigencies of the Service may demand?" Francisco goes on to say that Albuquerque abused him in language quite unprintable—which none the less he quotes—insulted all his lineage, called him a traitor and challenged him to single combat! "That would be unnecessary for me to do," here comments his commander, "considering I hold the power to correct his errors. Certainly in view of some things that he said, I should gladly have relinquished my command awhile to show him that if I were not his captain he would not dare speak to me thus! . . . As for certain words he attributes to me, it is not my custom to insult gentlemen serving beneath my command, but to admonish them in decent language!" Albuquerque's version of the conversation is that he taxed Francisco de Tavora with lack of ordinary politeness and lectured him like the proverbial Dutch uncle, reminding him that he was poor and newly married, and being mixed up in a mutiny would not advance his prospects. The young man took all this amiss, and let fly at his commander regardless of consequences, announcing his intention to desert if he got the chance; whereupon Albuquerque placed him under arrest.

Francisco de Tavora's statement enlarges upon his own conspicuous gallantry during the last campaign, and Albuquerque, quite dispassionately, agrees: "It is certain he had served our Lord the King so well as to deserve all honour and rewards." Francisco not only emphasizes his own doughty deeds but hints that before Ormuz he was the man to egg on his reluctant commander: "I cried to him not to lose the honour he had won, but to land and fight!" "He may have said that," comments Albuquerque, "but

if he did I never heard." At Muscat, declares Francisco, he was the one who led the charge. "Undoubtedly," observes his captain, "he is such a *cavaleiro* that for choice he would be always first in an assault, but in this case he was disobeying orders. I told them to keep close to my standard, and not go each man his own way."

But that was exactly what each man wished and meant to do, not only at Muscat but everywhere. They were sick of serving beneath a martinet and took no trouble to conceal that fact either from their own men or the natives. On the contrary, they sowed the seed of mutiny among the common sailors, giving them to understand that a share of the tribute money should have been theirs by right. Albuquerque, they affirmed, had appropriated to himself the 20,000 scraphims that had been paid. They spread abroad the rumour that he called himself King of Ormuz. He meant to seize the fortress and proclaim himself in that capacity.

Albuquerque knew that his captains were working against him but was determined to ignore it till the fort was built. Matters, however, were reaching such a pitch that, in his own words, "the axe of Justice or the patience of Job would be required to mend them!" His commission did not entitle him to use the former and the latter he did not possess. He compromised as well as he could. He told the captains that they were dispensed from further duty on the fortress works; he preferred to carry on alone rather than to be harassed by them at every turn. But in future they were not to go ashore without his leave, so that if any trouble should arise he would know who was responsible. As for Francisco de Tavora, he was restored to his captaincy after a day or two, for Albuquerque's anger never lasted long.

And now Cogeatat took a hand. Cogeatat, as Albuquerque had remarked, was not a fool, and he had been observing quietly for some time. When a favourable opportunity presented itself, he struck. The first blow was a bribe. It was offered to four sailors: a Greek, two Spaniards and a Portuguese mulatto from Madeira. On the strength of what

they received and what they were further promised, this mixed gang deserted and joined Cogear.

The vizier was delighted with the news they brought. Not only did he learn that the enemy was the merest handful, but he also heard of the dissension in their ranks, and what the captains said about Afonso de Albuquerque. Cogear rubbed his hands for joy.

Feeling that it would not be difficult to get rid of Albuquerque now, since his own followers were against him, the vizier sent a message to Albuquerque requesting him to cease building and depart; it was known that his intentions were to rebel against his King and to destroy Ormuz.

Albuquerque furiously informed the messenger that he was not a pirate. Among Portuguese a man of honour did not betray his king. Cogear must not judge of him by four miserable renegades. D. Manuel had ordered him to build this fortress and by his beard he swore he would—if the walls were made of Moslems' bones! Cogear, rather shaken, apologized, but nevertheless refused to give up the deserters.

The fate of these fugitives was hotly debated for a week or two. Albuquerque was determined to have them back and Cogear was equally determined not to let them go, though he veiled his refusal beneath polite excuses. Albuquerque knew that the vizier had found out his weakness, and the men were merely a pretext to break with him; but before hostilities were declared, he did his utmost to get hold of the deserters. He said he was responsible to the King for each one of his men. For once the captains seem to have agreed with him. They said that certainly if Cogear would not give up the renegades the only thing was war.

A last attempt was made. When Cogear saw all goods withdrawn from the factory and the workers on the fort recalled to their ships, he said it was a pity that friendship should be broken thus. He suggested that some eighty Moslem prisoners might be given in exchange for the renegades. On the grounds that four Christians were well worth eighty Moors, the Portuguese agreed. A spot upon the beach

was fixed on which the said prisoners were to be disembarked, and Albuquerque accompanied them in his cutter to see that there was no trickery. He did not believe that Cogcatar was genuine. "They kept me waiting in the sun a good two hours or three, and then they would not give the men," he writes, "and during the time of that delay, they were barricading the streets—some with stones and mortar, some with wood, and beaching their ships." Gaspar Rodrigues saw the renegades, attired as Persians and apparently very happy. Albuquerque took back the prisoners and prepared for war.

When he regained the *Cirne* he found awaiting him a new "requerimento" from his captains. These gentlemen declared it was their duty to tell him what they thought about this war. It should on no account be undertaken. The best thing now would be to leave Ormuz, and perhaps return in force the following year. If, however, in spite of them, Albuquerque would still insist on fighting, "We are determined not to accompany you nor to take part in the said war, nor council, and that this may be certain and we may not later on deny it, all of us herewith sign—this 5th of January, 1508." The five names figured in due sequence.

Alonso de Albuquerque gasped—and no doubt swore!

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded of the captains. "The other day you all urged me to fight!" The captains answered blandly that that was so, but they had since altered their minds. The mercurial Francisco de Tavora had apparently just changed his for the third time! He now announced that he would follow his commander, and do everything that was required of him. The others declared their decision final.

The patience of Job was needed more than ever. Albuquerque was still considering how to meet the situation when he received yet another message from the captains. They all apologized! Their "requerimento", said they, had been written in a fit of anger, and they took it back. They were now prepared to fight and to be obedient!

Such sudden changes were becoming rather wearing and

Albuquerque doubted if this latest phase could be sincere. He caused Antonio do Campo, the ringleader, to be placed under arrest and sent word to the other four that unless they really meant to fight, they were suspended from their captaincies. But they *did* mean to fight, they all exclaimed. Had they not signified that they were repentant? Albuquerque shrugged his shoulders and left them their captaincies—all except Antonio do Campo.

That day the ships bombarded Ormuz and artillery responded from the town. Antonio do Campo felt that to be out of the fight was more than flesh and blood could bear. He implored his commander to pardon him and let him fight. In future he would give no trouble, if he could but return to his ship and join the battle. Albuquerque was too short of men to punish them as he felt they deserved. Antonio do Campo was reinstated and all five captains did their duty with great enthusiasm for the next few days.

Albuquerque decided not to sacrifice his troops in an assault by land. There was a more certain if lengthier method of subduing Ormuz. The town was entirely dependent on the mainland both for food and drink and at the mercy of any fleet that could cut off supplies. A few brackish wells there were upon the island at a place called Turumbaque, but a surprise attack by night disposed of those. Francisco de Tavora and João da Nova, with Albuquerque's nephew D. Antonio, fell upon the guards posted there, put them all to flight and then filled up the wells with dead camels and human corpses.

From the captives made on that occasion they learned that Cogear had his secret water hoard in an eighty-cubit cistern. A short sharp struggle in the small hours of the morning disposed of that. The gigantic cistern was broken and several tons of water flooded the neighbouring streets while the thirsty population rushed out with pots and jars to collect the precious liquid before the parched earth drank it all. After filling the cistern with dead horses, the Portuguese returned to their ships.

Ormuz was in a sorry plight. All food and water from the mainland was intercepted as it crossed. Nothing was left to drink but the polluted wells of Turumbaque, and even over these there was constant fighting. Every night were wafted out to sea the wails and lamentations of the suffering people, entreating the King and Cogecatar to end their misery.

One day the King of Ormuz sent to beg for mercy. He swore that he would do whatever Albuquerque might dictate. "Give me back the fortress and the four men," said he, "then we can talk!" The King replied that he could not return the fortress, but would pay any sum of money they might ask. Albuquerque declared he did not want his money. Nothing but the fortress would satisfy him.

Cogecatar thought that here the captains might come in useful. He managed to convey a message to their ships. His King had offered their commander excellent terms and tremendous sums of money, all of which had been refused. The captains did not conceal the fact that they considered this unreasonable. Shortly after, when Albuquerque went with Francisco de Tavora and Antonio do Campo to capture water from a neighbouring island, leaving João da Nova in command before Ormuz, the latter was seen to go ashore and parley with the renegades.

Albuquerque was aware that communications passed between his fleet and the beleaguered city, but he could not show that he knew without administering chastisement, and to punish the captains was impossible just then. He therefore said nothing to anyone. Sooner or later the storm would burst, but Ormuz was in the last extremity and might surrender first. Meantime every minute gained was to the good.

To add to the complexities of the situation, Socotra had to be remembered. The garrison could not be kept waiting much longer for supplies. Manuel Teles was ordered to hold himself in readiness to sail. He was to make a rapid journey there and back, bringing with him any ships that he might meet.

João da Nova thought that *he* should have been sent. But *Frol de la Mar* was the biggest ship in the fleet. "If you were to go," said Albuquerque, "there would be such a hole in this net that our fish would escape!" The day would come, he added, when João da Nova would be glad that he had stayed to help. João da Nova did not agree. He told his crew exactly what he thought of the "Capitão Môr" and tried to lash them into mutiny.

News came about this time that a caravan from Persia with provisions for Ormuz had reached the coast. Albuquerque decided to have it waylaid by João da Nova and Francisco de Tavora, and ordered them to report to him for instructions.

Francisco de Tavora, in a virtuous mood, appeared at the appointed hour, but no João da Nova. When Albuquerque sent to ask the reason of this delay, João da Nova said his men refused to go. Certainly a great noise could be heard aboard *Frol de la Mar*, accompanied by abuse of the commander-in-chief.

Afonso de Albuquerque was not the man to stand and listen while the crew of one of his ships shouted defiance at his orders. A few minutes later saw him board *Frol de la Mar*, and a sudden silence fell.

João da Nova advanced with something like a smirk. "You see how it is," said he, "my men . . ."

"You should teach your men better!" retorted Albuquerque. "Men are what their captains make them!" Sword in hand he ordered the recalcitrants to embark, and they dared not disobey; then, turning to their captain, he told him what he thought of his conduct past and present.

A lively argument followed. João da Nova, harping on the old theme, declared that he did not belong to Albuquerque's squadron, and since the latter would not grant him leave to go, he was going without it, as he had a perfect right to do!

It was always dangerous to say things like that to Albuquerque. "You dare tell me!" he exclaimed, "that you would do this!" João da Nova said he would. He said

a great deal more. Afonso de Albuquerque lost his temper; seizing the rebel with no gentle grasp, he ordered the handcuffs to be brought, and there was something like a free fight. João da Nova's beard was very long. A few hairs of it got plucked out in the struggle. A man's beard was a peculiarly sacred appendage, and João da Nova was terribly hurt.

Weeping with rage, he gathered up the precious fragment from the deck and tied it in his handkerchief. "Before the King," he cried, "you will answer for this insult to my beard!"

"If I had pulled out all the rest of it," said Albuquerque scornfully, "he would not cut off my head for that!"

João da Nova, placed in irons, was taken below. The heat down there was so intolerable that he might have died, if Albuquerque had not soon relented and transferred him to the forecastle. A day or two later he was restored to his command. An inquiry had been held regarding the instigators of this mutiny and so many were found implicated that, rather than punish all, Albuquerque preferred to pardon the lot.

The siege of Ormuz was somehow kept up in spite of everything. The rebellious captains still distinguished themselves in fights for water on the neighbouring islands. From the Isle of Kishm, where Albuquerque had posted him to guard the wells, Antonio do Campo sent word that he had seen a fleet of sixty ships. A navy was arriving from Julfar to protect Cogeatâr's barges. The captive who supplied this information added that the vizier had also written to Diu for reinforcements.

Afonso Lopes da Costa and Manuel Teles were dispatched to assist Antonio do Campo if the enemy attacked, and Albuquerque promised if necessary to join them with the other ships. Meanwhile he watched Ormuz, and "I had a second anchor lowered from my ship to show the Moors that the Armada of the King was not afraid of anything that might come up against it!"

When his two colleagues joined Antonio do Campo, all three agreed to sail after the Moslem fleet and fight if possible. The enemy was duly sighted and chased till darkness fell, when the Moslems bolted into port. The captains anchored off the island of Larak and sent to their commander for further instructions. Since the enemy had fled, he ordered them to resume their respective posts about Ormuz, and Manuel Teles to report to him before proceeding to Socotra.

This was dull! Our three firebrands were ready for a naval battle but they were quite tired of the siege. Apparently, Manuel Teles had no wish to sail for Socotra either. They talked it over and decided that they would rather go to India. The pilots were called into council (it was not every captain who, like Albuquerque, could wander about the seas without their aid) and the pilots were all willing.

When Albuquerque, surprised at their non-appearance, sent a search party after them two days later, he found that all three had vanished. On the Island of Larak they were last seen taking in water and supplies before they sailed out of the Ormuz straits. They had left their commander with only three ships, and a hostile fleet of sixty in the offing, besides which, Manuel Teles took away with him all the provisions and medicines destined for Socotra. In the whole of his career Albuquerque never had received so staggering a blow.

"If these men had not deserted me," he wrote in white-hot indignation to the Viceroy, "in fifteen days Ormuz would have surrendered!" Why had they waited until war broke out to act like this? "It would have been better to have done it when they were replete with grapes, peaches and melons, than now when all captains and knights should show their goodwill and desire to serve the King! . . . I cannot imagine what grievance made them go! If they say I have ill-treated them, I beg your Lordship to have set down in writing what they say I did against them or the

service of the King. Nevertheless, sir, neither the one case nor the other, nor any worse thing they might allege, could absolve them from the crime and evil they committed, deserting me in time of war while besieging a town so great and profitable to the service of the King. . . .

“Whatever punishment your Lordship may give them—they deserve it! They are worthy of any chastisement or dishonour, since for three hundred years so ill a deed had not been done by Portuguese cavaleiros, nor in the Portuguese chronicles have I read the like!”

CHAPTER IX

The End of the Ormuz Campaign

FOR the only time on record, Afonso de Albuquerque took six days to make up his mind!

To leave Ormuz and the unfinished fort was gall and wormwood to his soul, but common sense demanded that he should raise the siege. He had only three ships, one of which would have to be sent to Socotra. In the circumstances it became impossible to cut off communications between the city and the mainland.

"You have your wish at last!" he said bitterly to João da Nova. Since the other three captains had left, all must now depart. Albuquerque and Francisco de Tavora would relieve Socotra, while João da Nova would be free to sail for India.

João da Nova self-righteously replied that the conduct of his colleagues, far from pleasing him, excited his severest disapproval. The fact that he had meant to do the same appears to have escaped him.

Cogeatar joyfully beheld his enemy preparing to depart and sent him a sarcastic message that there was nothing he would not do for Albuquerque's friendship except give up the four deserters, now his brothers in the Faith of Islam.

Albuquerque retorted by sending Cogeatar the account of his expenses up to date—all of which he said would be doubly refunded the day he finished building his fort. To most this seemed a mere dramatic gesture, but a time came when that document proved useful.

It was agreed that João da Nova should sail with Albuquerque as far as Cape Ras-al-Had, but one night off the

coast of Oman *Frol de la Mar* disappeared. Albuquerque seems to have been surprised and pained that her captain should leave him thus without a word. Had he forgotten João da Nova's beard?

João da Nova certainly had not. The hairs were with him in a paper parcel, and he exhibited the interesting relic to the Viceroy. Arriving in India a few days after the deserters, he corroborated all that they said about Afonso de Albuquerque.

D. Francisco de Almeida was perplexed. On *Frol de la Mar* had also travelled the one-handed Gaspar Dias bearing Albuquerque's furious letter quoted in last chapter. But this letter commended João da Nova, although the writer admitted they were not on good terms: "João da Nova always served very well during this cruise and is worthy of the King's honour and reward. . . ." Albuquerque's invariable readiness to acknowledge merit in his opponents seems to have made some people feel that the latter could not be really in the wrong. The Viceroy accepted João da Nova's tale.

As for the others, even if their complaints were true, their conduct had been strange. But the Viceroy was not particularly fond of Albuquerque. Moreover, he disapproved of landing troops and building fortresses. "Your conquest of this town and kingdom is worthy to fill books," he had written on receiving Albuquerque's account of the surrender of Ormuz, "but I fail to see the use of it!" For some reason that letter was never sent, but the Viceroy had not altered his opinion. Added to this, he himself was short of men and so did not feel inclined to ask many questions. Antonio do Campo, Afonso Lopes da Costa and Manuel Teles got off with the lightest reprimand.

Meanwhile Albuquerque reached Socotra--just in time. All the garrison were ill and starving, subsisting on palm cabbages and wild fruit. Albuquerque replenished their depleted stores as best he could, but, Manuel Teles having bolted with the bulk of his supplies, he had not nearly

enough. Francisco de Tavora was consequently dispatched to Malindi to load up with provisions and return with any ships he could collect.

His squadron thus reduced to a single unit, Albuquerque lingered on the *Cirne* about Guardafui and the Abd-el-Kuria Isles. Time passed in exploring those shores, fraternizing with the simple people of the Somali coast, and looking out for Red Sea shipping. Of this he caught one sample only in about two months, which shows that Guardafui was not always so exciting as some seemed to think.

Francisco de Tavora returned in April. With him came Diogo de Melo and Martim Coelho, just out from Portugal on their respective ships. As nobody at Socotra or on board the *Cirne* could have had news of home for quite two years, the new arrivals must have found themselves very popular.

Francisco de Tavora also brought with him the rich spoils of a Cambay vessel he had captured, and some provisions, though not nearly enough. Albuquerque observed that he might with advantage have spent more time in loading food-stuffs and less on the pleasures of the chase!

During the commander's absence at Guardafui, Socotra had again got into trouble. The garrison had quarrelled with the natives and he found the island up in arms. Instead of leaving for Muscat as he intended, Albuquerque decided to remain at Socotra during the monsoon. After chastising the rebels, he imposed on them a yearly tribute of twenty cows and sixty goats as well as forty loads of dates to be supplied to the garrison. The food problem was solved in this manner, at any rate for the time being.

Socotra was a bad harbour to winter in during the terrific gales that year, and the ships were more than once in danger. Francisco de Tavora's *Rey Grande* especially had so much superstructure fore and aft that, for safety, Albuquerque ordered the castles to be cut down. Young Francisco, to whom the tallness of his ship was evidently a source of pride, took this as a personal insult. He would resign his captaincy, he declared wrathfully. Since Albuquerque was

taking his ship to pieces, he could give her to anyone he liked, Francisco de Tavora did not want her.

"Please yourself!" said Albuquerque laughing, and handed over *Rey Grande* to Dinis Fernandes de Melo, a valiant scion of a noble house and a first-rate seaman—but a mulatto.

Francisco de Tavora seems to have been as capricious as a pretty woman. Three days later he sent apologies to his commander, and might he have his ship again? Albuquerque said that he was tired of Francisco de Tavora. When they reached India, he could ask the Viceroy to give him back his ship. Meanwhile, since he had left her of his own accord, he could do without! Francisco de Tavora therefore remained on board the flagship, where he was joined by those *fidalgos* of *Rey Grande* whose pride could not endure to serve a coloured captain.

In the middle of August, Albuquerque left for the Arabian Sea. He was due in India by December, when the Viceroy should be making ready to depart. During the interval there was time to have a look at Ormuz, though with hardly more than 200 men not much could be achieved.

Pero Gonçalves, hero of the fight on board the Cambay vessel at Ormuz, was pilot of the *Côrme* at this time, though Albuquerque—possibly from force of habit—continued to make his own calculations regarding the position of the ship. They sometimes differed from the pilot's reckonings.

"Unless you alter your course in this latitude," he observed one evening to Pero Gonçalves, "the ship will be ashore to-night!" Pero Gonçalves was outraged. He would throw his chart and compass in the sea, and let the captain navigate the ship himself, since he thought he knew better than his pilot!

"Don't get excited, Pero Gonçalves," said his chief, "I know something about it too! You can do exactly as you like, but if you persist upon this course, to-night we run aground upon the point of Maccirah!"

Pero Gonçalves was obstinate. Also, he was convinced

that what he did not know of navigation was not worth knowing. As a matter of pride he would not deviate from his course one inch. Fortunately the *Cirne* answered swiftly to the helm when, in the small hours of the morning, they spun her round before she landed in the surf.

"It seems to me, Pero Gonçalves," remarked Albuquerque, "I am the one who ought to throw my chart and compass in the sea, since I trust myself to your guidance! Perhaps in future you will be more careful, and not expect the Lord to save us by a miracle each time!" He may have had this incident in mind when, some years later, he told D. Manuel that pilots lacked a sense of responsibility, which might be instilled in them by holding an inquiry over every wreck.

Before they proceeded to Ormuz, there was a halt at Kalyat to administer chastisement a year overdue.

Xarafadin, a minion of Cogcatar's, was there found in possession in command of a troop of archers. Albuquerque seized the town, held it for three days against the forces assembled by Xarafadin, and put all these to flight, after which the place was sacked and burned and the Portuguese returned in triumph to their ships.

News of Ormuz gleaned at Kalyat on the whole was satisfactory. The town had apparently not yet recovered from the siege. Water was being sold at fancy prices and provisions still were short. So many of their boats had been destroyed the year before that the transport of supplies was not yet normal. Once more to intercept these altogether and force the city to submission appeared temptingly easy. Albuquerque and his captains all agreed that it was worth trying. This trip there was no disharmony in the command. Neither Diogo de Melo nor Martim Coelho appear to have given any trouble at all, Dinis Fernandes never did, and Francisco de Tavora was a weather-cock who gyrated with every wind.

The problem now was not the captains but the ships. Both the *Cirne* and *Rey Grande* were leaking badly, and the

question was how long they could remain afloat. It was decided to push on none the less and trust to luck that no accident occurred before the damage could conveniently be repaired.

So to Ormuz, where Cogear was found chuckling over letters received from the Viceroy. These he proudly exhibited to Afonso de Albuquerque, who raised his eyebrows over their contents. In a mildly flattering tone, very different from Albuquerque's own superb manner of addressing Eastern magnates, Francisco de Almeida apologized for Albuquerque's procedure at Ormuz. The captains who deserted were, he said, quite right, and their commander would be punished in due course. The yearly tribute was all the Viceroy would demand of his dear friends at Ormuz.

Albuquerque did not at first believe that the letters, written in Persian, were authentic, but further examination proved that they were indeed. It was an unexpected blow. He had always counted on the Viceroy's support. To be deliberately disowned and slighted was the last thing he had dreamed of. He wrote Cogear a scathing answer—very guarded, however, with reference to the Viceroy, for Portuguese prestige was more to him than even his own pride—and then discussed the matter with his captains.

It was an impossible position. He felt like going straight to India to have it out with D. Francisco, but decided first to see whether Cogear would pay the tribute money.

As might have been expected, Cogear refused. He said that the sack of Kalyat was worth much more than 15,000 seraphims. Albuquerque could consider himself already paid.

Albuquerque gave him eight days to find the money, after which, he said, he would demand the renegades instead. Obviously neither was forthcoming. Cogear felt supported by the Viceroy, who indeed had asked for tribute, but who did not sound a particularly alarming person or likely to be adamant. Albuquerque prepared to resume the siege as long as circumstances—in this case, his leaking ship—would permit.

The wells of Kishm were found full of rotten sardines, but the fleet supplied itself with water from the island of Larak. The four ships were assigned their posts about Ormuz, while each in turn mounted guard at Larak over the wells.

On his side, Cogear summoned a fleet with which he hoped to burn his enemy's vessels, and engaged from Persia two captains of the Shah to reinforce Ormuz with 500 archers. All this was told to Albuquerque by a captive under torture. Albuquerque wrote to Diogo de Melo at Larak to keep a sharp look-out for the enemy's ships, and himself prepared to fight the Persians, who had reached the coast and were waiting at Naband for an opportunity to cross.

That the ships might not appear abandoned before Ormuz in the daylight, a night attack was deemed advisable. They hoped to be on board again before their absence could be noticed. Crossing at midnight beneath the rays of the full moon, they dipped their oars as noiselessly as possible, but their approach was heard, and from the shore was raised a shout that seemed to die away. Perfect stillness reigned when Albuquerque's boat reached the beach; he and his companions had disembarked on what appeared to be a deserted shore, when out of the inky shadows poured a rain of arrows. The other boats were yet some distance off, but it was useless to wait their being shot at by an unseen foe, so the little band of twenty-eight advanced and charged. By the time the others had arrived a furious fight was raging round the Mosque.

The Persians had vastly superior numbers, and they were reputed the mightiest warriors of all that coast; but they had never met an enemy like this. Before dawn the Portuguese had forced them to evacuate Naband. The Shah's two captains turned and fled, for which they were severely reprimanded by their master. It was disgraceful, he declared, to have been routed by so few men. But he did not hide his admiration for Afonso de Albuquerque. From that time Shah Ismail sought to be his friend.

Naband was burned and then, by straining every oar, the Portuguese regained their ships before the morning.

Hard upon this triumph came bad news. Diogo de Melo from his post at Larak went out in a boat one day with nine companions and never returned. Six dead bodies were seen later floating on the sea and a captive taken off the island told their tale. The little boat had been decoyed into an ambush and attacked by one of Cogeatat's ships. The nine men and their captain refused to surrender, so their boat was sunk, and all were killed save one who had been sent to Cogeatat. Diogo de Melo, fully armed, had disappeared beneath the water like a stone.

Martim Coelho and Antonio de Noronha, who led the search party for the missing men, sighted the Moslem fleet and chased it, but as had happened once before, the latter would not fight but fled. After the battle at Ormuz the previous year, the navies of those parts dared not face the ships of Portugal.

Following on the tragedy of Diogo de Melo, the *Cirne* showed signs of giving out completely. Thirty men pumping day and night could hardly keep her dry. It was useless to remain at Ormuz any longer. Albuquerque had neither sufficient men to land and seize the town nor seaworthy ships to hold the sea. The Viceroy had proved worse than a broken reed and there was no hope of reinforcement. India must be reached before December, and it was now or never if the *Cirne* was to get there or anywhere except the bottom of the sea.

Without a word to Cogeatat, Albuquerque sailed. He had not nearly finished with Ormuz, but the day of reckoning had to be postponed. Soon he was to have a freer hand than he had ever enjoyed before. It was his turn to govern India now, and then—Ormuz would see him again!

And Ormuz did.

CHAPTER X

Intrigues at Cochin

“ **I**N my opinion, India is now in greater peril from Afonso de Albuquerque than ever from the Turks!”

So wrote Antonio de Sintra, the Viceroy's secretary, to D. Manuel—whether in good faith or otherwise, it is difficult to say. Certainly the deserters from Ormuz had wasted neither time nor opportunity and it was a sombre portrait that they drew of Albuquerque. “Madman” was one of their milder epithets, but they did not hesitate to say he was a traitor.

The Viceroy listened to their accusations but his mind was elsewhere. His only son had just been killed at Chaul in battle with the Soldan's squadron, and the bereaved father dreamed of nothing except his revenge. The Egyptian fleet lay in the Gulf of Cambay, off the coast of Gujarat. D. Francisco was feverishly preparing to sail against it and annihilate the lot.

When dispatches had arrived from Portugal recalling him and naming his successor, the Viceroy said he would be glad to go, and no doubt at the time he spoke sincerely. After achieving his revenge there was nothing to make him wish to stay in India. But a howl of dismay went up. The new governor had been described as such an ogre that many thought seriously of packing up and going home.

On 5th December, towards the evening, the dangerous character sailed into Cannanore. Afonso de Albuquerque struck his flag, fired a salute, and went to call upon the Viceroy as in duty bound. D. Francisco embraced his successor cordially and invited him to supper. Controversial

topics were on the whole avoided and that first evening went off pleasantly.

Within the next few days, however, relations became strained. There were not lacking men at Cannanore who worked for this, especially the captains from Ormuz. The latter were all swarming round the Viceroy like bees about a honey-pot. João da Nova, who seems to have been on the best of terms with D. Francisco, was risking another year in India by accompanying him to Diu, while as for the actual deserters, Albuquerque saw to his disgust that they were in great favour and much in evidence. When tackled on the subject, D. Francisco said that he had need of them. If he returned from the battle alive he would administer justice; if he died, then Albuquerque could; meanwhile, if they were killed, they would be dealt with by a Higher Tribunal—arguments which annoyed Afonso de Albuquerque.

The question of succession also had proved thorny. D. Francisco said he had indeed received dispatches ordering his return upon the vessel *São João*, which ship was said to bear a letter of final instructions. *São João* had been missing when the fleet arrived from Portugal. The Viceroy would prepare to go whenever she turned up but not before; no ship in India at the time was suitable for him to travel on. What about the *Belem*? suggested Albuquerque—a fine ship of 400 tons that could comfortably accommodate the Viceroy and his staff. But D. Francisco said the *Belem* would not do at all. He was determined to wait for *São João*, not knowing that that would mean to linger till the sea gave up its dead.

The Viceroy, moreover, seemed to think that the orders that he had received were rather vague. The missing letter when it came would make everything clear. To remove the doubts that D. Francisco felt, Albuquerque then produced his own commission which he had carried with him signed and sealed for nearly three years. D. Francisco was displeased. He said that his time would not be up until the end of January. These papers should have been kept till his return from Diu.

"Why not close them again?" suggested Antonio de Sintra brightly. He could, he informed Albuquerque, seal them so skilfully that nobody could guess that they had been opened.

"From which I gather, Antonio de Sintra," answered Albuquerque icily, "you have done that sort of thing before! The King's letters and mandates have been opened at the proper time and I will not have them closed."

The Viceroy said that he would transfer his powers after he had avenged his son. "Give me the fleet!" said Albuquerque, "I will avenge your son for you." But all D. Francisco's fatherly sentiments revolted at the idea of surrendering such a sacred duty to anybody else. "Put yourself in my place," said he. "Would you not feel the same?"

Afonso de Albuquerque admitted that he might. He offered to sail with D. Francisco, but the Viceroy would not hear of that. Two years and eight months at sea were, he declared, more than enough for anyone! Albuquerque must take a rest at Cannanore or Cochin. Resting was never much in Albuquerque's line, but sailing under another man's command did not particularly appeal to him either, and it would have been awkward for them both to have him with the fleet. He decided that he would wait at Cochin.

Young Antonio de Noronha, in command of the unfortunate Diogo de Melo's ship, went to swell the Viceroy's forces, so also did Martim Coelho, and also, of course, the doughty Francisco de Tavora, now reinstated on *Rey Grande*. It was objected that *Rey Grande* leaked, not so badly as the *Cirne*, it is true, yet far too much for safety; but the fire-eating Francisco replied that if she let in twice the quantity of water, still he would go and fight; he cared not if she went straight to the bottom!

That is what the *Cirne* nearly did in the few days' journey between Cannanore and Cochin. Six pumps were of little use, and Castanheda says that fish were floating in the hold! By a miracle Cochin was reached without mishap and one

of the most trying periods of his life began for Albuquerque.

The events of 1509 are puzzling.

D. Francisco de Almeida was in some ways a great man. His three years as Viceroy had been successful, even brilliant. He had won splendid victories and upheld his country's prestige right along the Indian coast. As an administrator he was incorruptible, as a commander he made himself both respected and liked. The only inconsistent feature of D. Francisco's otherwise distinguished career was the attitude he took up with regard to his successor. Some modern writers have suggested that he was moved by envy of a talent he suspected to be greater than his own, which may be; but before that date he does not give one the impression of a petty-minded man. Braz de Albuquerque tries to write dispassionately of all that occurred, but filial indignation simply bubbles from his pen. Obviously he sees nothing but envy, hatred and malice in the Viceroy's behaviour. Someone, he thinks, should have reminded D. Francisco of the kindness shown to his great-great-grandfather by the great-grandfather of Afonso de Albuquerque! Such retrospective gratitude seems a good deal to expect of anyone; it was the Viceroy's own dignity that ought to have prescribed another course. Castanheda and Gaspar Correa, however, both agree in attributing what took place largely to the intrigues of others, and Albuquerque himself—a clear-sighted person even where he was closely concerned—appears to have reached the same conclusion.

Cochin was quiet enough during the Viceroy's absence. Albuquerque seems to have passed his time in snubbing attempts to draw him into intrigues and avoiding the society of Jorge Barreto, captain of the fort.

Jorge Barreto had been with the Ormuz expedition and had backed up the deserters all the time. For some reason the Viceroy wrote to Cochin requesting a certain Gaspar Pereira to act as peacemaker, and Gaspar Pereira, a bouncing and officious little man, discharged his mission in such fashion as to make the breach almost beyond repair. "Oh, give me

a ship and let me go to Cannanore, that I may hear no more about Jorge Barreto!" exclaimed Albuquerque at last in exasperation, whereupon Gaspar Pereira ceased his fussy interventions.

D. Francisco was away nearly two months. He sailed up the coast to Cambay, putting all to fire and sword. Leaving Dabul a smoking ruin, he reached Diu, where he met and utterly destroyed the Soldan's fleet and, no doubt feeling greatly relieved, returned to Cochin.

D. Antonio de Noronha had been sent from Diu to Socotra with more provisions for his brother, but D. Francisco brought back to Cochin all the other fidalgos from Ormuz, including João da Nova and the deserters, much in evidence and very pleased with life, besides the doughty Francisco Tavora, whose *Rey Grande* by some fluke remained afloat.

The garrison of Cochin turned out on the beach and D. Francisco embraced everyone, but utterly ignored Afonso de Albuquerque. The latter laid a hand upon the Viceroy's tunic: "Here I am, sir, look at me!" he said. D. Francisco turned in well-assumed surprise, swept off his cap and stiffly bowed. "I beg your pardon," said he frigidly, "I did not see you!"

A man who has had princes humble themselves before him will not take a public affront meekly. Before the Viceroy reached the fortress door Albuquerque stepped forward and demanded that the royal mandate should now be obeyed and D. Francisco cede the reins of government to him. "Plenty of time for that," said the Viceroy and, turning his back, stalked into the fort.

João da Nova and the deserters were delighted; so was Jorge Barreto. They urged the Viceroy to be very firm. If the King but knew the truth about Afonso de Albuquerque he would command Francisco de Almeida to remain. They flattered him as much as they abused Albuquerque, and D. Francisco loved to be praised.

There was, of course, no question of sailing for Portugal that season. Any ship leaving India after January was

obliged to winter at Moçambique before attempting to double the Cape. D. Francisco had reached Cochin early in March. He still said he would leave with the next home fleet, but the King had told him that he could govern till he sailed. He consequently sent word to Albuquerque on no account to regard himself as Governor or to exhibit his credentials or powers to anyone. He could, the Viceroy added kindly, call himself captain of the *Cirne* if he liked!

Albuquerque thought the matter over and decided that there was nothing to be done. The King, assuming that D. Francisco would return upon the *São João*, had permitted him to govern till he sailed, which should have been in January, 1509. The non-arrival of the *São João* had provided him with an excuse not to sail that year. Alternative instructions, if any, had been lost. On the strength of a quibble, the Viceroy clung to his office and kept the dispatches—most of which had come addressed to Albuquerque.

The latter concluded that patience would be most in accord with his dignity. Since the Viceroy refused to surrender the government of his free will, he would on no account take it by force. The arrival of that year's fleet was bound to put things right. This could not be till August at the earliest, and months of idleness at Cochin were an appalling prospect for a man of Albuquerque's energy. He requested D. Francisco to let him overhaul the Indian fleet and put it in order for next season's navigation, but the Viceroy refused. He said that it was unnecessary, and Albuquerque had to content himself with repairing the *Cirne*.

His enemies were furious to see him remain calm. They had hoped that he would be violent and put himself in the wrong, which is exactly what he was determined not to do. To make him lose his temper became their aim and end. His ex-subordinates especially, now he was no longer in command, seem to have tried all the things which school-boys dream of doing to their masters. They made fun of him almost to his face, they called him names in stage asides behind his back; every night João da Nova and Antonio



OLD PLAN OF CANNANORE
(*Biblioteca Nacional, Lisbon*)

de Sintra passed before his door singing insulting ditties. It all was really very silly, and Afonso de Albuquerque took not the slightest notice.

He was perhaps the only level-headed person in Cochin, which was buzzing like a hornets' nest. Francisco de Tavora was challenging Jorge de Melo to single combat for venturing to criticize the Viceroy (Francisco had been doing so himself a few weeks back, but that was only another of his chamelon changes). Gaspar Pereira was having stormy arguments with the Viceroy, while other people were trying to bribe Albuquerque's confessor into declaring that he knew the former had been guilty of treason at Ormuz.

The Viceroy's attitude throughout was curious. One day he would speak to Albuquerque pleasantly and talk of relinquishing the government in the near future, the next he would be hand-in-glove with all the petty persecutors. He allowed them to persuade him that far too many people accompanied Albuquerque when he attended Mass, or joined him coming out of church. These gatherings, said they, might well become a menace to public order.

D. Francisco gave ear to their insinuations and sent word to Albuquerque that it would be better for him not to come to church in future; he could have Mass said in his own house. "By all means, if you wish it!" said Albuquerque imperturbably, and subsequently heard Mass at home.

Life was growing rather tedious for Albuquerque. There was nowhere to go and nothing to do. Every morning and evening he took a walk along the shore and that was about the sole diversion left to him. The solitary ramble seems to be a modern idea. In those days, if a gentleman went for a stroll half his household strolled with him. Albuquerque's household was a large one, for most of the men who had been to Ormuz on the *Cirne* ate at his board. To see him walk along the beach so well accompanied annoyed his enemies. This again, they told the Viceroy, was a public danger, and D. Francisco ordered Albuquerque to remain at home. Albuquerque said he would be only too pleased to

avoid seeing all the traitors in Cochin, and went out no more.

About this time arrived Diogo Lopes de Sequeira, on his way to find Malacca. Diogo Lopes was a sensible man of a certain age, and Albuquerque thought that he might persuade the Viceroy to be less unreasonable. He wrote a letter to the new arrival asking him to come round for a talk. It would seem, however, that Albuquerque's enemies forestalled him, for the letter was wholly ignored.

There is a tale that D. Francisco offered to make Diogo Lopes Governor of India when he left, which honour Diogo Lopes dutifully refused, though at the same time he esteemed the Viceroy for having thus discerned his merit. It does not sound a likely story, but the fact remains that the anti-Albuquerque faction soon had Diogo Lopes on their side.

But the common people—those who had no axe to grind—were beginning to comment upon the situation. After all Afonso de Albuquerque had been appointed governor by the King. For D. Francisco thus to cling to office was not seemly.

The Viceroy still talked of going home next year and his partisans began to fear he really might. Headed by João da Nova and Jorge Barreto, they drafted a petition begging him to stay in view of the fact that Afonso de Albuquerque was morally and mentally unfit to govern. This paper was accompanied by a tremendous indictment, which set forth the case against Albuquerque in ninety-six articles, the summing-up of the whole matter being that he was a bungler, devoid of either sense or judgment, whose ungovernable temper no man could endure. He could not be trusted with a rowing-boat, and to allow such a man to govern India was unthinkable! This weighty document was signed by most of the fidalgos then at Cochin, and it was taken to the Rajah for him to sign it too, but the Rajah, who liked Albuquerque better than the Viceroy, flatly refused. His brother the King of Portugal, said he, had written to him that Albuquerque was now Governor of India, and he thought the Viceroy's conduct very strange.

When D. Francisco was presented with these papers he declared that this was too serious a business for him to decide. For further action they must await the coming of the fleet; meanwhile let the documents be shown to Albuquerque. Afonso de Albuquerque studied this surprising portrait of himself and made no comment. "These are matters for the King to judge," was all he said.

Their total failure to raise samples of the alleged ungovernable temper was a bitter disappointment to his enemies, but Albuquerque had made up his mind not to give them that satisfaction, and as he had a will of iron, he succeeded.

He advised the few friends he had left not to visit him too often or they might find themselves in trouble. Sure enough, one by one they all were arrested on varying pretexts. Ruy d'Araujo, treasurer of Cochin factory, was sent to prison for wishing to resign his post. João de Christus, a harmless monk who shook his head and observed mildly that affairs in India were going from bad to worse, found himself in chains for that remark. People informed the Viceroy that he knew of some coup Albuquerque was meditating—he was always at his house!

More serious was the case of Duarte de Sousa, a devoted henchman, who one day asked Albuquerque why he did not raise a rebellion and lock up the Viceroy in the fort. "If all the clergy in Cochin turned out with crosses to implore me so to do," said Albuquerque emphatically, "and the palm trees turned their roots into the air and their fringes to the ground, I would not take by force the government and fortresses that the King has ordered to be surrendered to my by free will!" Some kind person overheard the conversation and informed the Viceroy. Duarte de Sousa was thrown into prison and tortured.

Nuno Vaz de Castelo Branco, a great friend, who had served loyally throughout the Ormuz campaign, was likewise arrested, the reason given being that he had not denounced Duarte de Sousa's treasonable suggestions. Nuno

Vaz was threatened with torture unless he disclosed the plot, though he insisted there was none. It was amiably suggested that he might implore the Viceroy's pardon. The Viceroy was magnanimous and would doubtless relent. Nuno Vaz declared indignantly that there was nothing to forgive; it was D. Francisco who should apologize to him. He added that if he were burning in Hell and the Viceroy had power to save, he would rather not be saved by him!

Nuno Vaz was not tortured—he belonged to a more influential family than Duarte de Sousa—but the Viceroy dispatched him with Diogo Lopes to Malacca instead. Nobody had ever yet been to Malacca, it was therefore doubtful how many would return. Several of Albuquerque's partisans were consequently sent upon that cruise.

It was not possible to dispose of the Rajah of Cochin in this way. That ruler was definitely on Albuquerque's side and remonstrated with the Viceroy more than once. Perhaps it was to put a stop to this that one day D. Francisco signed the following order:

"I, D. Francisco de Almeida, Viceroy of the Indies for the King my Lord, command you, Lourenço de Brito, captain of the fortress of Sant' Angel of Cannanore, to receive from Martim Coelho, chief captain of the fleet now off this coast, Afonso de Albuquerque, and confine him to the keep where no person may speak to him, and see to it that he may not write nor send any message to the kings of Calicut, of Cochin or of Cannanore—for he is doing great harm to the State and substance of my Lord the King. . . .

Issued at Cochin, 9th Sept., 1509,

(signed) "O Visorey".

Beyond his signature D. Francisco added these words in his own hand: "and to wait on him and visit him shall go such persons as you think fit"—which looks as if, on second thoughts, he had relented slightly.

At a moment's notice Albuquerque was ordered to embark on the ship *Espirito Santo*. He could take two servants with

him, no more—which, for one man, might seem to us quite sufficient, but in those spacious days would be considered rather poor.

“So you are sending me to prison, sir?” said Albuquerque to the Viceroy, whom he met by the waterside. “Not at all!” said D. Francisco sweetly, sweeping off his cap, “I am merely asking you as a favour to proceed to Cannanore.” The weather was so bad and *Espirito Santo* such an ancient and dilapidated ship that the idea crossed Albuquerque’s mind that she might not be intended to arrive at Cannanore or anywhere else, but he embarked without further discussion. As he was rowed out to the ship, he had the satisfaction of seeing his house pulled to pieces by the fortress elephant. The servants there remaining saved what they could of their master’s belongings, but the bulk of them were stolen.

It was some days before the ship could cross the bar. During this time, what with the torrential rain and howling wind, it was so uncomfortable on board that no one would embark who was not obliged. The captain of the vessel wisely stayed ashore, but the Viceroy sent out men of his own guard to keep an eye upon the prisoner. One wild night *Espirito Santo* broke her moorings and drifted downstream, whereupon a hue and cry was raised in Cochin. Afonso de Albuquerque had mutinied and made off with the ship! All the boats in harbour rushed to intervene, and when they saw what had really happened people looked a little foolish.

“Tell the Viceroy,” said Albuquerque, “that if I chose to mutiny it would not be on board a rotten ship!” But D. Francisco ordered the captain to embark and stay on board till he could sail.

Closely watched by the Viceroy’s guard, Afonso de Albuquerque landed at Cannanore. He observed with something like amusement how carefully they placed themselves between him and the church lest he should make a dash for sanctuary. “Men!” said he contemptuously, “you need not behave like police sergeants with me! I have neither

robbed nor murdered. It is your master who has deprived me of my own. I have no reason to take refuge in the church, but I will go there to commend my soul to God and pray for justice!" The men stood aside to let him enter, but were perhaps relieved when he came out of his own accord and went quietly with them to the fortress.

Lourenço de Brito advanced, all smiles, to greet his prisoner. "Sir Jailer," said Albuquerque, "you are not doing your job! You ought to make me take the habit and the tonsure."

"Senhor Afonso de Albuquerque," answered the captain uncomfortably, "you have reason to say this and more! I am not your jailer but your servant."

The truth was that Lourenço de Brito did not particularly like the part that had been thrust upon him. He was the Viceroy's partisan, but feared that the latter might have gone too far. Supposing Albuquerque triumphed in the end, Lourenço de Brito's position might be very awkward. He chose, therefore, to put a broad interpretation on his orders, and told Albuquerque that he was free to receive whom he would. But Albuquerque, who did not know whom he could trust, refused to see anyone at all.

The *fidalgos* then at Cannanore were greatly troubled by this. Being outside the circle of Cochin intrigues, they were amazed at the Viceroy's procedure. That on the expiry of his three years of office, he should arrest the man appointed by the King to take his place, looked almost like rebellion. Something ought to be done about it.

When Albuquerque's page appeared at the factory to buy a bed and other fittings for his master's room, the best of everything was offered and no one would take payment. The lad was also charged with messages and notes for Albuquerque. These missives, addressing him as "Senhor Governador" and "Vossa Senhoria", assured him that he had only to command and the writers would obey him as their governor. Beyond sending many thanks he took no notice.

Then all the gentlemen outside the fort drafted and signed a letter. As loyal subjects of the King they declared the Viceroy's action to be illegal. Afonso de Albuquerque had been vested by the King with authority to govern India in his name and they bowed before the royal command. They urged him to leave the fort and come to them.

Albuquerque considered the proposition, which sounded genuine. He was all for law and order even at the cost of personal sacrifice, but there was no reason why he should remain in prison. It was merely the Viceroy's abuse of a power unlawfully retained that had confined him there. If the men of Cannanore acknowledged that, then he could free himself without dishonour. He sent word to his supporters to meet him at church next Sunday.

"You can go anywhere you like!" said Lourenço de Brito, when his prisoner applied for leave to attend Mass. It was most embarrassing to act as custodian of a man who might be in authority one day, and Lourenço de Brito was anxious not to overdo the part.

Afonso de Albuquerque walked to church. He was wearing a black taffeta tunic, a black cloth mantle draped about his shoulders, and a round black cap pulled low down on his head. He held a rosary in his hand and his page, carrying a prayer-book, followed him sedately. They did not go to the garrison church, for the captain would be there, but to the little one of Our Lady of Victory, where a priest was sent for to say Mass.

One by one the men of Cannanore gathered within the building and outside it. The service over, Albuquerque was met by a deputation requesting him to return with them to the house they had prepared. He was, they said, their lawful governor, and all that had happened hitherto was pure defiance of the royal commands.

"If you so understand it," answered Albuquerque, "and you know it because it is notorious to all, then I do no injury to my Honour in accepting your good will and works

in the name of our Lord the King whom I shall serve according to my power." All went off together to a house nearby which had been fitted with everything necessary, including four Portuguese servants and a band of slaves. Far from attempting to retrieve his prisoner, Lourenço de Brito offered him the fortress keys, but Albuquerque told him to keep them until further notice.

Lourenço de Brito stayed in his castle, very unhappy.

The Viceroy at Cochin heard what had happened at Cannanore but did not interfere.

The next act in the drama, as all knew, would take place when the ships from Portugal arrived.

But that year they were late.

CHAPTER XI

The Samorin's Doors

D. FERNANDO COUTINHO, a fat and fiery young man, with fifteen ships and a great sense of his own importance, sighted the Indian coast.

D. Fernando was Marshal of Portugal, an influential personage at court and much in favour with the King. Vested now with very special powers and bound upon a very special mission, he sailed towards the port of Cannanore.

His coming was announced before his sails appeared on the horizon. A certain fidalgo travelling between Cochin and Cannanore met one of the units of his fleet and broke the news to Lourenço de Brito.

Lourenço de Brito, already trembling in suspense, was completely overcome. In secret he transferred the fortress keys to the "alcaide mor" and slipped away to Cochin, for—says the chronicler—"the Marshal was near kinsman to Afonso de Albuquerque and would think what had been done to him was very strange."

D. Fernando did think it strange. He thought it extraordinary. "Let us go at once to Cochin!" he said to Albuquerque, and together they embarked.

If their arrival was a shock to the Viceroy, he was careful to show no sign. He endeavoured to save his face by acting as if everything were quite natural and prearranged. All the dispatches, all the orders, all the funds brought by the Marshal were addressed to Albuquerque, and the Viceroy spoke about the happiness he felt at being released from the burden of his office!

Nevertheless the Marshal, who seems to have enjoyed the

part that he was called to play in settling the differences of men both old enough to be his father, had a straight talk with D. Francisco. He was amazed, he told him, at the situation he had found in India. What the King would say, he could not well imagine!

The Viceroy answered loftily that there was no cause for amazement. Afonso de Albuquerque had never been a prisoner. D. Francisco had merely thought that it would be pleasanter for him to be at Cannanore-- exactly why, he could not at the time remember-- "I have a poor memory," the Viceroy said, "for unimportant things!" As for what the King might think, the King enjoined him in his "regimento" to act in any doubtful case as he considered best.

"That!" declared the Marshal severely, "is an excuse! Such a proviso could only apply to doubtful matters which had to be decided here, and not to determinations arrived at by the King in Council. If it were otherwise any governor would have a pretext for clinging to office indefinitely."

"Sir, dinner is ready!" observed the Viceroy, feeling it was time that the subject was changed. "Should you care to join us?" But the Marshal pleaded a previous engagement, no doubt to D. Francisco's great relief.

Next day the change of government was made with freezing compliments on either side. D. Francisco embarked immediately on the ship *Garça* and proceeded to Cannanore, whence he sailed early in December. He was not destined to see Portugal again. The veteran of so many fierce-fought battles perished in a skirmish with the Hottentots and was buried in the wilderness at Table Bay.

Needless to say the deserters had not remained in India to see how the new governor would deal with them, nor had Jorge Barreto. João da Nova was already dead. The unfortunate man had fallen ill that year at Cochin. None of his friends seem to have done anything for him, and he would not even have had a decent funeral if Albuquerque had not arranged and paid for it.

As for those fidalgos who had affixed their names to the

famous document declaring Albuquerque without either character or brains, they had some very anxious moments. Happily for them, Albuquerque was never vindictive in cold blood. He told them not to be alarmed. He quite understood that it might have been difficult for them to take another stand. If they were ready faithfully to serve the King under his orders, he swore that he was ready to forget the past. The time-servers hastily expressed complete submission. João da Nova and Jorge Barreto had, they said, misguided them before.

The intrigues of Cochin for the moment settled, the Marshal explained to all what he had come to do.

Beside the beach at Calicut the Samorin possessed a beautiful "cerame". This seems to have been a combined fortress and pleasance. Elaborate carvings adorned it inside and out. The doors were embellished with plates of wrought silver and gold depicting animals and birds. The Samorin repaired to the "cerame" when he wished to be refreshed by the sea breezes, and there two hundred warriors were kept on guard both day and night.

The Marshal had promised D. Manuel that he would sail to Calicut, destroy the town, burn down the "cerame" and carry off the lovely doors to Lisbon. D. Manuel had been delighted with the scheme. He gave the Marshal full powers to carry it out quite independent of the Governor of India. The latter was enjoined to help, but must not interfere.

Afonso de Albuquerque groaned in spirit. A joint command! That usually meant standing by while other people blundered. Besides, this did not seem to him a useful enterprise. He happened to know that the Samorin was desirous to make peace, and wherever Portuguese supremacy could be established without war he thought it preferable to do so. Calicut at peace meant Cochin quiet, and Cochin undisturbed meant an uninterrupted flow of pepper to send home. Portugal counted on the revenue derived from pepper to meet the great expenses of the Indian fleets. Albuquerque figures in history as the conqueror by profession, but he was

quite as much of a statesman as a soldier, and ready where possible to make his triumphs as much by peaceful treaty as at the point of the sword.

Nor did he consider an attack on Calicut quite so simple from the military point of view as the Marshal imagined. Not only had the Samorin a host at his command, but the town was peculiarly defensible. He had no doubt Calicut could be destroyed, but it would be a lengthy business and not just a question of coming, seeing, and conquering, as D. Fernando seemed to think.

But the Governor had no voice in the matter; the King had placed all in the Marshal's hands and that young man made it very plain that he would not listen to objections. What else but this would have made him come to India? For his ancestors, said he, were never merchants! Time was short. The fleet must sail for Portugal in January. D. Fernando hurried on the uninteresting task of loading pepper. As soon as he had a few ships ready, he decided to leave the rest at Cochin to complete their cargo while he attacked Calicut without further delay.

When everyone was about to depart, the Moslem Coje Bequi appeared. Coje Bequi was a merchant resident in Calicut who had always been a friend of Portugal. For this reason the Samorin had commissioned him to make overtures of peace on his behalf to the new governor. The Samorin swore by all he held sacred that this time he was speaking in good faith. As the Samorin's word had often proved a broken reed, such assurances were necessary, but Coje Bequi added that he knew the offer to be genuine. Albuquerque found it tantalizing, for he could have made his own terms; but the Marshal would not hear of it.

The Portuguese had always trusted Coje Bequi. "To be quite frank with you," said Albuquerque, "we are just about to attack Calicut at the King's command." Coje Bequi said that in that case he dared not return. The Samorin had offered him everything he could ask if he succeeded in his mission, but if he failed he would surely be

put to death. He therefore elected to remain with Albuquerque on his ship and the Governor promised to make him sabandar of Ormuz when he finished his fortress there.

The expedition sailed on the last day of December, and two days later in the evening the fleet was anchored off the bar at Calicut.

On board the Marshal's ship the Governor and the captains met—the Marshal much elated, the Governor resigned, the Marshal's followers full of pleasurable excitement, and the veterans of India slightly supercilious. Those serving overseas were always inclined to look askance upon the birds of passage who came with mails and left with pepper every year. The former did the work, in their opinion, while the latter picked the plums.

The Marshal proudly exhibited a royal patent investing him with sole command for this occasion. They would land next day at dawn, said he, and any man who disembarked before the given signal would have his head cut off! "Impertinence!" whispered the men of India, "he is not the Governor!"

They were to be divided in two parties, the one led by D. Fernando, the other by Afonso de Albuquerque; they would disembark at opposite sides of the beach and meet in front of the cerame.

At first all went according to plan. On hearing the Marshal's shot, both parties disembarked, but it happened that Albuquerque landed near the cerame, while the current bore D. Fernando and his men farther down the beach.

The men of Calicut had seen the fleet arrive and were prepared. The cerame had been reinforced with barricades all round, on which were bombards ready to discharge while numbers of "nairs" (the warrior caste of Malabar) were hiding between the houses ready to attack.

Albuquerque may or may not have seen how far away the Marshal was, but he did not wait. War was an intensely practical affair to him and not a series of romantic gestures. To strike effectively one had to strike at once, and he sent his

men along the beach to the cerame without pausing to consider the Marshal's possible reactions should they get there first.

D. Antonio, who had been given the lead with a band of like-minded young enthusiasts, rushed the enemy from off the barricades and into the cerame. In a trice the rich and costly doors were struck off their hinges and loaded on to boats. The natives—not skilful gunners, it seems—had placed their bombards so high up that they shot over men's heads and did no harm. The nairs put up a good fight in the cerame but were dislodged and fled back to their hiding place between the houses. Meanwhile D. Fernando, purple with fury, skirmished up from his side of the beach.

“You are the first captain,” said Albuquerque soothingly, “who has landed troops at Calicut! And there,” he added, “are your doors.”

The Marshal was almost incoherent with rage. He ordered a man to take the doors and throw them in the sea. There must be other doors in Calicut, he shouted; he would go and fetch some better doors, since his doors had been stolen! He flung his helmet to his page, and handed him his shield and lance as well. He seized a cane and put a cap of scarlet cloth upon his head. “So this is Calicut!” he snorted, “about which they make such a fuss! I am ashamed to fight a lot of little naked niggers who run away like goats. I shall tell the King I walked to the Samorin's palace—a cap upon my head and a stick in my hand!”

“The Lord help you!” observed Albuquerque, who stood by leaning on his lance, “if that is what you mean to do. As you say, this is Calicut, and the little naked niggers who have run away like goats are waiting for you in the town, where you will find they are tough customers. The King's palace is very far and the roads are bad—the men will have to walk in single file—you will have hard work to get there and when you arrive you will find many more little niggers ready for you, fresh and fully armed!”

“So much the better!” bellowed the Marshal, “that

is what I came for! I never asked for your advice! You can go back to the boats if you are satisfied with your great deeds!" Calling Gaspar da India, the interpreter, to act as guide, the Marshal stalked into the town, followed by a crowd of eager men in hopes of plunder. The general in Albuquerque writhed to see the unmilitary way in which they straggled off. "Many who go there," he observed to those around, "will not come back again! Unfortunately I cannot help them. The King has deprived me of the power."

He did his best to prevent what seemed likely to be an inevitable disaster. Assembling such men as remained, he posted a guard over the boats—a detail that had escaped the doughty D. Fernando—and with the rest he skirted the beach, setting fire to ships and houses. Then, leaving his nephew to embark any wounded who might reach the shore, he took the road to the Samorin's palace.

Fighting hard, the Marshal's party carved their way along the narrow streets, spreading conflagration as they went. The sun was blazing by that time and the heat became intense. D. Fernando was fat and unaccustomed to the tropics. When at length he found the palace, he was badly winded, but managed to eject its defenders. The Samorin was absent at the time, or the task might have been more difficult. Within he could have had his choice of splendid doors, but there were other things more portable: gold and silver, velvet and brocades, jewels, silks and rich ornaments, besides whole chests full of gold coin; the men threw themselves in rapture on the spoil.

Wild confusion was the result. Each man's sole thought was to run back quickly to the beach and get his loot on board. The Marshal was far too hot and weary to control them, the fidalgos with him were all busy loading up sailors and servants with the objects of their choice, and the gentleman posted to guard the door was making selections for himself from other people's pickings left lying about. All straggled off in great disorder through the streets, where most of them were killed.

The Governor arrived before the palace just in time to put to flight 400 nairs who were about to enter and slay the Portuguese within. He stopped with all his men outside and sent word to the Marshal that he was waiting. The crowd was growing every minute, the men had run off to the boats, the way was long and difficult, and the heat increasing as the day advanced. He urged the Marshal to return at once.

But D. Fernando was bent on forcing the Samorin's treasure house. "Tell him I came without him," he answered curtly, "and I can return without him!"

Posting six fidalgos to keep his men from chasing after plunder, Albuquerque went into the palace by himself. "This is not the time or place for striking attitudes," he told the young man sternly. "Unless you come away at once, there will be no escape!" D. Fernando at last yielded to reason. He asked Albuquerque to go ahead and keep the men in order while he set fire to the palace and brought up the rear.

They began to forge their way back to the beach amid a cloud of smoke and arrows and dust that made it difficult to breathe. The narrow streets were in the shade, but none the less the noonday heat was overwhelming. The Marshal and those with him kept shedding armour as they went along, while the light-footed natives, darting in and out among the houses, swarmed around like hornets, harassing them with scimitars and darts. The unhappy D. Fernando had his foot slashed off from behind, his followers closed round to protect him, and their enemies surrounded them. All fought till their arms could lift their swords no longer, and every one was killed.

Albuquerque, who had just sustained a furious fight where two roads crossed, heard that the Marshal was in difficulties and turned back to help, but he arrived too late. Shortly after he himself was put out of action, with his left arm pierced to the bone from the shoulder down and a spear thrust in the neck. He would have shared the Marshal's fate if the men around him had not acted quickly when he

fell. Four of them lifted him on to a shield and ran down to the beach, while the fidalgos who remained engaged the enemy. From the boat where he was placed Albuquerque ordered the fleet to bombard the town, which greatly helped to clear the streets and enabled the men to embark.

Diogo Fernandes de Beja—a new arrival in India of whom we shall hear more—with D. Antonio de Noronha and Rodrigo Rabelo, who had been watching by the boats all day and were quite fresh, now wound up the proceedings with several most successful charges.

Evening fell. The men had all embarked. Nobody was left upon the beach except the captains, and each one aspired to be the last to go. They wore out each other's patience by degrees, till Diogo Fernandes and D. Antonio alone remained, and they embarked together, so presumably Honour was satisfied!

The fleet lingered two days at Calicut while Albuquerque made up his dispatches and prepared the Marshal's ships to sail direct for Portugal. Of the assault upon the town he wrote no account whatever, preferring not to comment on such a bungled affair. The King could hear all about it, he said, from the people who were going home.

The Marshal's day at Calicut seems to have disgusted both sides equally. When the Samorin came home and saw the extent of the damage he was furious. His palace, his cerame, and his town were burned, besides all the ships he had in harbour. An eminent official had been killed as well as something like a thousand men. He was furious with his nairs for allowing such a thing to occur, and said that he was eternally disgraced. He might have reflected that the losses were not all on his side. Three hundred Portuguese were slain, and out of four hundred wounded many died. They had been driven to embark under great pressure, and neither commander had escaped the Samorin's revenge, for the Marshal had been killed outright and Albuquerque never regained the full use of his left arm.

Nevertheless, the Samorin once more begged for peace.

CHAPTER XII

Captain-General and Governor of the Indies

DAMIÃO DE GOES says that the doctors doubted if Albuquerque would recover from his wounds. Whether that be true or not, he himself did not appear to share such apprehensions. As soon as he reached Cochin, which was on 6th or 7th January, he began to prepare his fleet for the Red Sea. He had the stage entirely to himself at last, and there was work to do on every side. He therefore left the physicians to their doubts and proceeded to set his domain in order with characteristic thoroughness.

In the time of D. Francisco de Almeida the King had complained that he did not hear enough of what was happening in India, or (what interested him still more) exactly how or where the money went. D. Francisco argued, not unreasonably, that if he were to give attention to these minor matters he would have no time left for greater things.

Most men see either the detail or the distance, but Albuquerque was the one in a thousand with an eye for both. Added to this, his capacity for work was beyond the ordinary. Since D. Manuel demanded detail, Albuquerque gave it to him in full measure. He even wrote home reports of which bombards were broken and the exact state of every piece of government property in the fortresses or factories. "There is nothing," he assured the King, "in India or within myself that I do not report to you, save only my own sins—and I would tell you those as well if I were not ashamed, for I am sure Your Highness would not give me away!"

With regard to expense, in order to account for all, Albuquerque kept everything as far as possible under his own direct control. Factors and other officials were forbidden to issue stores or pay out money except against the Governor's signed order.

All this suggests piles of office work, and such would have been the result if it had not been for Albuquerque's peculiar method of dispatch. He never sat before a desk dealing with papers. His office went round with him. He settled everything on the spot, on horseback or on foot, wherever he might be. One of the six or seven scribes who followed on his heels equipped with ink and paper dashed off what writing was required, and the Governor signed across his knee. At the same time careful notes were taken, that all might be reported in due course. Letters and dispatches for the King could not be made to coincide with other occupations, so Albuquerque got through that part of his work during the night. This did not prevent him being up every morning at dawn. He evidently was a person who could do with little sleep, but his habits must have been trying for his secretaries.

Albuquerque was not Viceroy as D. Francisco had been, but the powers he held were identical, as was also the pay, amounting to six hundred milreis a year (equal to about £1000 to-day). Captain-General and Governor of the Indies, was Afonso de Albuquerque's exact title, and the Indies he was called to govern had been handed to him by D. Francisco against a signed receipt.

It was at that time more a sphere of influence than an empire—brilliant possibilities and promising beginnings, but very little actual territorial power. The solid bases on which Portuguese supremacy along the Indian coast rested were the fortresses of Cochin and of Cannanore. At either place resided the officers of the garrison and officials of the factory, a varying number of men-at-arms, and sundry chaplains, all of which functionaries were commissioned for three years at a time.

Cochin was the senior station and the more important of the two, for Cochin had a better port, and Cochin supplied the pepper, which, as Crown monopoly, counted more than any other cargo.

Further, the Rajah of Cochin was Portugal's first ally in Asia. That ruler owned a golden crown after the European fashion, presented to him by D. Manuel as a reward, the Rajah was informed, for good behaviour. In further recognition of his merit he was paid six thousand cruzados yearly, and was told that he might regard himself as independent of the Samorin or any other Indian king. Moreover, he received kind permission to issue his own coin, a privilege that Cochin had been hitherto denied. All this, it was carefully pointed out, so long as his conduct never fell below the mark! The Rajah, proud and grateful, did everything to please. As a kinglet he had never counted in the state of Hindustan, but under the protection of his formidable allies he enjoyed a unique position. No power of India, Hindu or Moslem, dared to interfere with Cochin any more.

D. Manuel's subjects were as much at home there as in Portugal. They had their settlement, quite self-contained, beside the beach-houses, fortress, hospital, factory and church—where the officials in charge somehow killed time between the sailing of one fleet and the arrival of the next. At Cannanore there might conceivably be trouble—Lourenço de Brito had even once sustained a siege—but Cochin was as safe as houses. Life in consequence was very dull, which is probably why Cochin became a hotbed of intrigue.

The fleet that sailed from Lisbon every spring reached the Malabar coast between August and November. Those were the exciting months of the year at Cochin. From the time the ships arrived until January when they left for home, the factor really was a busy man. The rest of the year his life was mainly contemplative. Albuquerque thought that a factor had a thoroughly soft job.

When the ships had been overhauled, scraped and otherwise made fit to face the six months' return voyage, besides

being loaded up almost to capacity with pepper, they would proceed to Cannanore to take on ginger.

Cannanore seems to have been regarded as the health resort of the Indian coast. A hospital was there, or rather—it has been surmised—a convalescent home, where we hear of sick and wounded being sent because “Cannanore was very good for invalids”.

The Rajah of Cannanore was an ally of more uncertain quality than that of Cochin. There were wealthy Moslem merchants in his capital who used their influence (and bribes) to some effect. It was through their agency that trouble had broken out in the Viceroy's time, but in the end they had come off so badly that this was not likely to recur.

Beyond the footholds of Cochin and Cannanore the Portuguese had a factory at Quilon, established there by Afonso de Albuquerque in 1503, and there had been a fort at Anjadiva, soon dismantled, however, as proving of no use. Tribute was, moreover, levied from the lords of various seaports along the coast. Ceylon contributed 150 quintals of cinnamon each year, the Rajah of Onor (Honawar on modern maps) was a minor tributary, as also was the Lord of Chaul. Polite embassies had been exchanged with Vijayanagar, the King of Cambay was more or less a friend, while the canny Tartar, Malik Yaz of Diu, who sat tight on his fence while D. Francisco fought the Turks, came off it when the Portuguese turned out victorious and prostrated himself at the Viceroy's feet.

Such was the influence of Portugal ashore in 1510. Her real empire was on the Indian Ocean. It was an empire she had possessed at sight since the beginning of the century, when her captains announced to the surprised Arab navigators that all the seas in all the world belonged to Portugal. Ten years had passed, but the claim had never been invalidated. The Soldan of Egypt had taken up the challenge to his hurt; his fleet had all been burned and sunk off Diu, and Portugal remained supreme over the Eastern seas. No ship of any nationality was permitted to navigate without

a licence signed by the Governor, and none was allowed to carry pepper. As for the merchants of Calicut, they sailed at the peril of their lives. The pepper trade was so profitable that men risked anything to get to the Red Sea, but it was very difficult with the ships of Portugal on constant patrol.

This supremacy was maintained by two separate squadrons: the "Armada da India", which did duty between Ceylon and the Gulf of Cambay, and the "Armada da Costa d'alem" (fleet of the shore beyond) which functioned from Gujarat to Guardafui. Duarte de Lemos, the tallest man in Portugal and celebrated for the length of his front teeth, had succeeded to Albuquerque's late command, and with a few worm-eaten ships was cruising between Socotra and the Arabian coast. The captain of "the shore beyond" was very much his own master, though he was vaguely under the jurisdiction of the Governor of India, but the fleet of India naturally came under the latter's direct control. This squadron consisted chiefly of ships that could not be expected to survive the voyage home. They were patched up as well as possible at Cochin, but their seaworthiness was often no more than relative. At the time that Albuquerque took command the whole armada was still much the worse for D. Francisco's famous battle. To put it all to rights was therefore his first task, which he engaged in with his accustomed speed.

With the functions of admiral of the fleet the Governor combined those of supreme military commander. The organization of fighting forces was still very different from what it is to-day. Each captain liked to have his own following selected by himself, though all were paid by the King. These men rallied round their leader in battle, accompanied him when he walked abroad, and usually ate at his table. They were mostly men of superior birth and social status, but with the Marshal's fleet numbers had come out whose origin was frankly low, and it offended the captains' aristocratic taste to have such vulgar people in their environment. The poor wretches were therefore left to

loaf about and fend for themselves as best as they could.

Albuquerque, who could not bear to see anyone or anything at a loose end, rounded up the lot. He inscribed all their names in a register and divided them into companies; these were called "Ordenanças", or "Suíças", after the Swiss mercenaries whose military organization had been much admired in the Italian Wars. Over each company he placed a captain, a fidalgo of experience who had seen service in Italy. Under their tuition the men learned to shoulder their pikes and march in formation, besides other rudiments of military training. Each "ordenança" had its own corporals, two standard bearers, two drummers, two pipers, a provost and a clerk, and every man received one cruzado monthly by way of maintenance allowance. The payments were made with great ceremony to the roll of drums in the presence of the captains and one of the Governor's secretaries. If any man failed to answer to his name or was reported ill, someone was sent at once to look into the matter.

All this was a very new idea, and as such met with tremendous opposition. The men had gone to India quite prepared to fight, but military discipline was something quite new to them. To have the details of their lives thus rigidly organized seemed to them tyranny and oppression. Some fidalgos, hearing their complaints, represented to the Governor that the poor fellows were feeling very injured. It was hard to be constrained in this way just because they were considered of low status.

"Entirely your own fault!" said Albuquerque. "You would not take charge of them yourselves. I cannot have these men straggling about and getting into mischief. They are paid by the King and I must see that he has value for his money. Besides, why should they mind learning to fight in good order? In warfare good order counts for more than numbers or sensational feats of arms. Those who are of noble birth try to distinguish themselves to show that they are worthy of their ancestors—these men have not that

incentive, so we must teach them. But if anyone objects to serving in an *ordenança* he can go home. I will have no man serving here against his will!"

This last declaration cleared the atmosphere. Human nature being what it is, the men, on hearing that they were free to go, preferred to stay and ceased their grumbling. The *ordenanças* soon became a smart body of men, while the *fidalgos*, not to be outdone, vied with each other to turn out the best equipped and most beautifully armed company on parade.

The withdrawal of the deserters and their friends had left a better element in India. Some of uncertain quality remained, but the majority were neither time-servers like Jorge Barreto's coterie, nor irresponsibles like Francisco de Tavora. There were the valiant brothers D. João and D. Jeronymo de Lima, the heroic though touchy Garcia de Sousa, Manuel de Lacerda, efficient and brave, Duarte de Melo, Rodrigo Rabelo and others—firebrands all, requiring a firm hand, but firebrands of the better sort.

Apart from these were two or three personal friends on whom the Governor could rely whatever happened. Chief of this group, though by far the least conspicuous, was Pero d'Alpoem. Pero d'Alpoem is rather like Albuquerque's shadow, and almost as unobtrusive. Wherever we hear of Albuquerque we can be sure that Pero d'Alpoem is somewhere near—in the background from which he rarely emerges, engaged on some useful but unpretentious task. We never read much about his sayings or his deeds, we only know that he is always there.

There was probably no man whom Albuquerque trusted more completely or who gave him less trouble. Pero d'Alpoem never disobeyed and never argued. "He does everything the Governor tells him!" complained one discontented fellow. Other people asked for captaincies or important posts, they liked to pick and choose their place and work; Pero d'Alpoem never seems to have asked for anything at all, but to have been always satisfied to act in

whatever capacity he might be required. We see him sometimes as the captain of a vessel, unassuming always, though perfectly competent, but if there is no command for him he does not appear aggrieved. He stays on Albuquerque's ship still perfectly content. He does not mind anything much, so long as he is somewhere near his chief. In 1512 we are surprised to find that he had torn himself away and gone to Portugal alone, but he sails with one fleet and returns with the next—a flying business visit, no doubt, and probably Albuquerque's business, for we never hear of Pero d'Alpoem except in connexion with Afonso de Albuquerque. Pero d'Alpoem followed his footsteps while he lived, Pero d'Alpoem was with him when he died, it was Pero d'Alpoem who executed his last wishes—and after that the man completely disappears.

Pero d'Alpoem was of course unique, but as useful and as reliable in their own way were the dashing and handsome Diogo Fernandes de Beja and Nuno Vas de Castelo Branco. The latter was just back from Malacca, whither he had been banished for friendship's sake. Young Antonio de Noronha was also proving an invaluable assistant to his uncle. Not only was the boy intelligent and capable, but he was liked by everyone. Nobody ever seemed to quarrel with D. Antonio—a remarkable distinction!

There were advantages in having nephews under one's command. The question of insubordination could not arise, for family discipline was rigid among the Portuguese nobility, however lightly other authority might be esteemed. One might disobey the Governor of India merely to show one's independence, but one would think twice before disobeying one's uncle!

The other nephew, D. Afonso, was still in his captaincy of Socotra. This fortress, most people had begun to feel, was more trouble than it was worth. It did not really interfere with Red Sea shipping, the food supply was an eternal problem, and the climate seemed to disagree with everyone. The chaplain, Frei Antonio do Loureiro, complained that

all his friars died, while young Afonso de Noronha spent a dreary three years there, ill all the time. When Duarte de Lemos visited Socotra, D. Afonso begged that he might be relieved and given a ship to sail for India to join his uncle and his brother there. Duarte de Lemos consented and left a ship for him, but the vessel was rotten and sank in harbour, so D. Afonso had to wait a few months more.

Meanwhile Duarte de Lemos, seized with the urge to fight Ormuz, dispatched one of his captains to the Governor to ask for reinforcements. Albuquerque, who considered Ormuz his particular preserve, did not respond with enthusiasm. The messenger arrived when he and the Marshal were about to sail for Calicut. "You come at a moment," said Albuquerque, "when there is not time to put on a shirt!" After Calicut he would see what could be done. He then sent word to Duarte de Lemos that he was preparing his fleet for the Red Sea. They could join forces at Socotra, proceed together to Suez and tackle Ormuz on their return. This was not what Duarte de Lemos wanted, but Albuquerque had his own score to settle with Ormuz.

The Governor overhauled his fleet with such dispatch that in less than a month the whole squadron was ready to leave Cochin. Just before they sailed the Samorin once more showed signs of interest. That potentate had been anxiously conjecturing what form D. Manuel's vengeance for the Marshal's death was most likely to take. Deciding that prevention was better than cure, he once more suggested to Albuquerque that they might come to terms. He was even prepared, if necessary, to erect a fortress at his own expense.

Seeing him apparently so eager, Albuquerque decided that it would do no harm to keep him in suspense. He returned a pleasant but not wholly reassuring answer: he could give no definite reply, he said, till he had seen what the King wrote about the Marshal's death. He might call for sanguinary reprisals. But, like all great kings, D. Manuel was magnanimous. Those that repented of their errors he

forgave. Albuquerque would put in a good word for the Samorin and all might yet be well. Meanwhile he promised to leave Calicut alone, pending definite instructions from headquarters.

It was an imposing fleet with which the Governor sailed up the coast in the first week of February, 1510. The armada of India, augmented by several left-overs from the Marshal's squadron (commandeered under protest), numbered twenty square-rigged ships, two galleys and a brigantine, with over a thousand men. Ormuz would certainly have submitted, but as it happened the visit to which Albuquerque was looking forward with so much pleasure was not to come off that year, thanks to Timoja.

CHAPTER XIII

Goa

TIMOJA was a pirate, a Hindu by religion, and a personal friend of the Rajah of Onor. Timoja enjoyed the freedom of the Rajah's port, and the Rajah levied tribute on Timoja's takings. This system of mutual help had proved so satisfactory that, while his patron prospered, Timoja, from very modest beginnings, had risen to wealth and influence. He had a flotilla of light craft at his command and was something of a power in the land.

Knowing very well on which side his bread was buttered, Timoja always proclaimed himself a friend and ally of the Portuguese. On several occasions they had found him useful, and now when Albuquerque's ships were seen off the coast, Timoja called upon the Governor with a boatload of refreshments for the fleet and a very interesting piece of information.

He broke his news in approved dramatic manner. "Whither bound with this great fleet?" he asked Albuquerque, who replied that he was going to Suez to fight the Turks.

"Why seek them so far!" exclaimed Timoja, "when they are arming at your very gates?"

"Explain yourself," said Albuquerque, and Timoja did so. It was a long story, involving a sketch of the politics of the Moslem kingdom of the Deccan. These were apparently as complicated as those of any other Asiatic realm. The King of the Deccan was king in name alone, while his lords—most of them Turks, with a sprinkling of Persians—quarrelled over the royal person and the power. The Lord

of Goa, Yusuf Adil Shah (or Khan), known as the Sabayo, was at the time ruling Deccan. He had taken into his service sundry compatriots who had escaped from the naval defeat of Diu; they promised to build him ships like those of Portugal and, using Goa as a base, eject the Portuguese from India. Eight ships were complete already and many more under construction. The Soldan of Egypt had been asked to join in. If he would send a large contingent of men, they assured him, the day was not far distant when the spice trade would be in his hands once more.

The Sabayo was very pleased with this scheme. Not so the inhabitants of Goa, Hindus nearly all of them, for Goa had been conquered from the realm of Vijayanagar. The Turkish captains sent by the Sabayo bullied the infidels till they were tired of life. The merchants had been robbed, the citizens made to work like slaves and ground down by taxation. Even the native troops accompanying the captains could not endure them and had slipped away. Goa, smarting beneath the Moslem yoke, would fall into the arms of any conqueror. To make matters easier, the Sabayo's young son, Ismail Adil Khan (Idalcan, he is called by the Portuguese), was absent fighting. Goa was left almost defenceless and had no intention of defending itself.

Goa was a town worth having. Timoja waxed enthusiastic over the glories of the place. As a commercial centre its only rival on the Indian coast was Calicut. The duties paid upon the Arab horses shipped to Goa from Ormuz were themselves enough to make its ruler rich.

Unlike Ormuz, Goa possessed every natural advantage; good water, productive soil, wood for building ships. An island encompassed by rivers, it was easy to defend, for where the water became very shallow, there the swamp was infested with crocodiles which had grown fat on a diet of convicts.

"What about the anchorage?" asked Albuquerque, always careful of his ships. The port of Goa, it appeared, could scarcely be improved upon. Three fathoms and a

half were measured at high tide and still three fathoms at low water. The biggest ship could float in Goa harbour. This was a unique opportunity, declared Timoja in conclusion, and should on no account be missed.

It sounded like easy money. The Governor and his captains discussed the matter far into the night. If it were true, something ought to be done, but Albuquerque accepted with great reserve all information derived from Orientals—they were such amazing liars, he more than once told D. Manuel. In this case, however, Timoja produced so many proofs of the truth of his whole story that they decided to have a look at Goa before proceeding farther.

It turned out easier, if anything, than Timoja had promised. Leaving the bigger ships outside the bar, as too slow to manœuvre in an unknown harbour, they made an attack on the fortress of Pangim. The struggle was sharp but short; the garrison all took to flight and the captain, wounded, bolted into Goa, where he found the population howling that they would not fight, but wanted to surrender there and then. Two citizens went out to Albuquerque, imploring him to do the town no harm. There would be no resistance; all wished to be vassals of the King of Portugal. Albuquerque graciously accepted their submission and promised to be a father to them all.

He took possession of the town with great ceremony. The men of the *ordenança* landed first and stood in formation with their shining pikes upon the quays while the Governor disembarked wearing his richest cuirass and most ornamental sword, and the captains followed after, all arrayed in gorgeous armour.

Albuquerque was received by eight distinguished Goanese dressed in their best. Kneeling, they offered him the city keys and a large silk flag. They begged that he would not enslave the people, and Albuquerque gave his word that he would rule them for their good. The townsmen then brought forward a stately charger with a native saddle all silver-embossed, and the Governor mounted while the population

pelted him with flowers, some natural, some of gold and silver filigree.

The procession as it entered Goa was a fine spectacle. In front marched the *ordenança* to the music of its trumpets and pipes; then came the captains with their pennons flying to the breeze. Behind walked the Dominican, Frei Domingos de Sousa, holding high a gilded cross, with four priests by his side, and last of all was carried the Royal Standard, white damask with a crimson cross. The few Turks remaining in the town fled, and Goa became Portuguese without a blow.

Albuquerque issued a proclamation that no man under pain of death must lay a finger on the natives or their property: they were subjects of the King of Portugal and to be respected as such. Those that had fled were urgently invited to return and reoccupy their homes without fear.

That day and the next were pleasantly occupied in examining this latest acquisition to the Crown. There was much to see and to admire: the beautiful palace with its elaborate carvings and its scented gardens; the stables where over a hundred superb Arabs were accommodated, while their ornamental harness filled a large adjacent room; the five and twenty elephants found in another stable; the Turkish ships half finished in the docks, and a whole workshop full of material for naval constructions, besides gunpowder magazines, weapons of many sorts and diverse artillery—some of the latter Portuguese pieces which had been captured by the Turks at Chaul the day the Viceroy's son was killed.

Dinis Fernandes de Melo was given charge of the shipyards with orders to complete the unfinished ships; Timoja took care of the elephants, while a certain Duarte de Almeida had the agreeable post of chief equerry of the stableful of handsome steeds. These splendid animals were maintained in lordly style, for we are told that each horse had its own slave as groom.

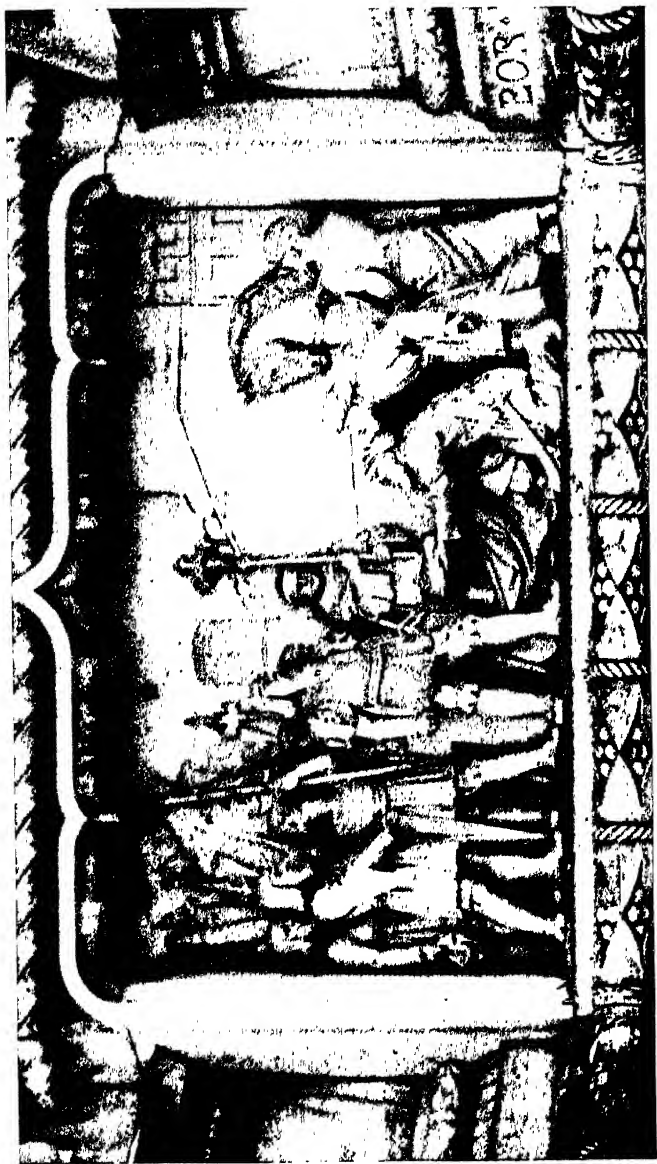
Albuquerque studied Goa from every point of view. It was Portugal's first territorial acquisition in Asia, and he was perhaps the first European to be confronted with the

problem of governing an alien race, widely different from his own in civilization, customs and religion. He adopted the wisest and simplest principle of minimum interference with their mode of life. Complete religious liberty was granted to everyone, and freedom to practise all their customs, with the one exception of the rite of suttee. This struck him as so barbarous that he abolished it at once—a reform that even the British Government only dared introduce some three hundred years later.

As regards administration, Albuquerque carefully examined the revenues of Goa and remitted the burdensome taxes which the people had to pay to the Sabayo. The King of Portugal, he told them, would demand no more than what they used to give their Hindu kings, at which, of course, there was considerable rejoicing. It pleased them also that a certain amount of authority was delegated to native officials, and where the Governor appointed Portuguese the latter had to work in collaboration with native clerks who could instruct them in the customs of the land.

As a reward for his services Timoja was made "tanadar"—a local type of dignitary who seems to have combined the functions of chief magistrate with those of tax assessor. All fines imposed in any lawsuit went to the tanadar, not to the injured party, the idea being that men should be discouraged from accusing their neighbours in the hope of compensation. Whether or not the system was a sound one, it was well worth while to be a tanadar and Timoja began to make his pile without delay.

There were, however, a certain number of wealthy Moslems resident in Goa. These waited on Albuquerque and complained bitterly. It outraged all their sensibilities, they said, to have a Hindu lording it over them, and Timoja made the most of his position. Might they leave the town and go to live elsewhere? That, said the Governor, was quite unnecessary. He would give them a Moslem magistrate who would respect their customs. He did not trust them enough to appoint one of their number—he was not sure exactly



BAS-RELIEF AT BASE OF ALBUQUERQUE'S MONUMENT AT BELEM

Citizens of Goa offering the keys of the town to Albuquerque

what their relations were with Idalcan—but he gave the post to Coje Bequi, of whose loyalty there was no doubt.

Timoja was not pleased at sharing his jurisdiction with another, but he assumed an attitude of perfect detachment. "Take my advice," he said to Albuquerque, "if you would have this people in subjection, let a Hindu rule the Moslems, and set a Moslem to govern the Hindus, and you will have the whip hand over both!" A brilliant suggestion which Albuquerque did not see fit to adopt.

Timoja had another even brighter idea, which Albuquerque also failed to appreciate. Why not, suggested Timoja, farm out the whole of Goa to himself? He would pay twenty thousand cruzados tribute yearly and promise to keep out the Turks. Certain captains thought there might be something in this. Goa, they said, would be difficult to keep. Idalcan would soon be on the march, and he had at least forty times their number available. But Albuquerque would hear of no such thing. Goa was the finest prize that Portugal had won in India, and he meant to make it finer still. It was to be their capital and seat of government. Moreover, its strategic position on the Indian coast strongly appealed to him. "If you lost the whole of India," he told D. Manuel, "from Goa you could reconquer it!"

Having decided that Goa was to be a permanent dominion of the Crown, Albuquerque began to consider the question of currency. To continue circulating the Sabayo's coin did not look well, but for a subject to issue money was to take a great deal on himself. At the same time, to consult D. Manuel upon this point would mean waiting two years for an answer. All agreed that in the circumstances the King could hardly take it amiss; so, gathering together all the goldsmiths and exchange experts, Albuquerque proceeded to mint new coin. They melted down the native currency and made of it gold cruzados, silver vintens and coppers, which in due course the captains were invited to inspect. The cruzados bore the usual cross upon one side and the royal armillary sphere on the other; the smaller coins also

bore the sphere, but a capital A figured on the reverse, which rather scandalized some people. "To show who minted them," explained the Governor, and the King, when at last he saw the coin, did not object.

The new coinage was carried in silver basins through the streets of Goa to the blaring of trumpets and beating of gongs. Clowns and dancing women performed antics in front, the Governor's guard bearing the flag brought up the rear, while heralds proclaimed in Portuguese and Hindustance that this was now the legal currency of Goa. Handfuls of it were then flung to the scrambling crowd. A thousand cruzados were thus expended, but the people were left very happy.

In addition to the problems of finance and administration, diplomacy engaged the Governor's attention. About the time that he appropriated Goa there arrived two ambassadors for the Sabayo, one from the Shah of Persia and the other from Ormuz. To be sent on a mission to one power and to find another in possession at your journey's end must be disconcerting to a diplomat. Ambassadors of that period, however, especially in the East, met such situations with aplomb.

Albuquerque suggested that as the Sabayo was not available, they might communicate with him instead. They agreed, and each appeared on the appointed day, presenting the rich and costly gifts designed for Idalcán. These consisted of fine horses, jewelled daggers and cloths of silk and gold—all of which, except the horses, in due course went to swell the treasury of D. Manuel.

Shah Ismail, declared his ambassador, had long been desirous of getting into touch with Albuquerque. He had already sent a message to him at Ormuz, but when the envoy reached the Persian Gulf, he found that Albuquerque had sailed for India.

The Shah of Persia, as it happened, figured rather conspicuously in one of Albuquerque's favourite schemes. The adventurous Shah Ismail, earnest propagandist of the Shiah

sect, was at war with Egypt, Turkey, and most of the orthodox Moslem world. Portugal and Persia, in alliance, might between them annihilate the Turk. If the Shah would operate from his side, D. Manuel could send forces to the Levant, while Albuquerque took the Indian fleet to the Red Sea; hemmed in thus, Egypt would be done for and Turkey would collapse. All this he expounded at some length in a letter to the Shah. He urged Ismail to send an ambassador to Portugal to visit D. Manuel and come to some arrangement: "Then if God wills that this alliance be concluded, you could descend with all your power upon the town of Cairo and the lands of the Soldan, and my Lord the King would pass over to Jerusalem and conquer all the country on that side . . ." So might the centuries-old crusaders' dream have been fulfilled!

The Persian ambassador asked Albuquerque on the Shah's behalf to induce the Moslems of Goa to embrace the Shiah doctrine, but this he utterly refused to do. He had promised them religious freedom, and to use pressure of any kind would be to violate his word, a thing not done by Christian rulers.

To cement the friendship so auspiciously begun, the Governor decided to send his own ambassador to Tabriz. A certain Ruy Gomes was selected for this adventurous undertaking, and got ready to accompany the Persian envoy on his journey home.

The emissary from Ormuz was also interviewed. His position must have been a little awkward. He had been sent to Idalcan to apply for help against the Portuguese! The attitude that he assumed was, on the whole, apologetic. If Albuquerque but knew all, he said, he would reproach his own men for what happened at Ormuz and not the blameless Cogear.

Albuquerque knew as well as anyone how far his men were implicated in the business, but he was not so sure about the vizier's maligned innocence. He graciously offered to forgive the latter should his future conduct give no cause

for complaint. To the King of Ormuz he unbent sufficiently to write the following letter:

"Much honoured King Ceifadin Abenadar, King of Ormuz. In the name of the very high and mighty D. Manuel, King of Portugal and the Algarves on both sides of the sea, in Africa Lord of Guinea and the Conquest, Navigation and Commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia and India, the kingdom and dominion of Ormuz and the kingdom and dominion of Goa—I, Afonso de Albuquerque, Captain General and Governor of India, send you my compliments. I met here a messenger of yours and for your sake I did him every honour.

"My intention when I left Cochin with the armada of the King was to proceed to your city of Ormuz, there to establish a factory and leave such men as the King ordains. I heard the Turks were building a fleet at Goa—I descended upon the town and took it, ejected them and captured all their ships and artillery. If I find it possible to winter at Ormuz, I shall do so. Send for large quantities of provisions for the men of my fleet, who are numerous! I have forgotten the past—I am a great friend of yours.

"Cogeamir is going to Ormuz. He takes two ships of the King my Lord and merchandise. I should be glad if you receive him well, also these envoys whom I am sending with a message from the King to Shah Ismail. I recommend myself to you, to your father and to your mother. Be assured that I shall always help you as a true friend. Written at Goa, 20th March, 1510."

Ruy Gomes carried this letter as well as the one for the Shah and a tremendous paper of instructions by which to regulate himself in every circumstance. He was to be urgent in his invitation to the Shah to send his ambassadors to Lisbon; D. Manuel would love to hear all about Persia. Meanwhile Ruy Gomes was to inform the Shah all about Portugal. The account was not to err upon the side of understatement.

"You will tell him of the greatness of the King my

Lord, of his kingdoms and dominions, the wealth and the abundance of them all. Of the greatness and beauty of Lisbon, the buildings and rich houses there, the quantities of silver and gold and (sober statistics were not to hamper Ruy Gomes) the numerous population of the realm, and how the King my Lord owns two gold mines from which he draws much bullion every year—also of the number and the size of all his ships and the great armadas that go yearly to India and how his navies and his men sail all over the world, and fleets are sent to the Levant against the Turks . . .”

Ruy Gomes was to paint a glowing picture of the glories of D. Manuel's court, including special mention of his queen: “You will tell him about my Lady the Queen—whose daughter she is, and how the King her father and the Queen her mother rule the neighbouring realms—and you will tell him of the style in which she lives, of the damsels who serve her, daughters of dukes, marquesses and counts of Portugal, how they dress in brocades and cloth of gold, in diverse silks and precious stones, and are married to the great ones of the land.

“You will touch upon the state of my Lord the King—how he eats at a table raised upon four steps, while all the great lords and fidalgos of his court stand around with heads uncovered till he has eaten and withdraws . . . You will inform him in detail everything about the King my Lord and the Queen my Lady, the splendour of their feasts, the riches of their attire, the beauty of the palaces in which they live, the sums they spend upon their feasts, about their treasury of precious stones, the pearls and jewels they have of different kinds, the brilliance of their court, the horsemen who are always in attendance there and the ambassadors of neighbouring kings who constantly arrive . . . and any other particulars he may desire to know . . .” This is only a small portion of what Ruy Gomes was to tell the Shah. It really was a pity that after all he did not have a chance to tickle Ismail's ears with these dazzling descriptions. He had to halt at Ormuz on the way, and Cogeatar discreetly poisoned him.

Having sent off Ruy Gomes to his fate, Albuquerque concentrated on the defences of his town. They were quite inadequate. The wall was broken down in several places and the moat partly stopped up. Every man available was made to turn his hand to the fortifications, each captain had his allotted days to work upon the wall, and the Governor camped there permanently.

Speed was essential. The Portuguese were few in number. The wall was low and very weak, and news arrived that Idalcan was on his way with fifty thousand men.

CHAPTER XIV

The Long Monsoon

WITH the first rains of the season came the troops of Idalcan. They spread over the mainland round the isle of Goa, and half the men at work upon the wall had to be sent out of town to guard the fords.

The points at which the rivers might be crossed were five: Agacim, Benastarim, Gondalim, Augim, and the so-called Passo Seco, which was the spot haunted by crocodiles. At each of these Albuquerque posted one of his captains with a detachment of men; D. Antonio was set to patrol the river with boats and galleys, while the Governor worked hard to barricade the weakest portions of the still unfinished city wall.

In the circumstances it was clear that the defence of Goa would not be easy, and the natives were likely to hinder rather than help. It is true that the Hindus—and they were the majority—had no love for Idalcan, but they knew that he had the bigger forces. Life under his rule had been unpleasant, but should they raise his anger by resistance now, he might later make it more unpleasant still. As for the Moslems, they would naturally side with their co-religionists. Timoja assured Albuquerque that all of them corresponded with Idalcan, and, making allowance for Timoja's prejudice, Albuquerque quite believed that that might be so. Nothing could be done as yet, however, but keep an eye on the Moslems, and a close watch on the fords.

The enemy continued to arrive in thousands, till Idalcan himself appeared and camped before Benastarim. The young prince knew his own position to be very strong. Through

the Moslems of Goa he was informed of the exact number of the Portuguese. Even when combined with some rather unreliable native troops, they did not amount to more than one twenty-fifth of the forces Idalcan had brought. Idalcan thought that it might save time and trouble to treat with them at once. He sent word that he had come to claim his own and would not move until he had it back. If, however, Albuquerque would submit peaceably they might come to very satisfactory terms. Idalcan was even prepared to grant another site by the seashore where the Portuguese could erect a fort.

"Tell Idalcan," said Albuquerque, "that the Portuguese never give up what they have won! If he takes himself off immediately, leaving me Goa and the adjacent mainland, I shall be pleased to come to terms." Idalcan laughed. "This Governor is old," he said, "and he despises my youth!"

The bearer of these messages had been João Machado—a curious figure at the court of Bijapur, with a romantic history for background that will never be fully known. A convict deported from the realm, João Machado had been landed at Malindi ten or twelve years before. He had wandered alone across East Africa and Western Asia and at last took service with the Sabayo, Yusuf Adil Khan.

João Machado was no renegade. He never professed Islam and he refused to bear arms against his compatriots. What he offered was his services as go-between, and so he passed on to Albuquerque sundry useful bits of information. Among other items of interest he told him that all the Moors of Goa were in league with Idalcan and letters were being constantly exchanged. On the strength of this warning, which was corroborated by specimens of these same letters intercepted by Timoja, all the Moslems in the town were confined to the fort.

The isle of Goa was closely besieged for several weeks. The passes were anxiously watched and defended in des-

simultaneously, Garcia de Sousa observed to the Governor, it would be impossible to keep them out. "Mind your own business!" was what his reply amounted to, but Albuquerque knew the danger quite well.

He himself was trying desperately to be everywhere at once, visiting the passes and strengthening the city wall. The native troops gave much cause for anxiety, as they could not be sufficiently interested to make any sort of sacrifice. Albuquerque kept moving them from one post to another, that they might have no time to hatch plots with their compatriots across the water. The chief danger was of course by night. Under cover of darkness it would be easy for the enemy to slip across the river unobserved.

That is exactly what happened. On a black and stormy night in May, when the howling wind and sheets of tropical rain blotted out sight and sound, Idalcan's men slipped over in rafts. Eight hundred had already crossed and as many more were on the way before their movements were heard above the raging of the elements. The men on watch all sprang to arms and the boats and galleys rushed to intervene. There was a furious struggle at every pass, rafts were capsized and Turks were drowned, but all too late. As they landed the Moslems engaged the Portuguese and while they fought the rest of their companions crossed. The island was overrun and there was nothing left but to defend the town.

This was a fairly hopeless business. The wall was still too low and there were insufficient men to post all round. Albuquerque concentrated them at all the weakest spots, and there the days and nights were spent repulsing attacks. The enemy, in seemingly unending reinforcements, kept on attacking, and filled the intervals between assaults by shooting arrows. The weary men upon the wall had rarely any peace. If they had little rest, the Governor had none. He lived on horseback for days and nights on end, riding round the wall to supervise and to encourage the defence. His meals were snacks eaten without dismounting, and sleep he

If they could but hold out for three months they might be relieved by the fleet from Portugal. Albuquerque thought it possible, but no one else agreed. They might prevent the Turks from entering, but before help arrived they would all be dead. Their numbers dwindled every day, while Idalcan's increased. It was not even as if every man could stay in Goa to defend the wall. About 500 men were in the town, but all the seamen had been sent on board the ships, which could not be abandoned. The setting in of the monsoon made it impossible to cross the bar, and all the sails were taken in so that they should not be rotted by the rains. The sailors kept dreary vigil in the storm-swept harbour, but if Idalcan attempted to destroy the fleet they were too few to defend it. Perhaps it was this consideration more than any other that decided Albuquerque, much against his will, to leave the town.

On 23rd May, at a given signal after midnight, the captains silently embarked their men. The slaves had been already sent on board with their masters' belongings and what provisions could be found. Noiselessly though all this was done, in places they were heard, and there was a sharp fight on the quays, where the Governor and the captains lingered to see the men get safely off.

Timoja got his innings before leaving Goa. Albuquerque told him he had better go and kill the Moors imprisoned in the fort. Accompanied by fifty men, Timoja departed with alacrity on this congenial errand. Calling out the Moslems in small batches, he decapitated them successively. Then, selecting the best-looking of their wives and daughters, he relieved these ladies of their costly jewels, dressed them as men, and took them in his boats.

Idalcan re-entered Goa to the flourish of trumpets. He naturally considered that he had won this war. At the same time it was not good for the owners of seaports to be at enmity with Portugal. He once more dispatched João Machado to suggest that Albuquerque might now come to

"Until he gives back Goa," answered Albuquerque, "I never will make peace!" Goa, he declared, belonged to the King of Portugal, in spite of Idalcan. Whether Idalcan liked it or not, he would reconquer Goa, and Goa would be Portuguese for ever!

"They are sons of the devil!" said Idalcan briefly but with feeling.

The Portuguese meanwhile took stock of their position. To cross the bar would be impossible until the monsoon ceased in August. They anchored near Pangim, where the river was widest, and remained there while the enemy's cannon swept their decks. They were too short of gunpowder to reply; all they could do was erect barricades.

At first they suffered much from lack of water, which could only be obtained from the mainland at the point of the sword, but as the rainy season advanced that difficulty was removed. The water of the river ceased to be brackish and they drank of it. It was the food problem that grew daily more acute. There was nothing to eat on board any of the ships but an insufficient store of rice, some sugar and a little biscuit, which commodities were doled out in rations cut down to the bone. Men took to catching rats and mice to ease their craving for more satisfying diet. Those who had the good fortune to possess leather-covered chests peeled them carefully, then soaked, boiled, and ate the strips of hide. "These things were done by the common people who could not endure hunger!" says Gaspar Correa rather superciliously.

The Governor's life was made a nightmare by these same men, who came to him in melancholy deputations, entreating him to give them more to eat. Albuquerque, genuinely distressed, shared his own ration with those who seemed the hungriest, but it was difficult to discriminate, and after all of very little use. Attempts at catching fish were made of course, but apparently were mostly unsuccessful, and what was caught had to be reserved for the sick, whose numbers

Idalcan was informed by a deserter of the plight to which his enemies were reduced. "What do you think of that?" asked he of João Machado, who seems to have been his familiar oracle.

"They may be ill," answered the latter thoughtfully. "They get ill when they have nothing to do. But the Portuguese will never starve. They can live on dogs and cats and much worse things than that. To be eating rats is nothing!"

Idalcan determined to find out whether they were really hungry. He prepared a boat and loaded it with rice and chickens, figs and sugar-cane, besides green vegetables, and sent it with a message to Albuquerque; Idalcan was sorry that he would not make peace. Though they were at war he did not want the Portuguese to starve. He offered these refreshments for the sick, and in future would be glad to sell provisions to the fleet.

Albuquerque from his quarter-deck saw what was coming and set his stage. He had a barrel sawn in two and placed both halves conspicuously upon the deck. Each one was filled with wine from a cask that he was keeping for the invalids. Biscuits were also drawn from a supply reserved for the same purpose and these were piled up in buckets in a conspicuous position. The Governor then called his starving sailors and promised to tip them handsomely if they could put up a really good display of mirth. When the messenger arrived on board, he found the men all singing away like larks with food and drink exhibited on either side.

Albuquerque refused the boat-load of provisions. "My men," said he, "only eat things like that on shore. At sea they live on wine and biscuit, of which you may observe we have more than enough. Tell your master that I never take presents from my enemies, and I will have nothing from him except *Goa*!" So Idalcan concluded that the rumours of starvation were untrue.

It was bad enough to have hunger and illness to decimate their ranks, but the Portuguese were getting tired of serving

as a target to the fortress of Pangim. This evil Albuquerque decided should be remedied. He made up his mind to take the castle by assault and clear it out, and imparted his plan to the captains.

He found them in a bad humour, not to be wondered at, perhaps, in men so long deprived of a square meal. They considered that the Governor was to blame for the privations which all were now enduring. If he had not clung to Goa quite so long, the whole fleet might have repaired to Anjadiva and wintered there in comfort. Seeing now that he desired to take Pangim, the spirit of contradiction seized everyone, and they would talk of nothing but the many reasons why Pangim should be let alone.

Albuquerque let them talk. "Gentlemen," said he at last when they had finished, "if those are your opinions, they are not good, and your intentions are still worse—you know quite well I understand you! I am your Governor! To-morrow at dawn, if God please, I shall be upon the beach before Pangim. When I embark a trumpet will be sounded. Those who wish may come with me—the rest can stay behind!" Next morning, of course, they all turned up. The ships were left in charge of the quartermasters, the pilots and the numerous invalids.

Idalcan's Turkish captains, supported by two thousand men, were encamped behind barricades outside the castle wall. Within were perhaps another hundred. All were slumbering peacefully, for day had not dawned. The barricades were attacked from three sides, and the Moslems, still half-asleep, were put to flight before they could collect their wits. The camp was scattered, the castle broken in; the artillery was carried bodily away, and the inside of the fortress was destroyed by fire. The sole plunder discovered was the only thing that mattered—food. This consisted mainly of butter and rice, which did not vary the bill of fare, but was none the less collected with delight. They must have been very hungry indeed not to have grown to loathe the sight of rice!

Idalcan was annoyed. By way of reprisals he planned to send out rafts to burn the fleet by night, and prepared a flotilla of light craft, with men and artillery.

One of Timoja's spies found out this plot and thereby saved the situation. Throughout this trying time Timoja had behaved admirably. There was perhaps no special merit in his not deserting; the Turks held him responsible for having delivered Goa in the first place, and if Idalcan had once caught him, Timoja would have met with an elaborate and horrible death. Timoja had therefore reason to stand by the Portuguese, and he proved a valiant and resourceful companion.

On hearing of Idalcan's flotilla, Albuquerque sent his nephew D. Antonio, with Diogo Fernandes and others, into the port of Goa to destroy these boats. This was successfully achieved while Idalcan watched in disgust from the shore; but D. Antonio, young and reckless, went too far. He saw a galliot that had been Portuguese upon the beach. Immediately he rowed ashore, disembarked, and with his men strove to launch the galliot and make off with it. The enemy closed round at once and a furious struggle ensued. The galliot might have yet been captured if D. Antonio had not been crippled by an arrow through the knee. He could no longer stand, far less fight, so his companions abandoned the galliot and rowed him away.

A wound in the knee is not as a rule fatal, but this one apparently turned septic from the start. The fleet had run out of remedies of every kind, so nothing could be done for the unfortunate young man, and after some days of acute suffering D. Antonio died. It had been suggested that his leg should be cut off, but not believing his case to be desperate, he refused to face the horrors of amputation as practised by the surgeons of that day.

Antonio de Noronha, whose promising career thus ended at the age of twenty-four, seems to have been of the type that usually dies young. The contemporaries agree in attributing to him every virtue, and he was noted for his fear-

lessness among men who all were brave, whatever their faults. His death was a great sorrow to his uncle; Albuquerque was very fond of all his nephews, but D. Antonio seems to have been the favourite. That was one reason why his loss was so much felt throughout the fleet, for when people wished to get round Albuquerque, D. Antonio was the man they always approached. His funeral took place by night beneath a tree upon the island of Divar; at a later date his uncle had his bones removed to Goa.

The weary days passed on. Food was scarcer than ever. More and more men fell ill. The wounded mostly died. There was nothing to do but pace the rain-washed decks in the steamy heat and count the weeks that must elapse before the monsoon broke. It was a test of endurance more searching than the fiercest battle. Among the convicts and adventurers who swelled the crew there were a few whose moral fibre—what there was of it—gave way under the strain. They swam ashore and took service with Idalcan.

Idalcan received all such deserters with open arms, fed them like fighting-cocks and clothed them like lords. They let him know exactly how his enemy was situated, and it seemed to him that the time was ripe once more for peace proposals. For Idalcan was impatient to get away from Goa. His presence was urgently needed in other parts of his domain, but till Albuquerque made a move he was stuck fast.

A boat with a white flag delivered the request that a very important personage might be received on board to discuss terms. Albuquerque answered rather wearily that he did not prevent anyone from coming and would be glad if they had something sensible to say—but Idalcan was acquainted already with his views.

Idalcan's ambassador, the messenger was anxious it should be understood, was of particularly exalted rank. A very special hostage would therefore be needed. Might they have D. Antonio? The answer was no: D. Antonio was ill (it was not necessary to give the enemy the satisfaction

of knowing that they had killed him). Diogo Fernandes de Beja was a very important person, and he must do instead.

While boats came and went about this matter, the renegades lost no opportunity of exhibiting themselves. They swaggered on the beach, calling to their former shipmates not to be fools but join their happy band. Albuquerque had enough of this. He feared that other men might be demoralized. He told Pero d'Alpoem when he went ashore for Idalcan's ambassador to take with him João Dilhanes—a crossbowman who never missed his shot. If any deserter appeared and began to give tongue, João Dilhanes promised to pick him off.

The high-born ambassador sat in state before his tent in front of Pangim castle. With leisurely dignity he conversed with the interpreter. While everybody was waiting for these two to get through the preliminaries and make a decision, up came the little group of renegades.

At their head rode João Deiras, a Galego, one-time surgeon to the fleet. João Deiras was clad in silk and bestrode a splendid horse. He bowed mockingly to the men in the boat and told them they had no sense—Mohammedanism was quite as good as any other religion! "Shoot!" whispered Pero d'Alpoem, horror-struck, to the archer who was taking aim, and when João Deiras had got down from sarcasm and religious polemics to hearty and untranslatable abuse of Albuquerque and his men, a well-directed arrow struck him down.

This sudden offensive caused much agitation on the shore, for naturally no one had understood the renegade's speech. Pero d'Alpoem apologized to the great man for giving him a shock, but told him he should not have brought these men with him. According to the laws of Portugal deserters could be shot at sight, and this one had said unpardonable things. Unless the renegades were left behind when negotiations were in progress, the same thing would happen again.

Albuquerque welcomed the ambassador to his ship with

bored politeness. The latter declared that he had brought really satisfactory terms from Idalcan. The message was, however, rather confidential. Was there nowhere where they might speak in greater privacy? Albuquerque took him by the hand and led him to his cabin, with the interpreter, his secretary, and Pero d'Alpoem.

The envoy sat talking all round the matter before coming to the point. It was the custom, he said, for captains even when at war to exchange compliments; he accordingly delivered compliments from Idalcan and all his officers. When the dictates of good form were thus at last fulfilled, he finally gave his message. Idalcan offered Albuquerque Cintacora with all the lands and revenues pertaining to it; it was a good port, where a fortress might be built. He would, moreover, pay 50,000 gold pardaos (a pardao was worth nearly one cruzado) in cash for the expenses of the fleet. In exchange for such munificent terms, but one trifling concession was demanded. Albuquerque must hand over Timoja, and then the Governor and Idalcan would be for ever friends!

Albuquerque was insulted. He did not want Cintacora, he answered shortly; it was Goa or nothing! As for Idalcan's other shameful proposal, he was amazed that they dared to suggest such a thing. Not even in exchange for Goa would he be guilty of vile treachery. He begged that Idalcan would send no messages in future, unless to announce the surrender of the town. So saying, he cut short the interview. Gently but firmly he conducted the surprised ambassador out of his cabin and bowed him off the ship with a rapidity which took away the breath of that deliberate Oriental.

Idalcan gave the case up as hopeless. It was against all the rules of the game as he had seen it played. He had driven his enemy out of Goa. He had him penned up like a caged animal, starving before his eyes—and still the man assumed the attitude of victor and would listen to no terms except his own!

About this time Coje Bequi, discussing matters with the Governor, suggested that the wives and daughters of the Moslems massacred at Goa might prove useful hostages should negotiations one day be resumed. Albuquerque started. It was not often that his memory failed him, but he had forgotten all about these ladies and was very annoyed. He sent for Timoja there and then. Why had not the latter reported to him after collecting the women? He had been far too preoccupied to remember them. Where were they all?

Here and there on different ships, replied Timoja. The pilots and quartermasters were taking charge of them—and other men besides. He fancied many had turned Christian. “Go and fetch them at once!” said Albuquerque, and severely reprimanded all his captains for not telling him that they had Moslem women on their ships. Especially he blamed the priests. They confessed the men, so obviously knew about the scandal and should have let him know.

But Frei Domingos de Sousa, chaplain on the flagship, was inclined to view the situation comfortably. In all his vast experience, he told Albuquerque, he had never seen a man turn Moslem for a woman’s love, whereas the contrary happened not infrequently. Women were so much better treated by Christian men than by their Moslem lords, that often from affection for the former they would be baptized—in which case, added Frei Domingos with unction, although the men sinned they would be forgiven for the merit of having brought a soul to God!

But Albuquerque had his own ideas upon the subject—just as peculiar in their way. He ordered all the women to be hunted out and rounded up. As Timoja said, a number had embraced Christianity. These were entered on a register along with the names of their adopted husbands, who were told that they might keep their companions so long as they were kind to them and never treated them as slaves. The women who did not wish to change their faith were collected and placed under lock and key.

A few seamen, it would appear, had grown so attached to their infidel charmers that, rather than be parted from them, they preferred to marry them. In accordance with what rites they did this we are not told, but these men came to Albuquerque and informed him that the women were their wives. He was delighted, says Gaspar Correa, "Because thus they were no longer sinning", and he made them repeat the marriage ceremony in his presence—officiating himself, we gather—while Frei Domingos looked on scandalized. "This is not according to the law of the Church!" remarked the ecclesiastic gloomily. "It is according to the law of Afonso de Albuquerque!" coolly retorted that autocrat. Frei Domingos was Albuquerque's confessor, so no doubt he got his own back in due course, but the marriages held good.

The remainder of the captives now found themselves back in rigid confinement. A cabin above the rudder was enlarged for their accommodation, a eunuch slave was placed in charge, food—such food as there was to give—was passed to them through a little window, and thus they lived, locked up out of reach and out of sight.

It is probable that all of them were very pretty. They were the pick of the carefully selected harems of the richest men in Goa. Some of the younger fidalgos had been delighted by the presence of the charming stowaways on board their ships; they were furious to see them disappear behind bolted doors, and freely cursed the Governor.

One of them, a youth named Ruy Dias, did more than curse. He swam over to the flagship at night, hoisted himself stealthily up by the rudder and went to meet the lady of his choice. Sometimes he came alone, sometimes he brought his friends: Francisco de Sá, Simão d'Andrade, and Jorge Fogaça. As might have been expected, one night they were seen, and Albuquerque was told what was going on. He set a boat to watch and Ruy Dias was observed and recognized.

Nothing made Albuquerque so angry as any defiance of

his authority. He could stand being abused or even cursed more patiently than he could being disobeyed. For a Christian man to have relations with a Moslem woman was supposed to be a very heinous sin, but it was not this that enraged Albuquerque, although he did say that Ruy Dias ought to realize that this was more a time for wearing a hair shirt than for indulging in such folly. What roused his fury was the amazing—the unbelievable—the unpardonable audacity of a man's entering his commander's ship at night by stealth and breaking into what he had purposely locked up! In those days men were hung for petty larceny. Albuquerque thought the present offence far worse, and pronounced sentence of death on Ruy Dias.

The young man, all unsuspecting, was sitting playing chess with Jorge Fogaça. He was startled to feel a hand descend upon his shoulder and the voice of the Provost speaking in his ear: "I arrest you in the King's name!" Ruy Dias would have been strung up to the yardarm without more ado if Jorge Fogaça had not cut the ropes and called the other captains to the rescue.

Wild disorder swept through the fleet. The Provost shouted that his prisoner had been snatched from him. The Governor with armed men arrived in his boat and ordered the execution to proceed. Ruy Dias' friends and accomplices seized a cutter, raised a flag and rushed from ship to ship calling to all and sundry to take action. A mutiny was on the point of breaking out.

Albuquerque rowed to meet the rebels, ordered them into his boat, had them clapped in irons and taken below deck. Then he summoned all the captains and rated them soundly for not having rallied to him at once when they saw Jorge Fogaça and Francisco de Sá raise the flag of revolt. For once, they seem to have been really frightened, for we are told that they dared not answer, but humbly apologized.

The rebels spent a week or two in their uncomfortable confinement, after which Albuquerque let himself be persuaded to release them on parole. But he could not bring

Ruy Dias back to life, and this high-handed justice remained upon his conscience when his anger passed.

In his last will and testament, compiled a few years later, we find the following clause: "For the soul of Ruy Dias whom I executed on the river at Goa, I order four 'trintayros' to be said . . ."

As each "trintayro" would mean thirty Masses, we may estimate the depth of Albuquerque's remorse.

CHAPTER XV

Goa Reconquered

MEN grew more restive and more hopeful when July was passed. The weather showed signs of improving; it might soon be possible to cross the bar. What now distressed the starved and ailing crew was the knowledge that their chief had not the slightest wish to depart.

Albuquerque wished to stay till Idalcan's patience gave out. He knew that Idalcan's dominions were menaced on every side. One day he would have to abandon Goa to defend them. The Governor imagined that that day would be soon, so that he considered it worth while to starve a little longer.

At the same time, he could not close his ears to the representations of his captains and his men. The daily ration had been reduced to four ounces of rotten biscuit, and nearly everyone was ill. To insist that they should suffer more seemed hardly reasonable. He decided to try whether the smaller ships could cross the bar, carry the invalids to Cannanore, and collect some provisions to bring back to Goa. The captains who stayed behind urged those who went not to return: "If you come back with stores," they said, "he will never leave!" All of them were sick of Goa. As it happened, however, the bar was not yet navigable, and the ships that should have left remained at anchor just within it, waiting for favourable winds and seas.

About this time Timoja's men, who knew the rivers, succeeded in capturing a little food. Some cows even were taken, and the fleet enjoyed the almost forgotten luxury of meat. Albuquerque hoped that his men, fortified by a

few days of plenty, would be resigned to wait, but the captains insisted that they should leave as soon as possible. The ships were rotting from the rains. An occasional lucky foraging raid did not constitute a food supply, and meanwhile they were tired of eating mouldy biscuit. Why not go and refit and then return?

The Governor begged them to be patient for a fortnight more and see whether Idalcan went first. As for the privations this entailed, if he did not mind them, why should they? A remark which apparently remained unanswered. But Albuquerque saw that he could ask no more of his subordinates, and promised to leave when the bar was safe. So it was the whole fleet that sailed on the 15th of August. Idalcan watched them go with infinite relief. He left Goa himself immediately, and the Goanese celebrated their joy at his departure by murdering the officers who still remained.

Albuquerque heard of this from Timoja, who presently joined him at Anjadiva, bringing a boatload of cows, sheep, and chickens, and another one of rice. Timoja had left Goa two days before the Portuguese, but he had his own mysterious sources of information. Not much occurred along that coast of which Timoja did not hear.

Timoja was not the only person whom Albuquerque met at Anjadiva. Before reaching that island, to everyone's surprise, they sighted four ships of Portugal. It was too early for the usual pepper fleet, but this was a squadron commanded by Diogo Mendes de Vasconcelos on his way to Malacca.

It may be remembered that Diogo Lopes de Sequeira had sailed the previous year to discover that far-off realm of fabled wealth and that the Viceroy had compelled most of Albuquerque's partisans to go with him. Diogo Lopes found Malacca quite successfully, but his visit proved unfortunate. Owing to Moslem intrigue, hostilities had broken out and Diogo Lopes had been obliged to leave behind some sixty men prisoners in the hands of the Malays.

He cannot have reached Portugal before the summer of

1510. Common sense ought to have urged D. Manuel to wait and hear what Diogo Lopes had to say before taking fresh action regarding Malacca. But "My Lord the King", sitting at home with "My Lady the Queen" surrounded by those damsels in their "brocades and cloth of gold and diverse silks", seems to have somewhat lacked a sense of reality. He wasted little thought upon the blood and sacrifice that lay behind his splendour. It was so easy to send men to the world's end to fight and suffer and die in his service, and they went so light-heartedly that "My Lord the King", sheltered in his palaces, took it all very much for granted. He had heard rumours of the riches of Malacca, and Manuel the Fortunate had grown accustomed to consider these distant El Dorados as his own. He could not wait for Diogo Lopes to report. He and the Queen were keen for a speculation in the gorgeous marts of the Far East. The royal couple fitted out the ships, some wealthy foreign merchants raised the capital requisite for their cargo; "Go and conquer Malacca," said D. Manuel to Diogo Mendes de Vasconcelos, and gave him four ships and three hundred men to do it with.

He also gave him letters to the Governor of India. Diogo Mendes must be speeded on his way, assisted and advised by Albuquerque. Albuquerque's advice was "Don't!". He had heard all about Malacca from Nuno Vaz de Castelo Branco. There were prisoners to rescue and possible reprisals to be made. The King knew nothing of all this at the time Diogo Mendes sailed. In view of what had happened to Diogo Lopes de Sequeira, who had had more men and a better fleet, it was madness for Diogo Mendes to proceed. "Come back with me to Goa," suggested Albuquerque. "The best season of the year for navigation to Malacca is in April. Then I can give you more ships and more men and you can go properly equipped."

Diogo Mendes demurred. The King had ordered him to make his voyage without delay, and he did not want to wait. He might have better luck than Diogo Lopes de

Sequeira. But the captains of India for once agreed with Albuquerque. Diogo Mendes ought to wait, the more so that Cannanore was found to be seething with the news that an Egyptian fleet of fifty ships was on the way. In that case, Diogo Mendes himself admitted, he could not decently depart until certain that his help was not required.

At Cannanore Albuquerque put his ships in order. Everything in the way of ropes, cables and cordage had been rotted by the rains at Goa, but he managed to renew it all without any expense. The fibre used in the shipyards along that coast was imported from the Maldiv Islands by a Moslem merchant resident in Cannanore. This man, Mam Ali by name, entirely monopolized the island trade, and coir could be purchased from nobody but him.

Albuquerque sent for Mam Ali. In his most awe-inspiring manner he informed the trader that the Maldiv Islands belonged to the King of Portugal, who did not allow monopolies. Mam Ali must relinquish his forthwith. Mam Ali, much shaken by the interview, departed in dismay. He had been making money hand over fist in the island trade. He appealed to the Rajah of Cannanore, the captain of the fort, and everyone with influence, to intercede for him, and after a suitable display of reluctance Albuquerque graciously unbent. Mam Ali might keep the Maldives' commerce in his hands, but his gratitude to the King of Portugal was to take the shape of two thousand bars of coir every year. Each bar must weigh four quintals and a half and was to be delivered entirely free of charge at Cochin and at Cannanore. Beyond this Mam Ali had to guarantee that he would on no account exploit the islanders—Albuquerque's ideal was a submissive world, but one in which people were treated fairly. Mam Ali agreed to everything. The sacrifice was small compared to his profits, and thus while Albuquerque governed India the fleets of Portugal had all the fibre they required for nothing.

The Governor had not been long at Cannanore when Duarte de Lemos of the long front teeth appeared upon the

scene. The "captain of the Shore Beyond" arrived with his squadron from Socotra and sailed into Cannanore without striking his flag, in an execrable temper. It was two days before he disembarked to pay his respects to the Governor. He had abandoned his command of the Arabian coast, Duarte de Lemos informed Albuquerque—that post in which he did such useful work—for lack of ships and men. He had asked the Governor for both and received neither. All his ships were leaking and there was not a sound man left at Socotra; such as there were had sailed with D. Afonso de Noronha.

Albuquerque was impatient for news of this (presumably) surviving nephew. He had sent Francisco de Pantoja with a ship from Goa some time in March to fetch him. Francisco de Pantoja arrived too late, declared Duarte de Lemos. D. Afonso had already left. Since nobody seemed to have heard of him, he must be drowned! His uncle admitted sadly that that was probable, and he had lost not one but both his nephews.

Duarte de Lemos, however, was not interested in the fate of either. What he wanted to know was, how many ships could Albuquerque let him have, and when?

"I quite see your necessity," replied the Governor, "but it seems to me you don't see mine! With the Soldan's fleet upon the way and Goa to be settled, I have a great deal on my hands."

"If I had been able to remain at my post," sniffed the captain of the Shore Beyond, "India would be safe from the Soldan. If his ships are coming now, it is not my fault!"

"Obviously," said Albuquerque, "it is mine! Therefore, not to increase the burden of my guilt, I beg you to remain here till the fleet arrives. Then we can see how many we are and what can be done. Meanwhile that when they come they may not see two flags and think there are two Governors in India—remove yours from the mast. It ought to have occurred to you that two St. Christophers painted on one wall do not look well!"

Duarte de Lemos knew that he had committed a solecism. "Indeed, sir," he replied, "I had not noticed it was there. My quartermaster is to blame. The flag is not a point of honour with me. I shall have it taken below deck."

"A dirty place to keep the banner of our Lord the King!" commented Albuquerque. "Send it to me and I shall put it in my cabin."

Duarte de Lemos seldom came ashore. Having succeeded to Albuquerque's former command of the Arabian coast, he felt convinced that he would soon succeed him as Governor of India. Thus, swelling with pride at his prospective greatness, Duarte de Lemos sat haughtily aloof and made himself intensely disagreeable to almost everyone.

Albuquerque might well say he had a great deal on his hands. To the problem of Goa which preoccupied him night and day, Duarte de Lemos clamouring for ships, and the announced arrival of the Soldan's fleet, was added a desperate appeal from the captives of Malacca, who had managed to find a bearer for their letters. Ruy de Araujo, as principal spokesman for the nineteen survivors, entreated the Governor to rescue them. But, he emphasized, it would be necessary to come in force. "In such manner that the sea and land may fear us!"—clearly no case for Diogo Mendes and his three hundred men! At the same time another call for help arrived from Cambay, together with an ambassador from that realm. This envoy brought letters from some shipwrecked Portuguese who informed Albuquerque how his nephew had perished off the coast of Gujarat. His surviving companions were prisoners at the court of Cambay, from which they begged to be released. They were, however, suffering no ill-treatment, for the King and his vizier desired to be on good terms with Portugal. The ambassador now suggested that the Governor should call at Diu to discuss the surrender of the captives and arrive at some friendly understanding with his lord.

Duarte de Lemos made a scene about this ambassador. His command, he said, extended up to Cambay; the mes-

senger should have been sent to *him*. The Governor of India had no business to receive embassies from Cambay. "Considering his message was for the Governor of India," observed Albuquerque, "it would be making a fool of him to pass him on to you!" None the less, Duarte de Lemos stormed and raged.

Albuquerque was patient with him, because he hoped to take him and his squadron to Goa. The captain of the *Costa d'alem* was sufficiently independent of the Governor of India not to be compelled to serve outside his captaincy. Albuquerque wanted to take everybody with him back to Goa. When the fleet arrived from Portugal he proposed to mobilize them all. But the chief captain, Gonçalo de Sequeira, did not see matters in that light. Theoretically the newcomers agreed that it was desirable that Goa should be conquered, but they did not consider that they were called upon to help. There was not time, they said, to settle Goa and get back to Cochin to load their ships and sail before January. All sorts of delays might occur. They would leave late and have to winter at Moçambique. They might even be besieged and unable to leave at all, and what would happen to the pepper then?

Goa was discussed in many councils. Albuquerque sat through them patiently. His whole soul was bent on recapturing Goa, and for that reason he was anxious not to arouse the spirit of contradiction in anyone. He listened to all they had to say, he did not argue overmuch, and refrained from announcing his own decision till the last.

The situation had simplified itself in that the arrival of the Soldan's fleet was found to be a false alarm. News leaked through that this ruler was having trouble with Damascus and Aleppo and was therefore unlikely to send forces East that year. Diogo Mendes thereupon began to agitate to be permitted to proceed at once. If Malacca should prove too much for him he could always take on a cargo at Sumatra or Pegu. There was capital invested in his ships. The King and Queen were both interested. If

he were to venture on the Goa enterprise, vessels and cargo would run risks. He might be killed himself, and then what would become of the undertaking?

Albuquerque was getting tired of arguing with Diogo Mendes. The time to sail for Malacca, said he, was in April; meanwhile the royal service demanded Diogo Mendes' fleet. He, Albuquerque, was prepared to take the whole responsibility upon himself and refund the King and merchants should the former disapprove. If any of the ships were lost, the Governor would supply others, and if, as was suggested, Diogo Mendes himself came to grief, Albuquerque added ather crushingly, there would not lack another Diogo Mendes! The latter was persuaded in the end, and the Governor told him he should consider himself fortunate in having the chance to assist in such glorious work!

At the last moment, when Albuquerque thought he would really get away, there arrived a desperate appeal from the Rajah of Cochin. His cousin wished to oust him from the kingdom, would the Governor come to the rescue?

Whatever happened, Cochin must not be upset; the pepper must go home! Albuquerque rushed down the coast and straightened matters out in a flying visit. It was not a difficult task. He arrived and asked what all the fuss meant. He waved his sword about and made some threatening speeches. "Tell your cousin from me he must be off at once," he said, "or I shall send him to the galleys!", whereupon that princeling faded away. Albuquerque patted the Rajah on the head, so to speak, told him to please the King of Portugal and not to worry about anybody else, gave him his blessing, and so left for Cannanore and Goa.

After all, Albuquerque did not force anyone to accompany him there. Diogo Mendes in the end seems to have gone quite happily, but Gonçalo de Sequeira and the other birds of passage preferred to stay and attend to their cargo, and Duarte de Lemos would not come. He was disgusted because the mail had brought a letter from the King recalling him and ordering him to hand his squadron to the Governor

f-y-t-i-r-a p-p-l-y-a-d-a-v-o-r-a-c-l-l-f-z-a // A° Dalbuq

Feytura e servydor de vosa alteza /A° Dalbuq

FACSIMILE OF ALBUQUERQUE'S WRITING AND AUTOGRAPH

(Copied from a letter of 16th October, 1510, by kind permission of the Director of the National Archives, Lisbon)

of India. He therefore stayed at Cochin preparing to depart and making everybody's life a burden. Duarte de Lemos was what the contemporaries politely describe as a man of very "forte condição", which means that he had a fearful temper!

The fleet of India, swelled by Diogo Mendes' squadron and that left behind by Duarte de Lemos, carried 1680 men; not an overwhelming force, but what it lacked in numbers was made up for by enthusiasm. The men who had endured that nightmare monsoon at Goa were anxious to be avenged, those newly arrived to serve in India were athirst for glory, and from the pepper fleet Albuquerque had taken volunteers only.

Idalcan was away from Goa, but he had seen to the defences of the town. Albuquerque's vow to reconquer it before the year was out had left the young prince uneasy in his mind. He knew that his enemy was a man of more than usual tenacity. Idalcan therefore filled Goa with trustworthy troops, mostly his own Turks, who promised to hold the fort or die.

Again it was Timoja who was Albuquerque's informant. There were, it would appear, eight to ten thousand white men in Goa, besides some native infantry. The place was well supplied with stores and munitions, and a Turkish expert assisted by three hundred others had nearly finished building a number of ships. "The knights I have with me could take two towns like Goa!" said Albuquerque, but all the same the news gave him food for thought. Native troops did not much matter, but the Turk was not a foe to be despised.

The Governor spent a few days observing Goa. The enemy had prepared their defences skilfully enough. All along the shore outside the town were earthworks and barricades equipped with men and artillery to protect the landing and the ships. The fortress seemed very strong. About two hundred bombards were mounted there, according to Piero Strozzi. This young Italian trader on board one of Diogo

Mendes' ships, writing from India to his "Honoured Father" in Florence, is struck by the number of renegade Christians among the garrison of Goa—all sorts of them, he says, but mostly Venetians and Genoese.

The situation demanded careful consideration, for though the odds against the Portuguese were heavy, yet if they attacked and failed their prestige would be gone. To assault the barricades beside the shipyard seemed the soundest plan. If the Turks were not put to flight, it would still be possible to burn their fleet, giving the appearance that this had been the sole objective. With any luck, however, the Moslems might be followed through the gates into the town.

On 25th November, St. Catherine's day, at dawn, Albuquerque and his men landed on the beach. To keep the enemy divided and upset their morale by attacking simultaneously on different sides, he divided his troops into three columns; two were to assault the barricades and the third to intercept all reinforcements coming from the town.

These tactics succeeded perfectly. The Portuguese rushed the barricades with irresistible fury. The Turks were forced back to the city wall, and lances were inserted to prevent the door from shutting as they disappeared within. A very small but valiant man named Fradique Fernandes drove his spear into the wall and so hoisted himself up. He soon was joined by others where he stood on the battlements waving a flag and shouting "Portugal! Portugal! Victory! Lady St. Catherine!" This diverted the attention of the Moslems struggling with the door. Some of them relinquished it; by a superhuman effort it was wrested open and the Portuguese hurtled into the town. As it was St. Catherine's day the credit of this achievement went to her, but we gather that Santiago (St. James) also helped. Several people that morning saw the warlike apostle striking a blow on their behalf!

Within Goa the battle raged, for the Turks resisted desperately. They were in the majority, but each fidalgo was inspired by the fighting spirit of a line of heroes.

D. João de Lima saw his brother lying under the fortress wall, bleeding to death. He would have lingered by his side, but D. Jeronymo would not let him stay. "Brother, go your way," said he, "for I go mine!" With tears in his eyes D. João plunged back into the fight and when he was able to return he found his brother dead. Manuel de Lacerda, with a broken arrow-shaft embedded deeply in his cheek, went on performing prodigies of valour, while blood streamed over his armour from his face. "You look like St. Sebastian and St. George!" said Albuquerque, embracing him after the battle. Albuquerque had never been so delighted with his captains. He embraced every one. He told them that they did him credit and he was proud of them. It was perhaps the happiest day in his career. They say that he fell upon his knees and thanked the Lord the moment he re-entered Goa.

The attack had begun at dawn, and it was ten o'clock in the morning before the last of the Turks were ejected from the town and the gates closed behind them. Albuquerque permitted nobody to follow up the chase that day, but he allowed the troops to sack the place, which, indeed, they felt to be their due. Piero Strozzi estimates some people's takings at 2000 "serassi". "But I was not able to loot anything!" our young Florentine sadly informs his parent, "because I had been wounded by an arrow." Piero, however, is a philosopher. He consoles himself with the reflection that at any rate it was not a poisoned arrow, which it might well have been; "those dogs often use poisoned arrows"—so he is lucky after all!

The Hindus of Goa were spared and they helped with enthusiasm to exterminate the Moslems; the latter had been in league with Idalcan, so their fate was made a terrible example. Thus, wrote Albuquerque to D. Manuel, other people would not feel inclined to imitate them. Albuquerque might be three hundred years in advance of his time when it came to governing native populations understandingly and for their good, but with regard to warfare and reprisals his views were sixteenth-century undiluted. According to

the theology of that age, God was pleased rather than otherwise when Christians chopped up unbelievers, so wherever he thought it useful, Albuquerque cut them to pieces, and not even his most captious critics disapproved.

The day after he conquered Goa, the Governor dispatched a sheaf of letters broadcasting the news. D. Manuel of course received a detailed account, and the Rajahs of Cochin and of Cannanore were also informed. Perhaps his greatest satisfaction was in writing to Gonçalo de Sequeira, who with his captains had refused to join the expedition on the grounds that Goa was a dubious undertaking and the cargo had to be considered first. Albuquerque told him all about the valiant deeds of the other fidalgos. Thanks to them Goa was taken, but everybody could have shared in the glorious work and still have had time to load their ships twice over. So saying, he wished the homing captains a prosperous voyage, since they were bearers of such joyful news—but nobody, he added, envied them at all!

CHAPTER XVI

The Organizing of a Colony

PEOPLE who talk glibly about the unhurried lives of bygone generations might find it hard to reconcile their views with a study of Albuquerque's career in India.

It was a race with time from start to finish, enough to leave the most hectic modern breathless. But then no modern government official is expected to be at the same time commander-in-chief of the army, admiral of the fleet, chief magistrate and final court of appeal for all questions civil and military, head of the public works, in charge of foreign affairs and every administrative department besides, not only directing but taking a personal share in the activities of each, as well as organizing and conducting every year an armed expedition to some new sphere of influence, within periods rigidly circumscribed by the monsoon.

"My intention is . . . to enter the Red Sea and winter at Aden if I can be sure of food supply and water. Should these appear uncertain, at the end of May I shall proceed to Ormuz"; so Albuquerque had written a few weeks before conquering Goa. If that was his intention it would have to be carried out between January and April, before the monsoon intercepted all navigation to the Arabian shore. He could thus allow himself four months at most to set Goa in working order and make the place impregnable. He did not pause in dismay but took matters in hand immediately, as usual doing half a dozen things at once and doing them well.

Goa, he always said, could be made to hold out against anything, and if there had been time to fortify the town

when first he occupied it, the armies of Idalcan would never have prevailed. A few days after his victory, by which time the island was completely cleared of Turks, although spasmodic fighting on the mainland still continued, he started building furiously. "The Governor," observed Gaspar Correa, speaking from strenuous personal experience, "never rested himself and thus gave much work to other people!" Undoubtedly he did, but it was astonishing how things got done. Between December and March he had demolished the native fort, rebuilt it entirely in the European fashion, with solid foundations and tremendous breadth of wall, a keep two stories high for mounting heavy artillery, square towers at the corners overlooking the town and river Mandovi, and a thick wall all round, besides a moat. The city ramparts were also reconstructed, brought up to a convenient height, and flanked at intervals by strong turrets.

Beyond these defensive works, Albuquerque ran up other buildings—a church, a hospital, a house for minting coin. Stones were fortunately easy to find in Goa—the Moslem cemetery provided most—and abundance of oyster shell from the river served for making lime. Tomás Fernandez, a master builder, was foreman of the works, some twenty professional masons were discovered among the troops, and a number of natives were engaged besides. But these were not enough. As time was so short everybody had to help. The fine gentleman who could not soil his hands by manual labour was not a type that flourished under Albuquerque's rule. The proudest fidalgos had to take their turn at carrying stones and as masons, as did even the Governor himself. To their credit be it said, they did it cheerfully—at first! Their zeal, we are informed, taught them work to which they certainly had never been brought up. As time went on, however, the more mercurial souls began to grumble when with distressing regularity their turn came round to toil like journeymen beneath the Indian sun. Goa, these people darkly prophesied, would prove more trouble than it was worth. Albuquerque let them grumble and took no notice.



OLD PLAN OF GOA (about one hundred years after the conquest)
(Biblioteca Nacional, Lisbon)

In administration of Goa he continued on the same lines as before. There was this difference, that the Moslem problem no longer arose. There were no Moslems left in Goa except merchants passing through.

Timoja was at first reinstated in his former post of chief *tanadar*. His services had certainly deserved reward, but unfortunately Timoja suffered from swelled head and tyrannized over the people most unmercifully. They complained of him to Albuquerque. Could they not have the popular Mel Rao to govern them instead?

Mel Rao was related to the Rajah of Onor. He was a Hindu of the best type, far superior to the adventurer Timoja. He had been born and brought up at Goa, where he was beloved of the people. Albuquerque decided to give Timoja's job to Mel Rao and try to satisfy Timoja in some other way. It was not very easy, for Timoja, not unnaturally, felt aggrieved, though he found some consolation on being made treasurer of the revenues collected by Mel Rao. No doubt part of the money entrusted to him disappeared, but that could not be helped.

The Goanese seem to have settled down very happily under the foreign rule. Many even came from outside to take up residence on the island. Albuquerque welcomed them, but he did not intend that only Indians should consider Goa as their home. To the Portuguese he wished the place to be something very different from Cannanore or Cochin, mere garrisons in an alien land. Goa was to be a colony with a resident Portuguese population, a little Portugal in Asia. For this wives and families were needed, but to bring European women east was unthinkable at the time. Brides must be sought for locally. Albuquerque, having already thought this out, had his supply to hand. The captive women who had been the cause of Ruy Dias' downfall were still at Cannanore. The Governor now sent for them and increased their number by the choicest samples from the harems of the officers of Idalcan. He then invited any man who had matrimonial leanings to walk up and

select a lovely woman, with a marriage settlement thrown in for nothing!

The fidalgos thought the whole thing a huge joke and the men hesitated, but after the offer had been repeated more than once, a few bashful bridegrooms came forward. The Governor was most encouraging. He let each man pick out the girl he fancied and gave them houses and plots of land and everything to set them up in life. Those who knew a trade were established in business, those who did not were taught one. Bakers especially would be useful in Goa, Albuquerque thought, no doubt having the fleets' biscuit supply in mind, so many of the married men were instructed in the art of making bread. Others opened taverns, a profitable line in a city always full of sailors and men-at-arms; and carpenters, tailors, shoemakers and barbers likewise set up shop. Goa began to have some of the amenities of a European town.

Albuquerque seems to have been perfectly fascinated by his experiment. For a confirmed bachelor he showed himself an enthusiastic promoter of matrimony, and there was no end to the flattering attentions he showered upon the couples he had persuaded to unite. He called the brides his daughters and indeed, says Castanheda, he treated them as such. If a man brought his wife to Mass, she was met at the church door by the Governor himself, who would escort her to her seat gallantly as if she were some fine lady of D. Manuel's court. He went to see the newly married couples in their homes, he gave their husbands presents for their brides; if any man complained that another one ogled his wife, the offender was banished from Goa. So many privileges attended marriage that weddings became the order of the day. Before Albuquerque had been in Goa two months, more than a hundred had been celebrated. Several Germans, he informs D. Manuel, were among the bridegrooms; there seems to have been quite a sprinkling of foreigners with the Portuguese in India.

Albuquerque's mixed marriages have been severely

criticized by people who regard interracial unions as something like a crime. Without attempting to discuss such theories, we may point out that in the sixteenth century the science of anthropology was yet unborn. The only half-caste adults whom Albuquerque's generation had had occasion to observe were the offspring of the European and the African. The result of such a cross was not always unfortunate; witness the intelligent and heroic Dinis Fernandes de Melo, of whom Albuquerque writes: "Dinis Fernandes, black as Your Highness sees he is, in all the honourable exploits of India has shown himself white as a paper!"; nor was Dinis Fernandes the sole example that could be cited. The civilized races of Asia were mentally and physically far nearer to the European than the African races were, and the theory that East and West may never meet did not originate from Europe's most westerly nation. What reason was there for supposing that a cross between the two would not be satisfactory? Even so, Albuquerque's brides were carefully selected from among the types conforming most nearly to the European standard. He refused to swell their numbers by candidates from Cochin or from Cannanore:

"I was never keen on marrying men to these Malabar women," he explains to D. Manuel, "because they are black and their customs are corrupt; but the women who were Moslem are light-coloured and chaste and modest in their mode of life . . . likewise the wives and daughters of Brahmans are chaste and well-behaved, fair and good-looking. Thus, Senhor, wherever we captured a white woman, she was neither sold nor held to ransom—all were given to worthy men who wished to marry them. . . ." Probably a number of the captives were genuinely white, coming as they did from the harems of Persians and Turks.

One thing, however, Albuquerque did not fail to observe about half-castes of the Orient—all very young in his time, we must remember; the children were badly brought up. As a remedy for this, he would have liked D. Manuel to

issue a decree that every native-born child of Portuguese parentage should be sent home at the age of twelve and not return to India till he was twenty-five and had been moulded in accordance with the sterner European standards.

To see the Portuguese marrying and settling down in India was very discouraging to those who hoped that they had not come for good. Albuquerque was rather glad that Goa was full of ambassadors just then who could observe these events and make their own deductions. The capture of the best port of the Deccan had tremendous repercussions throughout the East, and various kinglets hastened to express their undying regard for Portugal. The Lord of Baticala recollected that his tribute was overdue and sent it on at once. The Lord of Chaul and the Rajah of Onor similarly refreshed their memories and hastened to remedy their lapse. Even Cogeatâr wrote from Ormuz signifying that he would pay the fifteen thousand seraphims whenever Albuquerque sent to collect them! Malik Yaz of Diu recommended himself as a faithful friend, so also did the King of Cambay and the Rajah of Vengapor, while the mighty King of Vijayanagar, after a year's hesitation as to whether it would be more advantageous to make alliance with Portugal or patch up peace with his old rival Idalcan, now sent his warmest congratulations to the conqueror.

Portuguese relations with the greatest Hindu kingdom had always been quite agreeable, though vague. The King had sent his ambassador to the Viceroy D. Francisco de Almeida; in return for this attention, Albuquerque upon assuming office had dispatched a certain Frei Luiz with instructions to negotiate an alliance should the King feel so disposed. Frei Luiz was received politely, but the King, being in the state of uncertainty mentioned above, could not bring himself to give any definite reply. Frei Luiz informed his chief about this shilly-shallying and how the King was toying with the idea of making terms with Idalcan. If that was the King's attitude, thought Albuquerque, he could play that game too. Vijayanagar and Deccan were

powerful neighbours and it did not suit him that the two should live in harmony. Consequently he forwarded the following letter to young Idalcan:

“Much honoured and good Knight Milohau,

“The great Afonso de Albuquerque, Captain General of India and of the Kingdom and Dominion of Ormuz and of the Kingdom and Dominion of Goa for the very High and Mighty D. Manuel, King of Portugal and the Algarves on both sides of the sea, Lord of Guinea and of the Conquest, Navigation and Commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia and India—I recommend myself to you.

“You know well how the Sabayo your father used to capture Malabar ships from ports belonging to the King my Lord, for which reason I was obliged to bear down upon and conquer Goa, where I now remain building a very powerful fort. I would your father were alive that he might know I am a man of my word! For his sake I shall ever be your friend and assist you against the King of the Deccan and against your enemies, and all the horses that are brought here I will send on to you. I should be glad if the merchants of your country came to this port with white cloths and all other merchandise, and to fetch the goods arriving here by sea or land, besides the horses. I hereby promise them safe-conduct. Should you desire my friendship, send me your messenger and I shall send you mine. If you do so you can with my help gain much land and be a great lord among the Moslems. Be happy to do this for it is to your advantage and you can thus obtain much power. Though the Sabayo, your father, is dead, I will be your father and nurture you as a son! Send me an early reply, and your merchants with their wares, if they bear credentials signed by you, may come to Goa safely. . . .”

This letter was a secret which Albuquerque took care to let the ambassador from Vijayanagar find out. His own reply to that diplomat was strictly non-committal: until the King answered Frei Luiz, who had been away nearly a year, he had nothing definite to say. Such a message,

together with the information that Albuquerque corresponded with Idalcan, put a stop to the King of Vijayanagar's vacillations. He could no longer dispatch Frei Luiz, as he had unfortunately just been poisoned by a Turk, but he immediately prepared to send back his messengers to Goa with definite proposals.

Albuquerque seems to have enjoyed himself with his bevy of ambassadors, though he did not take their protestations of eternal friendship very seriously. "They will talk like that," he told D. Manuel, "just so long as they are afraid of us!" He made no haste regarding their dispatch—on the contrary, he deliberately kept them hanging about so that each might see the others arrive and all might have a good look at the fort. When he felt that they were duly edified, and no one else seemed likely to arrive, he answered them severally, gave each one gifts, and let them all depart.

While this was going on, Diogo Mendes, who had played a distinguished part in the capture of Goa, grew restive once more. "I am no longer needed here!" he informed Albuquerque, and applied for leave to go to Cochin and prepare to sail. This reopened a very vexed question. Three councils had already discussed the subject of Diogo Mendes and Malacca. The conclusion of each had been that to attempt this voyage without some reinforcement would be courting disaster. Albuquerque describes Diogo Mendes' ships as "mostly rotten—all in need of carpentry, caulking, cordage, woodwork and nails". There were only four of them, and the men and artillery they carried were inadequate. The Governor had promised to assist Diogo Mendes when he could. The understanding was that this would be in April. As April approached, however, it seemed that with the best will in the world the promise would be difficult to keep. Albuquerque had to take a fleet to the Red Sea. The King's orders were to proceed there at the earliest opportunity and find out what was happening at Suez. When Albuquerque sailed he would have to leave ships to patrol the Indian coast and a well-armed garrison

at Goa to resist possible onslaughts by Idalcan. To prepare a fitting squadron for Malacca besides all this would be a problem. There were about 2000 men in India at the time, and half the ships were rotten.

But with or without reinforcements, Diogo Mendes was panting to be gone. The merchants with him, he said, were growing impatient! "What can you do," asked Albuquerque, "with four worm-eaten ships and two rusty swords?" Diogo Mendes shrugged his shoulders. He was willing to take risks. The King had given him an independent command and the Governor of India had no right to keep him back.

Albuquerque argued patiently at first, but he was up to the eyes in work—"over the topsails", to use his own phraseology—and he became a little short with Diogo Mendes. "It is useless to insist!" said he, "what I have already told you, I shall repeat nine times if necessary: you cannot go now!"

Diogo Mendes sulkily retired on board and talked it over with the captains and pilots of his squadron. All urged him to go. The King had not commissioned him to serve under the Governor of India. It would be easy to slip out with the tide by night, his pilot declared, and before the land breeze died down in the morning they could sail. (This was the same pilot as had encouraged Afonso Lopes da Costa to escape from Ormuz.)

Diogo Mendes hesitated but at last agreed. Dawn found the little squadron outside the bar, all except the ship commanded by Pero Quaresma. This gentleman could not make up his mind whether to go or stay. He remained all night at anchor, in agonies of indecision, and at sunrise suddenly decided to tell Albuquerque everything.

The Governor was furious. He sent three boats after the defaulters, with orders to bring back Diogo Mendes and fire if he refused to come. Summoned to strike sail, Diogo Mendes declined, whereupon a shot was put across his bows, killing two men, followed by another that brought the yard-arm down. Diogo Mendes then turned back to face the music.

The scene between him and the Governor was stormy.

"I am surprised, Diogo Mendes!" declared Albuquerque, "that you let yourself be guided by the hotheads in your company! You run away from your captain, the Governor of India. It is a serious offence!"

"You are not my captain!" retorted Diogo Mendes. "You have no authority over me at all!"

"I will show you if I am your captain!" thundered Albuquerque, and had him put in irons.

A court martial was held in the presence of all the principal *fidalgos*. Diogo Mendes was sentenced to confinement in the fort pending his return to Portugal by the next fleet. One pilot was banished to Brazil, another one to São Tomé, but two of them did not escape so lightly. These men had aided and abetted in the treason at Ormuz, an episode Afonso de Albuquerque never forgave. Both had since been to Portugal and obtained the King's pardon, but they had very foolishly left that document at home. Albuquerque passed judgment on them for the two offences simultaneously and hanged them from the yardarms of their ships. As was usual when Albuquerque lost his temper, he afterwards regretted having dealt with the situation quite so drastically, but he said that it was necessary for discipline.

The absolute right or wrong of this affair is difficult to ascertain, the more so that the documents relating to it have not yet come to light. That Albuquerque was amply justified in seeking to detain Diogo Mendes there can be no doubt. Subsequent events proved beyond all doubt that Diogo Mendes, equipped as he was, could have done nothing at Malacca and was probably sailing to his doom. But the question is, had the Governor of India any lawful jurisdiction over him? He had, so long as Diogo Mendes was in India—so Albuquerque would have said, but then Diogo Mendes only was in India because Albuquerque kept him there, and thus we have a vicious circle.

Albuquerque himself does not appear to entertain the slightest doubt that he had used his power lawfully. "Speak-

ing of the affair of Diogo Mendes," he writes to the King, "it is the most disgraceful business I have ever seen! As I have already observed to Your Highness, it seems to be my fate to make men do unheard of things!" (He might have reflected that an autocrat dealing with characters almost as unbending as his own may provoke strange reactions!) It was outrageous, he goes on to say, that Diogo Mendes should have so defied him "in front of all the ambassadors from the kings and lords of India who were with me at the time, while I was building a fortress for Your Highness before the eyes of Vijayanagar and the Deccan!"

In characteristically Albuquerqueian fashion this indictment of Diogo Mendes is followed almost in the same breath by a glowing tribute to the merits of the man. "With all this, I assure you, Senhor, Diogo Mendes is a good man! He is wise and valiant and of good council. I was amazed he should act as he did, because he always said he strongly disapproved of what happened at Ormuz. Moreover, Senhor, I tell you he is a man who could have been with me a hundred years without ever having cause to be displeased with me or I with him, because it is not in his nature. I had a great affection for him! In all our conversations I have always found him sound, and we never failed to get on well together."

Diogo Mendes may have been unreasonable and Albuquerque overbearing, but the person most to blame for this affair was D. Manuel himself. He had sent Diogo Mendes to Malacca insufficiently equipped and instructed Albuquerque to furnish any extra help that might be required, besides attending to the Red Sea and the defence of India. Either the King expected his captains to work miracles, or else he was banking on Santiago's kind assistance!

It was April before Albuquerque was able to leave Goa. The place by that time was in working order. The fortress and the ramparts were defensible. Four hundred men were left in garrison and Rodrigo Rabelo was installed in the

castle as their captain, with a bodyguard of twenty halberdiers. Day and night watches over the town were organized and every man in Goa had to take his turn at sentry duty three nights in the month. The married men were exempted from this task in case they dared not leave their wives alone, but they were to be encouraged to keep horses and the captain was to teach them cavalry manoeuvres.

A factory for merchandise was also established under the charge of Francisco Corbinelli, a brisk and business-like Florentine. The latter was instructed to keep a constant store of pepper, cloves and ginger, as well as other wares, so that merchants bringing horses from Arabia might have goods to load their ships without seeking another port. For the accommodation of these horses vast stables were built.

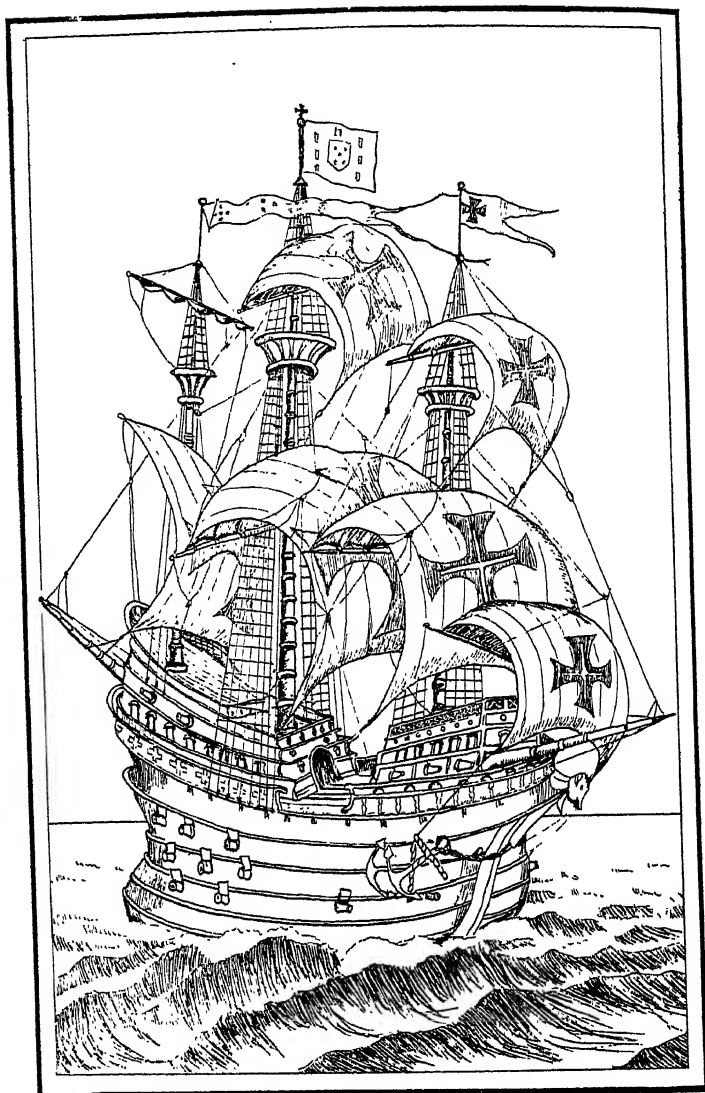
Manuel de Lacerda and Duarte de Melo were given command of ships to guard the coast, with orders to look out for vessels carrying horses and send them all to Goa. Finally, Diogo Fernandes de Beja was dispatched to Socotra to dismantle the fort, the King having agreed that it should be scrapped. Diogo Fernandes would bring back with him to Goa any of the Christian aborigines who cared to come. If Albuquerque failed to join him before the end of May, Diogo Fernandes was to proceed to Ormuz, exact the tribute money and then return to India.

Having seen him go and settled everything, Albuquerque sailed, but for the second time failed to get to the Red Sea. The wind had changed earlier than was expected, and no progress in a westerly direction could be made. The fleet put back to Goa somewhat the worse for struggling with the elements.

Aden and Suez were ruled out that year, likewise Ormuz. But Albuquerque had no intention of wasting his time at Goa during the monsoon. He re-examined the defences of his town, increased the garrisons of Cochin and of Cannanore, and detached a number of his ships to swell the Indian fleet.

Having thus made certain that India was secure in case his absence were prolonged, Albuquerque collected Diogo

Mendes' squadron (minus Diogo Mendes), to which he added eleven more or less seaworthy ships, besides three galleys. Then, taking with him eight hundred white men and two hundred native troops, he embarked upon *Frol de la Mar* and sailed for Malacca himself.



FROL DE LA MAR
From a copy of an old drawing

CHAPTER XVII

Malacca Taken

“**W**E are prisoners in the power of the worst men God created!”

It is not surprising if Ruy de Araujo and his companions took a pessimistic view of the Malays. Their captivity was bitter. Loaded with chains in a dark and narrow prison, they were often half-starved; sometimes they were alternately offered bribes and cruelly tortured to induce them to renounce Christianity and embrace Islam. They were by no means saints, these lonely captives, but they were ready to be martyrs for their Faith. Two or three yielded in their anguish, but the majority endured.

At times—when ships were about to sail for India—the rigours of their captivity were relaxed. Then the Bendara, or Governor of Malacca, would speak kindly to them, grant them some measure of freedom and money for their maintenance. This was merely in order that the Portuguese authorities at Cochin might be told that the prisoners were treated well. It was on one such occasion that Ruy de Araujo secretly got off the letter to Albuquerque quoted above. But this relaxation was only temporary. Once the ships had sailed the jailers were as cruel as ever. A merchant from Coromandel, named Nina Chatu, a good Buddhist and so obliged to undertake charitable works, took pity on the prisoners and helped to supply their needs. He was the sole bright spot upon a dark horizon. Escape? They had not given up hope of that, but Malacca, stretched along the swamp between the tiger-haunted jungle and the sea, was not a place from which escape was easy.

Malacca was a city set in the wilderness, a fishing village on the edge of nowhere, which chance had metamorphosed into the treasure-house of the Far East. A runaway prince from Java, ninety years before, had turned the fishers into pirates, and increase of wealth had made the pirates into merchants. Their trade and population grew at such a rate that their hamlet came to be one of the markets of the world. The two extremes of Asia, Malacca in the equatorial forest, and Ormuz on the outskirts of the desert, controlled the commerce of the Orient.

Europe knew vaguely of their wonders and wealth, but whereas Ormuz was near enough always to seem real, Malacca, afar, remained as mysterious as the foot of the rainbow. Ormuz was almost within reach of the familiar Orient of the Levant, but Malacca was at the world's end. Thither resorted strange ships and stranger men from the immeasurable Beyond—sailing over seas no white man's keel had furrowed, from those distant empires whose contacts with the West had been so vague, so few, and so indirect as to leave with either side no more than the haunting sensation of an unremembered dream.

Thither came the pig-tailed yellow Chinese with their junks, enigmatic, silent, truthful natives of the Lu Chu islands, warlike Javanese, Peguans from the land of rubies, and brown men in their praus from coral islands hidden in the Undiscovered Ocean. Each one brought some of the glories of his own land: silks, damasks, brocades, porcelain, gold in blocks and gold in powder, copper, lacquer, rubies and diamonds, besides musk, sandalwood, cloves, and spices of all kinds from the perfumed Moluccas. Nor were the riches of India and Arabia lacking. In Malacca's port, the best and safest of those coasts, there lay at anchor by the junks and praus of the Far East, ships from Calicut, Cambay, Dabul, Chaul, Bengal and Coromandel, as well as the foists and dhows of Aden, Jiddah and the ports of the Red Sea. The harbour often looked like a floating town.

Malacca city stretched a league along the shore. Its

population was a hundred thousand. The one-time fishing village had rapidly outgrown, and finally eclipsed its former rival Singapore, the greatness of which was now in ruins.

Architecturally, there was not much to see in Malacca; low wooden houses with palm-thatched roofs clustered along the swamp and by the river. It was a frankly equatorial town, but beneath these unimpressive dwellings were cellars as full of treasure as Aladdin's cave. The wealthy merchants of Malacca reckoned their fortune by its weight in gold and not in sums of money. They were a cosmopolitan crowd. Almost every race and tongue in Asia was represented, and even traders from such far-off places as Fez, Oran, Tunis and Cairo mingled with the Malays. The latter, quick-witted, polite, pleasure-loving, luxurious in their habits, passionate in their loves and hates, fighting with poisoned arrows, gave Europeans the impression of being the falsest men on earth. "Treachery is a point of honour with the Malays!" comment their Portuguese contemporaries, horrified at standards so greatly at variance with the ethics of the West. Whether or not this verdict was a just one, the natives of Malacca certainly were very ready with their "kris" or dagger. Their leisure—of which they had a good deal—appears to have been largely spent in devising elaborate schemes for ridding the world of those whom they happened to dislike.

All the same, we must not conclude that Malacca was a lawless town. On the contrary, Malacca had a rigid code of law, with a nicely graduated scale of punishment for every crime. Thus some offenders might be impaled, some hung, some boiled, yet others roasted. The last were in due course dished up and fed to cannibals specially captured in the jungle and kept in town to serve the arm of justice.

Over this latter-day Babel Sultan Mohamed ruled, or rather tyrannized. This pleasant person had "krissed" his brother and seventeen other relatives besides. He had, moreover, killed one of his own sons—supposedly because the young man asked him for more money.

Sultan Mohamed gathered in the spoils of all his victims. His fortune was estimated at fifty quintals of gold, the treasure collected in his palace was beyond computation, and his harem was graced by fifty expensive wives. In spite of all these joys, however, Sultan Mohamed was an uneasy man. Having "krissed" so many other people, he kept on wondering who would now "kriss" him. Ruy de Araujo's tormentor, the Bendara, was found to be considering the idea, so he was got rid of. The Portuguese then hoped that their worst sorrows were over, but Sultan Mohamed showed that he could torture too.

We may imagine what must have been the prisoners' feelings when at last the red-crossed sails appeared on the horizon. Sultan Mohamed apprehensively watched them arrive, chained up his captives securely and waited for developments.

Albuquerque could be trusted to sweep a fleet into any port with great spectacular effect. *Frol de la Mar*—a showy vessel still, though she was rotten—with fifteen ships behind her, all beflagged, entered Malacca to the sound of trumpets and fired a salvo lasting half an hour. Some of the foreign craft at anchor showed signs of panic and prepared to sail, whereupon Albuquerque issued a proclamation that all should remain as they were. Any captain who desired to leave the harbour must first ask for his permission. Having thus established his position in the port, Albuquerque opened negotiations with the powers ashore.

Sultan Mohamed was not really a brave man, and his first sensation was of terror and dismay. He said that he was the servant of the King of Portugal, with whom he longed to make peace and alliance. For this alone he had retained the prisoners. The episode with Diogo Lopes de Sequeira had not occurred through any fault of his. The culprit was his late Bendara, who had been punished with death. What further proof of sincerity could Albuquerque wish?

Albuquerque let that pass, though he had heard the

truth regarding the Bendara. "Very well!" he said, "return the captives, then we can settle terms of peace."

"Make peace first, then you shall have them!" was the King's reply. He had discussed the matter with his counsellors.

Some days were wasted in exchanging futile messages, and it dawned on Albuquerque to his great disgust that Sultan Mohamed had ceased to be afraid of him.

This was a fact. The conquering style of the strangers' arrival had given him a shock, but his minions had subsequently made their observations. The canny Malays seem to have been far more difficult to hoodwink regarding numbers than the people of Ormuz and Oman. It was not long before they had calculated how many men there might be in the fleet, and Albuquerque vouches with indignation for the accuracy of their arithmetic: "Believe me, Your Highness, they were not three men out! . . . And when the King knew we were no more than that, he took it for granted that we were lost and in his power! . . ."

This was natural. The King had an army of twenty thousand, some very useful artillery (the Malays were fully acquainted with gunpowder and cannon), and fighting elephants. His future son-in-law, the King of Pahang, had come to Malacca to be married and would help. Besides, the Gujarati merchants, who did not wish the King to treat with Portugal, offered their assistance with something like six hundred of the ubiquitous Turks. It was all very well for Albuquerque to assume the attitude of one who leads a mighty host; Sultan Mohamed knew that he had with him eight hundred white men and two hundred Malabars, and that was all. It is difficult to feel afraid of but a thousand men when you have twenty times that number!

Albuquerque found it extremely galling to carry on an argument with one who did not fear him. Still, for the prisoners' sake, he determined not to strike a blow until they were restored.

Ruy de Araujo and his companions, though confined,

were yet linked with the outer world. The Malay girls were susceptible, and the captives had used their personal charm to some effect. "A Malay woman," says Gaspar Correa, "will do anything for the man she loves!" What they did do was to find out all that went on in Malacca and report to the prisoners in detail. Ruy de Araujo wrote everything to Albuquerque and the letters were somehow smuggled on board.

Sultan Mohamed, the Governor was thus informed, was preparing actively for war. To avoid trouble, however, the King meant to go on returning evasive answers till the change of the monsoon obliged the fleet to sail. They would have to return to India soon, the Gujarati had assured him.

Albuquerque began to show his teeth. If the captives had been taken in fair war—so ran his message—he would have paid for them their weight in gold. But the King had seized them by treachery when they were engaged in peaceful trade and doing no harm. Therefore they must be handed over peacefully or Albuquerque would ransom them by fire and blood! Sultan Mohamed took no notice. In his opinion, it was no good to talk like that when you had only a thousand men. "He has no intention of giving us up," wrote Ruy de Araujo. "Never mind us," he added; "attack before the town is made too strong! If he kills us it is no more than we have been expecting this long time."

The captains were panting to come to blows with the Malays. Why put up with all this nonsense? they cried to the Governor. Why not up and at them without more delay? Albuquerque sympathized with them at heart, but there were other considerations. He intended Portugal in Asia to stand for justice as well as might. He would have the surrounding nations understand that he had bared his sword only when peaceful overtures had failed.

An ultimatum was written out and sent to the King, signed by all the captains in the fleet. This document recapitulated everything that had passed since Diogo Lopes de Sequeira arrived at Malacca. If the King persisted in his

refusal to give up the Christians and restore the stolen merchandise, Albuquerque would destroy him and take his town. God was witness that Sultan Mohamed and his ministers were authors of their own undoing. And let them not suppose the Portuguese fleet had come for cargo or had to leave with the monsoon. These were ships of the armada of India and cared not if they stayed one year or ten.

While waiting for the King's reply the Governor on board *Frol de la Mar* received a visit from six Chinamen, who came to place themselves under Portuguese protection. They explained to Albuquerque that they wanted to go home, but the King of Malacca was detaining them. He wished to commandeer their junks to help himself against the King of Daru. Now that his attention was engrossed in the defences of the town, the Chinamen had given him the slip and got on board. Might they be allowed to proceed upon their way in peace?

Albuquerque always enjoyed extending a protecting arm, and besides, was delighted with his exotic visitors. He promised that he would see that they got off unmolested with their junks.

The Chinamen were most polite. They thanked him elaborately for his condescension. If he captured Malacca, they declared, a hundred Chinese junks would come next year. But—the peace-loving Chinamen earnestly entreated—let him look well before he leaped! Did he realize what he was up against? The King had a formidable army equipped with artillery and deadly poisoned arrows. He had twenty elephants, said they in awestruck tones, that fought with castles on their backs! The town, moreover, was prepared with barricades and strewn with hidden pitfalls filled with gunpowder. As friends they begged the Governor to pause and consider. In view of what they felt, it was rather noble of them to offer their assistance, which apparently they did.

Albuquerque declined with many thanks. He told them not to be distressed. His men were not afraid of anything, and they were used to elephants. All he would ask of his

new friends was the loan of a few boats to help land his troops. He added a cordial invitation to stay and watch the Portuguese fight, and he placed a galley at the Chinamen's disposal from which the exciting spectacle might be enjoyed.

Sultan Mohamed read the ultimatum and tried to avoid a definite reply. He must think things over, he declared, and meantime would have the captives fitted with new clothes! Albuquerque told him to think quickly, or he did not answer for the conduct of his men. Still Sultan Mohamed would not come to the point.

"Moor!" said Albuquerque to the last messenger, "return and tell your King his messages are treacherous and false. If he sends me any more without the prisoners, I will hang his envoy up head downward till he dies!"

As the King was still unimpressed, some of the captains were sent ashore to offer a sample of what was to come. They burned the houses all along the beach, and all the Gujarati ships in port; the fleet at the same time bombarded the town. It was all done with such rapidity and so much effect that the people of Malacca went howling to their King to let the captives go.

Sultan Mohamed was unnerved. He forgot about his 20,000 men and produced the prisoners immediately. "Peace! Peace!" they cried to their compatriots fighting on the beach, whereupon swords were sheathed, the firing ceased, and Ruy de Araujo and his comrades were embraced by everyone at once.

The King sent out with them a pleasant message. The prisoners having been restored, would Albuquerque kindly say what more he required? "A fortress!" replied the Governor promptly, "and restitution of the merchandise stolen from Diogo Lopes de Sequeira."

"By all means!" said the King blandly—and let the matter drop.

For a few days more the Portuguese watched barricades being erected and manned along the beach, after which, we are told, "Afonso de Albuquerque, seeing the King was

so blind as not to perceive the danger he was in . . . considered this a sign of his approaching doom and that Our Lord willed his destruction. . . ." The Governor accordingly got ready to assault the town. But he warned all the *fidalgos* that if he succeeded, he would build a fort. Unless they were prepared for this, it was not worth while to risk a single man to gain Malacca!

This made some of them thoughtful. Fortress building was not a popular pastime. But Ruy de Araujo's descriptions of the riches of Malacca were alluring, and everybody wanted to chastise the King. "We can build a fort," they said reluctantly, "if there be time and if material should be found." It was rumoured that there were no stones at Malacca—a consoling thought!

The attack was fixed for 25th July. It was successful but not final. Albuquerque, who did most things at lightning speed, went about the conquest of Malacca deliberately and by degrees. With the odds against them it was the only way. "We must go step by step," he told the captains, "and you must have patience. This is too big an undertaking and we are too few to finish it at once." Further, though he was quite determined to take Malacca, he was equally resolved not to sacrifice a single man more than was strictly necessary.

Meanwhile Sultan Mohamed had got the worst of a hotly disputed and exciting battle, which the Chinamen no doubt watched with interest from their galley. The Malaccan captain had fortified himself upon a bridge crossing the river where it flowed into the sea. In the red light of dawn the Portuguese disembarked and charged the bridge from both sides at once. The combat raged for hours amid a roar of artillery and clouds of smoke through which the handful of men might still be seen holding their own against the swarming masses of their foes. The latter were at last dislodged from the bridge and sent flying through the town in all directions.

Albuquerque's first idea was to fortify himself upon the bridge and remain there. On further consideration he found

that this would not be feasible. It was already two o'clock. The men were exhausted from fighting hard beneath an equatorial sun for eight hours on end. No one had slept the night before nor eaten anything that day. Nobody could be spared to go on board and fetch supplies, and without refreshment or rest the men could not be expected to construct barricades and keep off the enemy at the same time.

Having observed all this, Albuquerque decided to postpone the final issue till another day. He set fire to one part of the town, permitted those who so desired to do a little plunder, and then withdrew on board. Much of the enemy's artillery was carried off, and a wonderful chariot was burned. This monumental conveyance, entirely lined with silk and inlaid with gold, ran upon thirty wheels, each as high as a room. It had been specially constructed for the King of Pahang to parade the streets in triumph with his bride.

Albuquerque appears to have expected Sultan Mohamed to surrender after this. All the King did, however, was to send a messenger deprecating the Portuguese pugnacity, since he had given up the prisoners.

"No thanks are due to him for that!" said Albuquerque grimly. "I told him he was to send them peaceably, which he did not." Sultan Mohamed must now acknowledge himself a vassal of the King of Portugal or see Malacca burned. The King returned the usual non-committal answer, and Albuquerque prepared to fight again.

The possession of the bridge, we gather, was the key to the possession of the town. To disturb the foemen who were camping there again, it was proposed to ram the bridge with a ship. For this purpose a junk was seized (not one belonging to their Chinese friends), and loaded with artillery, provisions, and munitions. They found, however, that until a spring-tide even this shallow-draft vessel could not reach the bridge. The armed junk therefore waited, anchored as close by as possible, and the Malays tried to burn it every night.

Meanwhile the captains were becoming bored. When

anything hung fire they quickly lost interest. Besides, the idea of that fortress was depressing. Suppose Malacca were conquered, some pessimists gloomily remarked, it would be after such a struggle and there would be so many wounded that men would be more fit to go to bed than to start fortress-building! As for the alleged riches of the place, the town could not be conquered without firing it, so the treasures would be destroyed.

Albuquerque assembled them in council. He explained at length the many reasons why he thought Malacca must be won. For the sake of the pepper trade alone it was most necessary. Half the pepper that still leaked through to Cairo, Alexandria and Venice came from Malacca. The Arabs could sail straight from there to Bab-el-Mandeb and so elude the Indian fleet. With Malacca in Moslem hands the Portuguese monopoly would never be complete. The conquest of Malacca would be a great step towards the ruin of Islam; and Malacca conquered would be the fairest jewel in D. Manuel's crown. Intelligently ruled, it would entirely pay its own expenses, and if merchants used to frequent it when they had to endure the tyranny of the Malays—"I am certain," said Albuquerque, "when they begin to like our justice and straight-dealing, all will come and reside there and make the walls of gold!" But, he emphasized, he would not take Malacca as a gift unless they were prepared to build the strongest fortress that part of the world had ever seen. "I have put the case before you," he concluded, "tell me your views."

"Do as you think fit," they answered sweetly; "you know best!"

"Make yourselves clear upon one point," said Albuquerque. "Will you build that fort or will you not?" To which they recklessly replied that they would build two forts if necessary!

"Very well," said Albuquerque, "now we can proceed;" and the captains, full of enthusiasm, entreated him to hurry up. But Albuquerque made his preparations deliberately

and with great care. This time there was to be no going back—Malacca's hour had struck.

When the tide was full, the junk, commanded by Antonio de Abreu, opened the proceedings with great effect. Anchored right up against the bridge and towering above it, it made life quite impossible for the Malays, but from the moment it came within gunshot it had to endure a furious fire. Antonio de Abreu, stepping round regardless of the missiles that rattled on the deck, received a bit in the jaw which knocked out most of his teeth and a portion of his tongue. Albuquerque, who was alongside in a boat, ordered him back to the fleet for treatment while Pero d'Alpoem looked after the junk. Antonio de Abreu took this very much amiss. He still had feet to stand, he said, and hands to fight! He even had some tongue left for giving orders! Why should he yield his post to anybody?

While the junk fought the forces on the bridge, for two nights in succession the fleet bombarded the town, filling its inhabitants with panic and dismay. In the middle of the second night Albuquerque landed with his troops, and the Portuguese took up their positions upon the bridge, which had been wrested from the enemy. Everyone worked hard all night. With barrels full of sand and woodwork from demolished ships, they erected barricades all round. Pieces of artillery were placed at either end, masts were attached to the posts of the bridge and a flag was hoisted to the highest point. Finally, that nobody might die of sunstroke, a great sail was stretched above and tied down firmly at each end, providing an awning from the noonday heat. When morning dawned, the Malays beheld their foes comfortably settled and quite at home upon the bridge.

Nothing much occurred that day beyond spasmodic firing. Sultan Mohamed was not seriously alarmed. Now that the Portuguese were all ashore, they looked absurdly few. They would easily be killed off one by one. It must be confessed that the King's alleged "blindness to his coming doom" was not unnatural.

The following day, towards evening, things began to happen. Albuquerque said it would be better to start operations late. That afternoon they could destroy the barricades that closed the principal streets of Malacca; the men would rest when darkness fell and then at dawn enter the town.

All were eager and ready. They had spent their second night upon the bridge, the chronicler informs us, "each man setting in order his weapons and his soul as best he might". The eight priests who were in the camp must have been busy. All the same, as a safeguard (we may suppose) for those whose weapons had proved more absorbing than their souls, Frei Domingos de Sousa made the whole army repeat a General Confession before they left the bridge to fight next day. The Governor's chaplain made a wooden cross out of the handle of a pike and, cutting out a paper image, improvised a crucifix to bear beside the flag into the battle. So fortified, invoking Santiago, they charged the enemy upon the barricades. "Our men attacked with such a will, the captains and knights performing deeds the like of which the Moors had never seen, that the latter abandoned their positions and our men followed in pursuit." While they chased, the Governor with his halberdiers demolished the earthworks and the barricades, thus leaving the roads open.

Meanwhile D. João de Lima, with Fernão Gomes de Lemos and others, had attacked the Mosque beyond the bridge with equal fury and success. The Moslems who had been sheltering therein were being pursued through the streets, when the King of Malacca rode up with the famous elephants.

In spite of what Albuquerque had told the Chinamen, the Portuguese were not really used to fighting elephants. Thus when Fernão Gomes and his comrades came suddenly upon the monumental beasts, armed to the tusks and bearing down on them, it gave them all a shock. The correct technique for meeting a charge of elephants had not been included

in their military instruction. But Fernão Gomes did not lose his head. The company stood their ground with lances pointed, and hoped for the best. When the foremost elephant came up, Fernão Gomes gave him a thrust in the eye. With a roar of pain the animal threw up his trunk and Fernão Gomes spiked him in the stomach. The wounded elephant, beside himself with pain and rage, hurled his driver to the ground, turned tail and began to trample on the Malays. D. João and the rest also managed to wound the elephants while avoiding their trunks. The great beasts all stampeded, scattering destruction in their path.

Darkness fell and the Portuguese reinstalled themselves upon their bridge and in the Mosque in cheerful mood. The roads were clear and the cannon sweeping down them all night long continued to keep them open.

Only twenty-eight men were killed in the battle, but there were many wounded, some by poisoned arrows, few of whom survived. All the serious cases Albuquerque sent back to the fleet. He was always very careful of his wounded. It was partly for their sake that he now decided to wait some days before the final assault. This would, of course, be followed by the sack of the town and it seemed a pity that these poor fellows should miss it.

Another perhaps more important reason was that Sultan Mohamed might ask for terms. Albuquerque himself, we gather, was not at all keen on fighting to a finish. He told the captains more than once that he did not wish to destroy the town or gain the ill-will of the natives. He was quite ready to forgo the sack if the King would pay a sum of money sufficient to console the troops, and agree to build the fortress at his own expense. He therefore waited, hoping for a message from the King. "He will never make terms sincerely," said Ruy de Araujo; "no Malay ever does!"

But Sultan Mohamed did not ask for peace. It was other people that came to Albuquerque while he waited on the bridge. Nina Chatu, the kindly merchant who had done so much for the prisoners, now asked if he might be sure that

his property would be respected when the town was sacked. He was given flags to place outside his house, so that nobody should loot it by mistake. Various other foreigners also asked for protection and were told that unless they helped the King they would be safe.

About a week passed without anything happening. On 24th August Albuquerque took Malacca in style. Assembling his troops, he drew them up in formation six abreast, and forbade them under pain of death to break their ranks. Invoking St. James and St. Bartholomew, they entered the town to the sound of trumpets. In serried ranks and at an even pace, they marched through Malacca from end to end, scattering everything in their path. Sultan Mohamed collected his family and fled; the enemy was swept out of the town, and still in the same order the army regained the beach another way. Malacca was conquered.

All night long the men sang and rejoiced in anticipation of the promised treat. Albuquerque made them clearly understand that they would have one day and no more in which to loot Malacca. After sunset anything that still remained was for the natives.

There never was a more methodically conducted sack! The Governor supervised and he hated disorder. First the seamen were allowed ashore to have their pick, since afterwards they must be on board or with the boats. The others came and went in batches, Albuquerque keeping a stern eye over all. As each lot arrived laden with stuff, he made them lay it down and then remain by him while others were sent off in their turn. Thus each man had a fair and equal chance and nobody got out of hand.

That day at Malacca was unique in the annals of European adventure in the Orient. In one dazzling moment every fortune-hunter saw his dream fulfilled. He had only to look around and decide how much he could carry. There were bars of gold and jars of gold dust, jewels, priceless silks and rare perfumes—musk, benzoin or sandalwood. There was something to please every taste, but no doubt

the wise would refrain from burdening themselves with fragile things like costly porcelain. All sorts of riches, we are told, were left just scattered in the streets because it was impossible to cope with such abundance. In the royal palace there were found amazing treasures, among others a stool studded with gems worth at least sixty thousand gold cruzados, and four golden lions with claws, tongue, teeth and eyes of precious stones, which served as perfume containers. It was like a vision from the *Arabian Nights*.

At sunset all was over. The last party was gathered in when darkness fell, and next day no one was allowed to touch a thing. There was plenty left. One day could never have cleared out Malacca's wealth. Albuquerque knew that at least two-thirds remained and he was glad. He did not wish to ruin the natives, who were now invited to return and settle in their homes quite unmolested.

The fidalgos were very happy. But the more they thought of it the more it seemed a pity that this delightful interlude should be followed by the building of a fort. Would it not be far wiser, said they to the Governor, to load their ships with all the spoil and spices of Malacca and take them back to India to send home. Later he could return with reinforcements and then build that wretched fort. Albuquerque was expecting this.

"Senhores," he said pleasantly, "I quite agree with you! Now that we are rich beyond our wildest dreams, it would be nice to go away and enjoy life! . . . But if I were to do such a thing I should deserve to have my head cut off and my soul sent straight to Hell!" Duty to the King, he pointed out, should come before inclination; besides, it was not reasonable to go off with all the treasures of Malacca and then expect others to come and finish what was left undone. He forbade them to speak about it any more. "Let us set to work with a good will and build our fort. Then we can rest, feeling satisfied that we have served God and the King!"



OLD PLAN OF MALACCA
(*Biblioteca Nacional, Lisbon*)

CHAPTER XVIII

Consolidation

IF the fidalgos had pinned their hopes on finding no stones at Malacca, they were doomed to disappointment. It was Ruy de Araujo who had spread that rumour, and although Ruy de Araujo liked to lay down the law about Malacca, he did not always prove reliable. On investigation large and beautiful stones were found in the burying ground of Malacca's kings. These, supplemented by one or two demolished mosques, provided all that were needed to build the fort.

Everyone was pleased with Albuquerque's suggestion that a memorial stone should be placed over the door, bearing the names of all who had played a leading part in the conquest of the town. When these names came to be engraved, however, bitterness and heart-burnings were the result. No one would admit that he had not been a principal performer! In the end, Albuquerque, growing sick of the discussion, cut it short by causing the stone of contention to be laid back to front, while upon the face, now in front, he had inscribed these words: "*Lapidem quem reprobaverunt edificantes*" (the stone which the builders rejected). Thus the names were hidden for ever. What the disputers said to this we are not told.

The transport of building material seems to have been no easy task. "Senhor," writes a certain Pero de Faria to his sovereign, "the men who were at Malacca have deserved well of Your Highness! Believe me, Your Highness, the labour of building the fort was very great, for the stones had to be fetched from a long distance. Also work was got through in one month that should have taken three, for it could not have been finished any other way, and the 'Capitão

Môr'—burning to get back to his other fortresses—hurried us so that we worked day and night. . . ."

That was the pace at which all of Albuquerque's forts were built. As Pero de Faria truly said, there was no other way to achieve what had to be done within the time prescribed, but it was hard for white men at the Equator. "People began to fall ill," declares the chronicler, "and die of fever, hard work and bad food. They suffered hunger because the King of Malacca intercepted all provisions coming from outside the town. The men had nothing to eat but rice with butter, for the biscuit was rotten and stank. . . . A hen, when it could be found, cost thirty cruzados and an egg two, and such things were not to be had. . . ."

The climate of Malacca at that season added to the general misery. "Every morning there were thunderstorms accompanied by unendurably cold rain, after which the sun came out so hot that water boiled in the lagoons. . . ." "Steamed" is no doubt what our writer really means, but in such conditions it is easy to imagine how the mosquitoes multiplied, and we learn without surprise that every white man went down with malaria. For several weeks the building was held up because nobody was fit to carry on. Only the native workers continued bringing stones and making mortar. Albuquerque chafed desperately at the delay, but apparently nothing could be done, and he had malaria like the rest.

It must have been about this time that the interpreter, Francisco, came in useful, as is described in a letter he himself wrote to D. Manuel. This Francisco was a Castilian Jew, who had been captured with a brother Israelite the year before upon an Arab vessel bound for Mecca. The pair were amazing linguists, speaking and writing perfect Arabic, Persian, and Turkish, besides half a dozen other Asiatic tongues. Francisco, if we may believe his own assertion, picked up a working knowledge of Malay in a few weeks and found out more about Malacca within a month than Ruy de Araujo had done in two years.

On this occasion he went to the Governor with the fairly

obvious remark that the fortress seemed unlikely to be finished in time. "What do you propose to do about it?" asked Albuquerque. "I told him," says Francisco, "that if he would allow me, I would wander about inland and bring in workers. He replied that he was afraid I might upset the natives, whereupon I promised to pay a cruzado compensation to any nigger who complained of me. Then he gave me a horse and bade me go. . . ." The resourceful Hebrew ferreted around and brought in workers by the score, besides persuading local magnates to send along their slaves.

When the weather became a little drier, the general health improved, and the white men went to work again. They were probably more efficient than the natives and could not be dispensed with altogether, but Albuquerque had a large team of local labourers and no longer drove his own men as before. By standing over the work himself at all hours of the day, he did finish his fort in time, but it was a breathless performance.

Concentrated effort in one direction never seemed to prevent Albuquerque giving attention to other matters. During his stay at Malacca there was nothing that he did not try to find out regarding the history, geography and ethnology of that part of the world, and he took careful note of every piece of information that he could collect. His investigations must have been facilitated by the crowd of ambassadors that kept on arriving from all the kinglets of the Archipelago, all anxious to declare themselves vassals of the Portuguese crown.

The King of Campar, who had married Sultan Mohamed's daughter, hastened to disown his father-in-law and tender his submission to the conqueror. The kings of Menangkabo and of Java did likewise and numerous minor royalties followed suit. Upon his King's behalf, Albuquerque accepted their allegiance, but he took their protestations with the proverbial grain of salt. They arrived in such numbers that he suspected that curiosity or a desire to spy might be their chief motives. None the less, he granted friendship and

alliance to everyone that asked for it, and somehow managed to send off each party under the impression that the handful of Portuguese was a fearsome host.

Some very beautiful and curious presents were collected for D. Manuel. The King of Java, besides a set of musical brass instruments, offered his own portrait to his colleague overseas. This interesting likeness was on a lengthy cloth depicting the King of Java going forth to war, preceded by a battalion of elephants. But perhaps the most remarkable object obtained from Java was a map designed by a pilot from that island. It showed, the Governor tells D. Manuel, "the Cape of Good Hope, Portugal, the land of Brazil, the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, the Spice Islands, and the navigation of the Chinese and the Gores with the courses followed by their ships. . . . It seemed to me, Senhor, the best thing I had ever seen, and Your Highness would have been delighted with it. The names were marked in Javanese lettering. . . ." Not only His Highness, but posterity, would have delighted to see so intriguing a chart, but as will be shown later, it was lost to him and us alike, and we may speculate in vain how Portugal and Brazil came to figure on a map designed in Java in the early sixteenth century.

Albuquerque and his pilots studied the sea routes to the Far East as set forth on this map with great interest, and in November he dispatched three ships from Malacca to find their way to the Moluccas. The valiant Antonio de Abreu, whose jaw remained permanently crooked from the wound received on board the junk, was given command of this cruise into the unknown. He took with him 120 men and strictest orders from the Governor. He was to chase no ships and take no spoil, nor allow his crew to go ashore in any port. He was to fight only in self-defence, to take only that for which he paid, to be friendly and polite to all he met, and respect the customs and the laws of every land. Antonio de Abreu departed gladly on this new adventure, and so it came about that he was the first white man who sailed a fleet to the Pacific Ocean.

The neighbouring kingdom of Siam also attracted Albuquerque's attention. When the pleasant Chinamen came bowing farewell, the Governor requested them to call in at Siam as they passed and leave there the bearer of a message to the monarch of that realm. Duarte Fernandez, one of Ruy de Araujo's fellow prisoners, who had picked up fluent Malay, was chosen for this mission. He was received with every honour at the Siamese court and welcomed by the King, who sat in state, dressed like a Chinaman, in a great hall hung with brocades. Beside the monarch stood the great ones of the realm, and all his wives and daughters sat around, gorgeous in silk and jewels. "A little dark," Duarte Fernandez found these ladies, "but very beautiful!" After a pleasant interview he was conducted round the town and shown everything of interest in the place, including the famous white elephant.

A Siamese ambassador escorted him back to Malacca, bearing a letter from the King for Albuquerque, and another for D. Manuel accompanied by a ruby ring, a crown and golden sword. There was nothing, the King of Siam said, he would like better than to conclude alliance with his brother of Portugal. The Governor, therefore, sent back another envoy with fuller instructions and greater powers, besides orders to find out everything he could about Siam and write it in a book. This interesting and instructive work was duly written, but, unfortunately for us, has disappeared.

Even more absorbing than these fascinating neighbours was the heterogeneous population of Malacca itself. Albuquerque knew that without the goodwill of the people over which it rules no empire can endure, and his dream was of an empire that would live. Everything he did, Gaspar Correa tells us, he wished to last for ever. "The Governor," adds the same writer, "desired to make Malacca immortal, but always beneath the rule of Portugal." For this it was necessary that these new subjects of the Crown should feel both settled and content, so he worked towards that end.

Malacca was an international port, and the custom had

always been for each nation or group of co-religionists to have their own Bendara, or chief, while the central government presided over all. Albuquerque did not believe in distressing people by interfering with their customs. He therefore organized on exactly the same plan. Each race was to regulate its own affairs in accordance with its habits and beliefs, subject to the supreme jurisdiction of the Portuguese crown as represented by the captain of the fort.

Malacca lived by commerce, so Albuquerque encouraged the merchants as much as he could. He sent to Pacem for supplies of pepper in readiness for the arrival of the Chinese traders. He granted facilities to local merchants to navigate and trade wherever they desired, while foreign ships arriving in the port were received with courtesy and speeded on their way. Business was soon booming at Malacca.

The new currency also gave satisfaction. Strange though it may seem, Malacca had apparently no monetary system of its own. Albuquerque now minted a large supply of gold, silver, and copper coin. As at Goa, these coins were proclaimed with pomp and pageantry throughout the town, and distributed in handfuls to the populace by officials mounted upon elephants.

Malaccans found that the conquest had not greatly disturbed their lives, but there was a difference that they were not slow to appreciate. Justice could be had in Malacca for the first time in the history of that town. To the people this seemed a nine-days' wonder. None of them wished to see Sultan Mohamed back again.

Sultan Mohamed had withdrawn to Pahang, whence he dispatched an ambassador to China to ask for help against the Portuguese. The Chinese listened to his tale with great interest and asked for more details and descriptions of Afonso de Albuquerque, but the ambassador got nothing but polite excuses for his pains. The impression that the Chinamen had received at Malacca was all in favour of the Portuguese. It is said that the Malay envoy died of disgust and caused to be inscribed this epitaph on his tomb:

"Here lies Tuan Nacem, ambassador, and uncle of the great King of Malacca, who died before he was avenged of the captain Albuquerque, lion of sea robbers!"

Sultan Mohamed himself had died ere this, and his son Aloadin assumed the barren title of King of Malacca.

The soi-disant King Aloadin would not have been a problem if it had not been for Utimuta Raja. The bearer of this euphonious name and title was a Javanese of immense influence and even vaster wealth. He was Bendara, or chief, of all the Moslems residing in Malacca. Utimuta Raja was eighty years old. He had lived at Malacca for half a century, during which time his property and household had increased at such a rate as to occupy a suburb to themselves. He and his descendants had amongst them several thousand slaves. Over this tribe Utimuta Raja presided like a patriarch, and in Malacca his power and authority were second only to those of the King. Sultan Mohamed himself had always been a little afraid of Utimuta Raja and his clan.

When the Portuguese fleet first appeared, Utimuta Raja decided to act with circumspection. A little diplomacy, a little care, and it seemed to him that he would come out on top whatever happened. For a while he waited to find out what the Portuguese in general, and Albuquerque in particular, would do, but after the first victorious onslaught on the town he resolved to play for safety without delay. He sent a gift of sandalwood to Albuquerque, at the same time expressing a warm desire to be his friend and serve the King of Portugal. In view of this, he begged the Governor to spare his quarter of the town and all his tribe. Far be it from Utimuta Raja to help Sultan Mohamed; he was an old man who only wished for peace in his declining years.

Albuquerque was not quite convinced, but he accepted the proffered friendship. One enemy the less was always something to the good.

But this was before the final conquest of Malacca, and the canny Utimuta Raja was taking no risks. He sent men to help Sultan Mohamed to erect barricades, and thus felt

that he had friends in both camps. Albuquerque remonstrated that this was contrary to their agreement; the Javanese sadly admitted that that was so, but what else could he do? A stranger in a strange land could not live without these little compromises! The Governor let the matter drop. Utimuta Raja's dubious neutrality was preferable to his active hostility, in view of the gang which the old man had at his command.

Once Malacca was really conquered, it seemed that Portugal had no more obedient, humble servant than Utimuta Raja, the Javanese. He was polite and obliging. He did everything that Albuquerque asked. One would have thought he was a Christian, says Gaspar Correa.

But behind this Christian demeanour, the aged eye of Utimuta Raja was watching all the time. He noticed that the climate of Malacca did not seem to suit the Portuguese. Their numbers had been always small and were diminishing. Utimuta Raja had that turn for statistics which Afonso de Albuquerque found so inconvenient a trait of the Malays. "Utimuta Raja," writes the Governor, "saw how many men we were ashore: he had the graves counted and sent round to the houses to find out the number of the sick—and when he realized how few we were he grew restive at once!"

A few hundred white men, most of them ill, were not likely to hold Malacca long. Prince Aloadin would come in force, and that would be the end of Portuguese dominion in those parts. This might be awkward for Utimuta Raja and his family. He therefore wrote a pleasant letter to Aloadin, apologizing for his apparent desertion, and explaining how the Portuguese were situated. At the first favourable opportunity, he, Utimuta Raja, would murder Albuquerque and all his men. Aloadin could then return and occupy his father's throne.

The more the old man thought about his plot, the more it pleased him. He did not, however, intend that Aloadin should rule Malacca. Utimuta Raja would rule it himself! He had the riches and the power. After disposing of the

Portuguese, what could be easier than to occupy the throne? Then Aloadin could whistle for his kingdom. Why then did he write to Aloadin? Utimuta Raja, as we have seen, was a man who considered every eventuality. If he found no opportunity for exterminating the white men, and it was Aloadin that reconquered Malacca, then Utimuta Raja could still claim the credit of having offered help.

Utimuta Raja's scheme seemed flawless. So it might have proved, had it not been for his opposite number Nina Chatu.

Ruy de Araujo's friend Nina Chatu had been placed in high authority by Albuquerque, as chief of the non-Moslem merchants of the town. We gather that Nina Chatu had no love for Utimuta Raja, and he too had some tricks up his sleeve. How he managed it we do not know, but he intercepted his rival's letters to Aloadin and duly passed them on to Albuquerque.

The Governor locked up the documents and concentrated even more upon the fort. He could not deal with Utimuta Raja's tribe until the building was advanced enough to be defensible. Meanwhile he told nobody what Nina Chatu had discovered and met Utimuta Raja with unaltered countenance. Every day he heard complaints about the Javanese, not only from the heathen but from Utimuta Raja's brother Moslems; he was proud and tyrannical and the people of Malacca hated him. Albuquerque waited till the fortress was two storeys high; then he sent for the man and his sons and arrested them all.

Confronted by his letters, Utimuta Raja beamed. Of course he had written them! It was his motives that had been misunderstood. Did not Albuquerque see that here was a cunningly worked-out plot to entice Aloadin into their power? Possibly a Malay might have accepted this excuse, but such elaborate treason within treason is too complicated for the European. Utimuta Raja and his descendants were tried in accordance with the laws of Portugal and condemned to be beheaded as traitors.

Their wives begged hard that the men might be forgiven, as it was a first offence. They would pay seven and a half bars of gold towards the fortress works. Albuquerque refused. Justice, he said coldly, was not bought in Portugal. Further, it was useless to pardon a traitor, for his nature could not change. Utimuta Raja, his sons, sons-in-law, and grandson were decapitated upon a scaffold draped in black, while the people of Malacca looked on awestruck but rejoicing.

The survivors of the dead men's household did not succeed in their attempt to raise rebellion in the town, but for some time they made trouble for everyone by repeated midnight raids upon Malacca. Afonso Pessoa with 200 men was sent out to deal with them, and after ten or twelve days' skirmishing, the avengers were dispersed into the jungle.

It was already January of 1512. If Albuquerque did not leave immediately for India, he would miss the monsoon and have to stay at Malacca another year. All through these hectic months of fighting, building at high pressure, and contending with new problems, his beloved Goa had remained on his mind. How was Goa getting on without him all this time? It was almost inevitable that the town should be besieged, but he knew that he had left it strong enough to hold. "You need never worry about your fortresses in these parts," he once wrote to D. Manuel, "even if you hear they are besieged . . . once or twice, or ten times. While there are Portuguese upon the battlements with helmets on their heads—they never will be taken!"

Malacca was now in the same position. The fortress was already quite defensible, and, moreover, a fine-looking building, situated by the mouth of the river. The tower was fifty feet in height and forty feet across the base. From the top its artillery could sweep over the hill above the beach, and from the sea ships of 200 tons could be brought alongside the wall.

The hill beside the fort, in Albuquerque's opinion, was the most suitable spot for Europeans to live. "Dig a moat running from the river all around the mount into the sea,

which is a short distance, and you will have a very strong and well-protected town, adjoining the fort. There would be the settlement of those who with their families might wish to come and live out here. It is a healthy site with abundance of water, and there are orange and lemon trees and vines producing good grapes, of which I have eaten. . . .” It is strange to hear of good grapes growing so near to the Equator, but Albuquerque, or any other son of Portugal, would know what he was talking about when it came to discussing grapes.

Ruy de Brito Patalim was installed as captain of the fort, while Ruy de Araujo, whom we might have expected would be glad to leave Malacca, was quite pleased to remain in charge of the factory there. With this function he combined that of arbiter in any differences that might occur between the various heathen and Moslem Bendaras appointed to govern the natives. Any really serious matter, however, would be submitted to the captain of the fort.

Three hundred men were left in garrison, and two hundred to patrol the coast on all the sound ships that Albuquerque had to leave. These seem to have numbered about eight. Of the eighteen that had sailed from Cochin the previous April, two had come to grief off Ceylon, two had been broken up at Malacca as past repair (when Albuquerque condemned a ship as useless, she must have been far gone indeed), three had sailed for the Moluccas, and the remaining three, *Frol de la Mar*, *Emxobregas*, and *Trindade*, were to return to India.

Emxobregas and *Trindade* might just be accounted seaworthy, but with *Frol de la Mar* it was touch and go. Nine years in the India Ocean had played havoc with her. Her woodwork barely held together, and sixty slaves pumping day and night were required to keep her afloat. Castanheda says that the sailors would have refused to sail in her if the Governor had not embarked on her himself. But *Frol de la Mar* was a large and useful vessel. Albuquerque meant to patch her up at Cochin and sail in her again the following

year. With ordinary luck and decent weather she could still reach India.

When the population saw their conqueror preparing to depart, they raised a howl of woe. They waited upon him in deputations and begged him not to go. Anything might happen to Malacca if he went away, while if he stayed his name alone would protect the town for a hundred years! How could he leave such a noble city, after having taken so much trouble over it?

Albuquerque thanked them for their very flattering confidence in him. Malacca was all they said and more, and he would like to stay. But deep as was his regard for Malacca, he could not very well abandon Goa. He would return next year if possible. Meanwhile the captain of the fort would look after them, and the fleet he was leaving behind would safeguard their shipping and commerce. So he sailed, and the Malaccans donned black turbans to show their sorrow at his departure.

Albuquerque with three ships and one junk proceeded up the straits. All the treasure of Malacca was packed on these ships, but mostly on board *Frol de la Mar*, which was much more roomy than the rest. The men on board were very few, chiefly crippled and infirm, for the healthy had been left in charge of Malacca. Still, there were enough sound men to navigate the ship, and all would have been well if a hurricane had not arisen one evening off Sumatra.

Frol de la Mar could just roll along in fine weather, but could not sail in a storm. Accordingly she anchored off the coast. But as darkness closed in the wind and sea rose in such fury that it was necessary to cut the masts. While the ship rocked wildly, tugging at her mooring, pieces of her rotten woodwork came away. Pumping was no longer of any use; *Frol de la Mar* was sinking fast.

Albuquerque made everyone turn to and build a raft, and even while they worked some men were dashed to pieces by the waves. All the invalids were put into the ship's boat, while the Governor and the rest took to the raft.

Albuquerque sternly discouraged those who tried to cumber up the space with their belongings; he himself, he said, was leaving the ship in a jacket and pants—anyone who wished to carry more away could stay behind!

All the men were somehow packed on to the raft—slaves and captives were allowed to cling on to the edge—and at this point *Frol de la Mar*, hitting a rock, broke in two, and all the gold of Malacca went to the bottom of the sea. With it went the mysterious map from Java and other interesting documents, though Albuquerque saved some of his papers. The raft and boat with their human load drifted through the stormy night towards the shore and there lay anchored, waiting for the dawn.

Next morning, Pero d'Alpoem, who commanded *Trindade*, saw bits of the flagship floating about, and immediately bore down upon the scene of the disaster. Other fidalgos on board remonstrated. To head towards the shore in such a sea was madness; it would simply mean two wrecks instead of one. But it was no use arguing with Pero d'Alpoem. He knew only that his adored chief was in danger, and if by so doing he might save Albuquerque, he would blithely steer his ship straight for the rocks!

The raft, plunging in the trough of the waves, was not easily seen, but the men on board hoisted white rags, and so at last attracted attention. Pero d'Alpoem anchored as near the raft as his ship could float—nearer than was prudent. He then sent out his boat and rescued all the shipwrecked crew. The remainder of the voyage was most uncomfortable, as there was insufficient food and water to go round, but nevertheless Cochin was reached without mishap.

Albuquerque returned from his richest conquest with two ships and hardly any men; no luggage, not even any clothes of his own beyond the sketchy garb in which he left the wreck; but from the sinking ship he had saved for D. Manuel the ruby, sword and crown sent by the King of Siam.

CHAPTER XIX

Siege and Capture of Benastarim

THERE was nothing, we are told, that occupied Albuquerque's thoughts during his absence so much as Goa. Had he known all that was happening there, he would have thought still more. The fortress certainly held; the Governor was right when he said that only treason could lose a well-constructed fort, but everything else had more or less gone wrong.

As might have been expected, the minute the conqueror's back was turned Idalcan sent an army to besiege the town. The captain, Rodrigo Rabelo, a valiant young dare-devil, sallied to meet the Turks and put them to flight with great éclat, but carried the pursuit too far and was killed.

Rodrigo Rabelo had neglected his chief's parting orders to hold and fortify Benastarim. This was a strategic point commanding the narrowest channel between the island and the mainland. The Turks promptly seized it for themselves, repaired walls, erected barricades, posted artillery, and made the place as strong as Rodrigo Rabelo should have done.

Goa was left without a captain and with a hostile force outside the city gate. Albuquerque had signed a paper appointing Manuel de Lacerda successor to the captaincy should it fall vacant. A servant of Rodrigo Rabelo, for reasons best known to himself, stole this document along with a large sum of his late master's money and a portion of the public revenues.

No one knew exactly what to do. Manuel de Lacerda was with the fleet off Calicut, which is perhaps why they did not think of him. The only representative man available,

it seemed, was Diogo Mendes de Vasconcelos, a prisoner in the fort! He was invited to emerge from his confinement and act as captain of Goa.

Diogo Mendes, always ready for a fight, conducted the defence with spirit, but would trouble about nothing else. As a knight and a fidalgo he would hold the fort against the Moors for Honour's sake; administration was another matter. Goa, he considered, was really Albuquerque's affair, and if the Governor found the whole town in a mess when he returned—that, Diogo Mendes thought, would serve him right.

All through the rainy season Goa hung on like grim death, short of food and closely besieged, while mighty deeds of valour were performed. When the city was hard pressed and hope was at its lowest ebb, João Machado suddenly left Idalcan and went to join his suffering compatriots. It may be remembered that this João Machado had lived for years at the court of Bijapur. He had a Moslem wife and two small sons whom he had secretly baptized and taught to say their prayers. Finding he could not escape with the boys, rather than leave them to be brought up Moslem, one writer says, this Spartan parent drowned them both—praying to be forgiven if it were a sin!

The appearance of João Machado with a dozen companions greatly encouraged the beleaguered garrison, and the arrivals of Manuel de Lacerda from Calicut, the fleet from Portugal, and Diogo Fernandes de Beja from the Arabian coast, successively relieved the situation. The Turks still hung on at Benastarim, but Goa was reinforced with men and food and could defy them.

Diogo Fernandes found the defences of Goa in good order, but the administration of the town was suffering from neglect. There was nobody who looked after anything, declared Gaspar Correa. Diogo Fernandes must have been a very tactful person. He was Albuquerque's great friend, as everybody knew; this cannot have commended him to Diogo Mendes, yet not only did he keep on good terms with

the captain, but persuaded the latter to let him take in hand many matters that required attention. Among other things he organized the town council of Goa in accordance with instructions left by Albuquerque.

The rumour had been spread, and even sent home, that the Governor was lost with all his fleet. Nobody had heard of him for the best part of a year. Consequently when his ship appeared upon the bar of Cochin, an electric shock ran along the Indian coast. He had no force behind him, but his arrival was sufficient to unnerve the enemy. To discourage them still further, he set at large such Moslem captives as he brought with him, that accounts of the conquest of Malacca might be broadcast. "The enemy was not pleased with the news!" he succinctly observes.

In Goa the bells were pealed. The situation appeared to be saved. The Turks of Benastarim no longer seemed a menace. The garrison wrote to Albuquerque that all was well; it was not even necessary that he should come at once. They were in no immediate danger, and when he came he should arrive in force.

Albuquerque was impatient to get back to Goa, but he concluded that they were right. For the Turks to see the Governor appear with neither ships nor men would have a bad effect. He wrote instructions to all, bade them carry on until he came, and ordered Manuel de Lacerda to assume the captaincy of Goa. Diogo Mendes became once more a prisoner on parole and as such went on fighting the Turks with undiminished enthusiasm.

Albuquerque waited at Cochin for the arrival of the fleet, reflecting bitterly upon the inconvenience of always being short of everything. "Senhor!" he expostulated with his lord and master, "you neither send me arms nor men nor any of the implements of war!"—"What is the result of such a policy?" he asks. "Everything had to be done twice over! . . . If Your Highness sent me the necessary for what you order me to do, I should not have twice exposed my men to the fire at Malacca, nor should I have fought for Goa

twice, nor would the Moors of Ormuz have in their power your fortress which I began to build! . . .”

The sinking of the treasures of Malacca seems to have worried him very little. In all his letters there is scarcely a reference to their loss. What really perturbed him when he arrived at Cochin was to find that his old *Cirne* had been broken up and burned, as well as sundry other ships left in the yards to undergo repairs. Nothing but inexcusable negligence, in his opinion, could account for it. “If they had been lost at sea,” he writes, “I should not have distressed myself at all. When one travels in obedience to commands, one takes what comes as from the hands of God. But that a lot of idle people, in a good port and fortress, with a factory and a warehouse where money and material are available, should purposely let ships go to ruin! They may say that they were old, but with such ships one sails in India. If the armada of India were in as good condition as the cargo fleet, that would mean more expense than profit. But patched up as they are, we use them in your service, for I have never taken charge of a ship out here that did not seem more fit to break up than to navigate!” The idle people in question must have had a very bad time of it when the Governor made his round of the shipyard. “He talks of nothing but the *Cirne*!” snorts Antonio Real, acting captain of Cochin, in the diatribe against the Governor which he wrote home every year.

To Antonio Real and the factor Lourenço Moreno, Albuquerque’s arrival was a rude awakening. It was they more than anyone else who had spread the rumour that he would never come back, and they had been enjoying themselves in his absence. They misappropriated government stores, they launched into unwarranted expense and—supported by the theory that “the witches of Cochin considered me dispatched”, as Albuquerque puts it—they banished from the garrison any who dared to disapprove of their conduct. These gentry found it very distasteful to be pulled up with a firm hand. They complained to D. Manuel that the

Governor's presence in Cochin upset the routine of their daily work!

Albuquerque had no time to be bored while detained in Cochin. He had quite enough to occupy him fully in setting the disorder to rights, but he found other matters as well which engaged his attention.

Investigating everything as was his custom, he found among the factory stores a chestful of children's reading books. "It seemed to me," he said to D. Manuel, "you did not send these to moulder in boxes!" and on the strength of his discovery he founded a school for little natives. A married man living at Cochin was placed in charge, and under his guidance some hundred youngsters learned to read and write in Portuguese. "The children are very bright," Albuquerque informs the King, "and pick up well and quickly all that they are taught."

Apart from this educational experiment, he busied himself in enlarging Cochin fortress. Antonio Real should have seen to this, but instead he had built himself a house with the men and material. Albuquerque confiscated the house, turned it into a hospital at Antonio Real's expense, fined the latter two hundred cruzados for the church funds, and deprived him of a year's pay. It is not surprising that Antonio Real became his enemy for life.

A belated ship of the 1511 fleet, turning up at the end of April, brought Albuquerque the news that D. Garcia de Noronha, yet another of his sister's sons, was on the way to India. Incidentally, it can only have been after this third son had already sailed that D. Constança heard that the two others were dead. How the women of that time must have hated India!

D. Garcia does not seem to have had the charming disposition of his brother Antonio. He was an able and energetic but exceedingly arrogant and bad-tempered young man. With the cocksureness of inexperience he had tried to teach his pilot how to navigate. The poor pilot had a most harassing time with his imperious young captain, who would not let

him make the course as he knew best, with the result that they took ten months to get to Moçambique and had to winter there. From Moçambique D. Garcia dispatched Pero Mascarenhas and Jorge de Brito on the smallest, swiftest ship of his convoy, which had just time to reach India before the monsoon.

Albuquerque was delighted to hear of his nephew's imminent arrival, the more so that the latter had two ships to bring with him, and men. The King had appointed D. Garcia captain of the India fleet during the next three years. Albuquerque, who had been wondering if the 1512 armada would bring out a new governor, ceased to wonder when he heard of this. He knew Garcia too well to picture him accepting a commission under any governor who was not also his uncle!

D. Garcia arrived in the middle of August, as did also the pepper fleet. The latter had enjoyed a record voyage, covering the distance between Portugal and India in five months. It carried an unusual number of men, fifteen hundred of the best, smartest, and most brilliantly equipped that had yet travelled east.

"Senhor," writes Albuquerque, overjoyed, "now it seems you have decided to treat India worthily! . . . I swear by the truth I am obliged to tell Your Highness, that before the arrival of these ships there were about twelve hundred men in India altogether, some of them at Malacca, some at Goa and other fortresses, and among them all were not three hundred fully armed. . . ."

With sixteen ships and all these dashing troops, he sailed via Cannanore for Goa. Everyone was anxious to dislodge the Turks from Benastarim, except a certain Francisco Pereira. For no particular reason, so far as can be made out, except that he was in a difficult mood, Francisco Pereira declared that it was a great mistake to attack Benastarim. All the King cared about, said he, was pepper! The ships should be released to load at once.

The Governor snubbed him severely, and Francisco

Pereira flew into a rage. He was not Francisco Pereira, cried he quite irrelevantly, but St. Francis Pereira, and Albuquerque must not speak to him like that! What he meant does not seem clear—perhaps he did not know himself. Little scenes of this kind often enlivened council meetings.

Rosul Khan, one of Idalcan's chief generals, was in a strong position at Benastarim. He had with him over six thousand Turks, besides three thousand other men whom Albuquerque describes as "of no use". He was well backed by heavy artillery, with skilful renegades to man each piece. Benastarim, fortified village rather than fortress, overhung the river at its narrowest. From this point of vantage Rosul Khan could conduct raids upon the island and draw provisions from the mainland as often as he wished. A double row of stakes planted across the water in front of the fort enclosed a channel along which his boats could safely ply their way. The Turks expected to be attacked by land, but from the riverside they felt there was no risk. To bring a ship of any size that counted into that narrow waterway seemed almost an impossible manœuvre.

Most people thought it would be difficult. Albuquerque agreed that it would be dangerous, for the Turks held the channel with their heavy guns. Still he knew that he could place ships beneath Benastarim, and said it must be done. While the enemy commanded access to the mainland they could be reinforced at any time.

He sent his nephew straight on into Goa with most of the fleet and all the troops. D. Garcia would make things ready for the overland attack. The Governor meanwhile went round to the south side of the island, towards the derelict Hindu town of Goa Velha, taking with him five of the smaller ships to anchor beneath the Turkish fort. Tristram de Miranda, Pero da Fonseca, Antonio Raposo, Aires da Silva, and Vicente de Albuquerque—a young kinsman just arrived from Portugal—were chosen to conduct this perilous work. All men were cleared off their ships except such seamen as were indispensable, and the best gunners of the fleet

were sent on board. "Some knights and *fidalgos* from Goa wished to join me," writes Albuquerque, "but I would not consent, because the fewer men were on these ships, the less harm could the Moors' bombards do us." Albuquerque himself embarked on a small native boat and remained before Benastarim to superintend manœuvres.

Under a furious fire, Albuquerque led his ships nearer and nearer. They could only approach by degrees and with the tide. The Turks had good artillery and used it well, not missing more than ten out of two hundred shots. The decks of all the vessels as they closed in were swept by huge stone cannon-balls, while their masts and yards and shrouds were stiff with arrows.

Quite undaunted by the smoke and fearful din, the five ships sailed upstream into the cannons' mouth. Aires da Silva in his excitement went too fast and a false manœuvre placed him broadside on the enemy's bombards. The latter redoubled their fire; a ball crashed into three barrels of gun-powder on the deck, and half the ship went up into the air. The startled sailors jumped into the water and Aires da Silva stood alone on board. Albuquerque at once dashed alongside, calling to the seamen to return and not desert their captain. The sight of the Governor quite unconcerned amid the general fracas steadied their nerves and they came back. The ship was towed into a less dangerous position and by a miracle it was not burned. "At which," says Albuquerque, "I was the most astonished man on earth!"

Two days later Albuquerque broke through the barricades of stakes across the stream. With the high tide, after dark, he brought his ships right inside the channel and against the walls, though the Turks, lighting the blackness with bundles of burning straw, went on firing all night. Having placed all the ships in position and seen to their supplies of food and water, Albuquerque left Aires da Silva in command and went to join the troops ashore and direct operations from the other side.

For eight days the ships anchored beneath the fortress wall battered it with their artillery, themselves under continuous fire at close range. Tristram de Miranda and Vicente de Albuquerque returned from Benastarim quite deaf: "for days they could hear nothing that was said to them!" declares Albuquerque. The valour of each of these five captains is highly commended in the Governor's dispatch. "I assure Your Highness I often upbraided them for exposing recklessly their persons and their lives . . . and they would walk upon the castles of the ships and stand about in the most dangerous places. . . . Sometimes I was quite pained to see their disregard of all precaution!"

Albuquerque's homilies on prudence might have had more effect if he had backed up precept by example. From what other writers tell us, we conclude that they must have sounded rather like Satan rebuking sin. Albuquerque himself, it would appear, persisted in dashing about in his little boat amid the falling projectiles and in front of the cannon until it was the captains who were pained. They entreated him to go away! They could be trusted to carry out his orders by themselves, whereas everything would be jeopardized if he were killed. He said that he could not go till he had settled them in position, and continued to make a target of himself as casually as ever. When all at last were in position and he was preparing to withdraw, a cannon ball smashed to pieces two of the rowers in his boat. The Turks, imagining that they had got the Governor, raised a triumphant yell, whereupon Albuquerque sprang to his feet and stood upright to show them their mistake. Such a man could not expect to be effective in reprimanding others for their recklessness.

At Goa the Governor's arrival was impatiently awaited. The whole town turned out with speeches to receive him, and beneath a canopy upheld by municipal councillors he was escorted through the city to the church. The fidalgos were all panting to attack Benastarim, the more so that the Governor had forbidden them to make a move until he came. He

prepared at once to place his artillery outside the walls and close the circle round the enemy.

Before this could be done, it was announced that the Turkish army had emerged into the field. At this the men grew so frantically impatient that Albuquerque had to lead them out to do battle at once. It was really waste of time and energy, he said, to skirmish with the light Turkish horsemen outside their walls; much better to get the cannon posted and destroy their stronghold once and for all. But it was like arguing with a dog who has seen another dog and wants to fly at him: "they cursed me and practically forced me to go." In intense heat, with armour on their backs, they marched the two leagues from Goa to Benastarim and hurled themselves upon the infidels.

A very satisfying battle then took place, which everybody seems to have enjoyed immensely, but, as Albuquerque had foreseen, it brought no practical result. The Turks were routed and fled into the fort, where the fidalgos vainly tried to follow them. The captains especially were so busy trying to give each other a leg up the wall that they quite forgot to look after their men. The Governor with difficulty rounded them up and made them sit and rest under some trees before returning to the town.

Among performers of doughty deeds that day, Pero Mascarenhas had, it appears, shown himself conspicuously. Albuquerque complimented all upon their prowess, but he embraced Pero Mascarenhas, to the bitter indignation of several people.

"Sir!" exclaimed Francisco Pereira, "you make more of Pero Mascarenhas than of any of us! Nobody has done more than we have! One would think that Pero Mascarenhas alone had achieved anything, which cannot be endured."

"Forgive me," said the Governor, "if I gave that impression. It was quite unintentional in the excitement of the moment! You are all so valiant that only our Lord the King can do you the honour you deserve, and not I who am your comrade." But Francisco Pereira seems to

have been cut to the heart. He ran up to the fortress wall and slapped it with his hand. "In Portugal," he cried, "even the market women of Lisbon will tell how Francisco Pereira arrived here!" Meanwhile nothing happened; only a few burning missiles were dropped upon him from above.

"This is quite uncalled for," said Albuquerque, "I am surprised at you." But Francisco Pereira went on arguing stormily. "You speak to me as you never spoke to Duarte de Lemos," he cried at last, "because he showed you his teeth!"

In view of Duarte de Lemos' well-known facial peculiarity the metaphor was badly chosen. "He would show his teeth," replied the Governor, "they were so big and long!" So saying, he turned his back and dropped the discussion. "He always was a model of patience!" comments Braz de Albuquerque, who, never having known his father, imagines that he was a saint as well as a hero!

It was the artillery that finally conquered Benastarim. Two days after the battle just described, Albuquerque pitched his camp and closed his lines outside the fort. Tents were improvised out of large sails, and all the heavy bombards were pointed at the walls. The fort was thus hemmed in by land, and in the river were the ships rammed up against its side.

For some days furious firing was exchanged from dawn to dusk; a thick smoke filled the air, through which the fortress and the camp appeared as if in flames. When, in due course, part of the wall fell down, Rosul Khan hoisted the flag of truce.

The fidalgos did not wish to come to terms. They wanted to charge up through the breach and storm the town. What for? said Albuquerque. There was nothing of value in Benastarim except horses and artillery. To imprison the garrison was not worth while; how would they feed so many? On the other hand, to exterminate 8000 Turks fighting in desperation for their lives would mean inevitable and

unnecessary loss of their own men. D. Garcia agreed with his uncle, whereupon Francisco Pereira and his friends spread the rumour that Rosul Khan had bribed the Governor and his nephew! Albuquerque disregarded them and dictated his conditions to the Turk. All must evacuate Benastarim, leaving behind the horses and the artillery and everything except the clothing that they wore. Besides this, Rosul Khan must surrender every renegade Christian serving in his ranks. In exchange the Governor pledged his word to let the Moslems and their families depart unmolested.

The clause the Turk found hardest to accept was that referring to the renegades. Not only were these men his best gunners, but as they had become brothers in the Faith of Islam, his religion forbade him to give them up. Albuquerque insisted, and Rosul Khan gave way, on condition that the Governor would spare their lives. What Idalcán would say to him he did not know. He might have to take service with Portugal. So saying, he gave the messenger a diamond to present to Albuquerque. Perhaps the Governor would be his friend.

Albuquerque was furious. How dared anyone bring him a diamond from the man with whom he was negotiating! "I should like to stick you with my dagger!" he exclaimed to the unfortunate go-between. "Take that diamond away." Rosul Khan could be told that the renegades would not be put to death.

There was panic among the population when the troops entered Benastarim, but Albuquerque kept his word and restrained his men from doing any harm. The ships' boats were mobilized to row the Moslems and their families to the mainland, and D. Garcia was posted to see that they were not plundered as they crossed. He enforced his uncle's orders so rigidly that those who wished to steal were more than ever sure that he had been bribed.

"I think they never will return," wrote Albuquerque after seeing the last of the departing Turks, but he carefully rebuilt the fortress all the same.

The rent walls of Benastarim were made an object-lesson to the messenger from Malik Yaz who came to Goa at this time. Albuquerque and the wily Malik Yaz were constantly exchanging compliments—and watching each other like dogs all the time. Albuquerque was hoping to obtain the King of Cambay's leave to build a fort at Diu one day, and Malik Yaz was hoping, quite as fervently, that he would not. Officially, however, they were on the best of terms. Malik Yaz presented his congratulations on the conquest of Malacca, and Albuquerque received the envoy graciously. He sent the man on a conducted tour of all the sights of Goa, with João Machado acting as cicerone.

The aim of the tour was strictly educational. The visitor was taken to admire the towers that Albuquerque was constructing at every weak point on the island, and was walked round the fortress of Benastarim. Those gaping holes, explained João Machado, were all made by Portuguese artillery. At Goa the envoy was invited to inspect the lordly stables with four hundred horses, the warehouses and armouries were shown to him; the big bombards were also exhibited, and the messenger was urged to thrust his turbaned head into their mouths to estimate their calibre. All these things, said Albuquerque sweetly, and many more that came from Portugal each year, were at the service of the King of Cambay and of Malik Yaz. To end the show, the visitor was laced up in a corselet while a musket fired a wax pellet against his breast. This gave the man an awful shock; "The Moor thought himself dead!" remarks Gaspar Correa. The Governor told him to take the armour to Malik Yaz and explain to him that it was bullet-proof.

When Albuquerque felt that he had shown enough to make Malik Yaz sit uneasily behind the walls of Diu, he dismissed the messenger with a gift of crimson satin cuirasses to take his master. "Tell him," said the Governor, "to wear these when he has a pain in his stomach, and it will pass at once!"

Idalcan was also sending messengers about that time.

He desired to make peace, but he would have no more to do with his once favoured Rosul Khan.

The latter had duly surrendered the renegades, and Albuquerque had duly granted them their lives, but it is doubtful if their lives were much use to them after the punishment they had to undergo. These were men who had deserted during the siege of Goa. They were traitors to their Faith and to their King—the two most heinous crimes that that century could conceive. Terrible punishments were inflicted for much lighter offences, and Albuquerque meant to make an example of these men.

For three days the renegades sat in the stocks, covered with mud from head to foot and jeered at by the populace, who plucked out their eyebrows and their beards hair by hair. The second day their ears and noses were cut off, the third day their right hands and their left thumbs. After that the unfortunate wretches were released and their wounds dressed. Of course half of them died.

Yet among the survivors, we are told, were some who “bore their sufferings with much patience, saying that their grievous sin deserved an even greater punishment”.

Truly it was not a milk-and-water generation!

CHAPTER XX

The Red Sea Expedition

THE Soldan of Egypt sent the Sheik of Aden ten thousand arrows and a hundred bows, besides a bell-jar full of balm. With these arrows, said the Soldan, the Sheik would be slain, and the contents of the jar were to embalm his corpse. This because the Sheik refused to pay a hundred thousand seraphims—nor did the threat extract the money.

This was the tale that Albuquerque had heard at Cannanore when he passed there on his way to Benastarim. His informants were certain Castilian Jews from Cairo. It was common talk in Egypt, they declared, that the Soldan meant to expel the Sheik and capture Aden. To have Egyptian Turks established at Bab-el-Mandeb would mean unending trouble in the Indian Ocean. Albuquerque's twice deferred cruise to the Red Sea became imperative. It was urgent to find out how matters stood there.

"With Our Lord's help, I will enter the Straits this year," he wrote, "though I have few ships and much to do." To increase his navy at a future date, he has a suggestion to put before D. Manuel; those vessels that are broken up in Lisbon dockyard might with advantage be dispatched to finish their career in India instead! "They could be brought here without great expense . . . at present there is nothing that I need so much, since I found the principal ships of the armada all destroyed. . . ." He was still feeling bitter about this!

Having captured Benastarim in November, Albuquerque plunged into his customary orgy of work, preparing to leave for the Red Sea in February, attending to affairs at Goa while receiving half a dozen embassies, and building four defensive

towers upon the island. The latter were erected rapidly. The master-builder, Tomás Fernandez, seems to have been a man after the Governor's heart. He reconstructed the fortress of Benastarim in so short a time and so efficiently that, says Albuquerque, "One would have thought Our Lord was helping him to build! When I left, it was ready to defend against the world. . . . I can truly tell Your Highness that in all the Christian lands where I have travelled I never saw a fairer or more solid piece of work. Tomás Fernandez wished to make it so as a memorial to himself." The tower of Pangim also advanced, thanks to "plenty of stone available, and many limekilns, and the diligence of Tomás Fernández, which is greater than my own". Tomás Fernandez seems to have been a stout fellow!

While this was going on, a most exciting personage arrived at Dabul in a ship from Zeila. He was an ambassador from Abyssinia, the kingdom of the legendary Prester John. To say that the news caused a sensation is to put it mildly. The mysterious land of Ethiopia, lone stronghold of the Faith lost in a Moslem world, had appealed to Christian imagination down the ages. The Crusaders brought home myths of Prester John; Marco Polo supplied what little information he could glean. To communicate with the elusive Prester John and hear about his fabled realm, Henry the Navigator's ships had braved the terrors of the unknown ocean, and into this dream kingdom, twenty years earlier, Pero da Covilham had disappeared. And now at last the sphinx had spoken. A messenger from Prester John had reached the Indian coast and asked to be taken to the Governor.

But Prester John, it would appear, had no romantic interest for the rulers of Dabul. They put the unfortunate ambassador under arrest and confiscated his belongings. A stern message from Albuquerque put things right. The captain of Dabul gave up his prisoner, apologized, and restored the stolen goods, and the envoy was conducted triumphantly to Goa.

His name was Mathew. He was a good-looking white man of some fifty years. With him came his wife—some say two wives—and sundry servants. Carefully wrapped up in a little box which he wore about his person was a fragment of the True Cross, a gift from the Queen Regent of Abyssinia to D. Manuel. This lady had heard of Portuguese victories in India. To Abyssinia, as to Portugal, the Moslem was the hereditary foe. Queen Helena therefore sought alliance with the great King of the West. In the name of her little son, she addressed a letter to D. Manuel, and begged his Governor to see that her messenger was sent safely to Lisbon.

Albuquerque was delighted. To have got into touch with Prester John he considered a most auspicious event. He received the ambassador with pomp and lodged him handsomely in Goa palace. A very devout procession followed the True Cross to church, where it was kissed by all the faithful. Albuquerque enclosed the precious relic in a golden casket and sent the ambassador with it to Cannanore in time to catch one of the last ships of the home convoy.

While Abyssinian Mathew sailed for Portugal, Albuquerque embarked on *Santa Maria da Serra*, and led his fleet across the Indian Ocean to the Gulf of Aden. Men approached that end of Asia with feelings very different from those which they bore to the Far Orient and the South Seas. A clean slate, so to speak, was carried in the latter direction. Portuguese and Malay might entertain the grievance of a moment towards one another, but there were no old scores behind.

But the barren Arabian coast, the desert shores stretching beside Bab-el-Mandeb, Aden on its fierce rocks guarding the doors of the Red Sea, these were the approaches to the cradle and the heart of Islam—Mecca. They were next door to ancient battle grounds where Cross and Crescent had fought for Jerusalem, and it was from these burning wastes that the Prophet had sent forth the hordes that had extinguished Visigothic Spain. India was neutral ground, where old feuds

might sometimes be forgotten, but here at the citadel of Islam there could be only war—war without mercy and without truce—between the sons of the Crusaders and the followers of the Prophet. It is difficult for us, born so many years after the Mohammedan menace ceased, to understand that fierce hatred of the Moor which men still felt in the sixteenth century. With men of the Iberian peninsula especially, it was a hereditary instinct born of a soil over which two rival civilizations had struggled to the death for seven hundred years, where every inch of territory had been won by blood.

No use of parleying with the Moors of Aden, Albuquerque and his captains all agreed. They would only come to terms at the point of the sword. Better to attack them with the least possible delay.

Aden was a fair sight in the morning sunshine. It had crenellated walls along the beach, and "the finest houses I have seen out here". Behind the town nine castles stood upon nine hills—"for beauty rather than for use, I think," says Albuquerque—and beyond them rose the barren peaks "all rock without a tree or herb".

So much shipping occupied the port that the fleet could hardly enter, and they had to lose a day getting it safely anchored half outside. Most of the men were clamouring to assault the town at once, and "I should have been very pleased to do so because it was Good Friday, if it had not been essential first to moor the ships, as was proved later, for a strong east wind arose". Albuquerque was both soldier and sailor, but generally we find that the seaman prevailed.

The Sheik of Aden was not in town, but his captain, Miramergem, sent to inquire the meaning of this visit. The Governor replied that he was on his way to Jiddah to destroy the Soldan's fleet. If he failed to find it there, he would proceed to Suez and burn the Turks alive. Meanwhile Aden was invited to surrender. Miramergem refused, and Aden was assaulted the next day.

All might have gone off successfully had it not been for the captains. They were always inclined to forget that they must lead their men rather than act as free-lance heroes of romance, and on this occasion they were carried away by excitement. When they landed on the beach there was a rush at all the scaling ladders, for the one idea was, who should get up first. "They did their duty as knights," says Albuquerque regretfully, "but I was sorry to see their men were in disorder at the foot of the wall." To make matters worse, they could not climb up quickly, for the ladders were just too short to reach the battlements. Thus while the top men slowly gained the wall, the congestion on the lower rungs increased. It was not long before the inevitable occurred; the ladders all gave way at once, and everyone fell in a heap.

This decided the fate of Aden. The men upon the beach could not climb up, and those upon the wall were isolated. Some jumped down and broke their legs, others climbed down on ropes passed up by their companions.

Garcia de Sousa and Jorge da Silveira, the first to climb up, had established themselves in a turret and were besieged by the enemy. "Send someone to our rescue, sir!" cried Jorge da Silveira to the Governor below. "I can't help you," answered Albuquerque, "get down by these cords!" But Garcia de Sousa said that he was not the man to flee from death by cords.

"Save yourself!" he cried to his mulatto servant, "and take this shield to my Lord the King to show that I died serving him!" Jorge da Silveira also chose to remain and uselessly, heroically, both sacrificed their lives. The enemy, in admiration of their desperate courage, buried them in stone sepulchres at the foot of the turrets where they fell. They placed upon their graves the pennons which they had planted on the wall, and carved the word "Feranghi" on their tombs.

Albuquerque saw that without ladders nothing further could be done. Added to this, the tide was coming and in

would shortly reach up to the city wall. He recalled his reluctant troops and re-embarked.

The fidalgos wished to land the heavy artillery and batter down the wall. But it was useless to attempt a siege. There was not room to stand the bombards on the beach, nor was there time. As Albuquerque pointed out, it was the fleet rather than the town that would be besieged if they lingered at Aden. Wind and water would both fail them soon. Of the latter they were already short, and the season of the easterly monsoon was ending. At any moment they might find themselves deprived of water in a hostile port, unable either to sail for the Red Sea or to navigate the Indian Ocean.

They seized the islet of Sirah before they left and captured thirty-six bombards posted there, then, having no more time to waste, they burned all the ships of Aden, and sailed for Bab-el-Mandeb. Two days later saw the fleet anchored within the straits. It was a great moment. Flags were hoisted, salvos fired, each quartermaster blew his whistle, and Albuquerque told the men to say their Creed and thank the Lord that the Royal Standard of Portugal should be flown over this landlocked sea where no European fleet had ever sailed before.

The Red Sea pilots lived on the island of Perim within the straits. The Portuguese captured one or two of these as they went through, and demanded to be taken first to a place where there was water. The fact was that supplies had all but given out. Rumour had it that there was some upon the island of Kamaram, but no one knew for certain. Whether or not they would find food was also problematical. To plunge into an unknown sea between two deserts was in the circumstances a venture of faith.

Cautiously the fleet threaded its way along the coast of Yemen, casting the line continuously, and carefully noting the depth recorded. Their type of ship was not very handy in those waters, and Albuquerque said that they must not sail by night. He told the Arab pilot to make for a port

every evening before darkness fell. Even with such precautions there nearly was a serious accident. One of the local pilots, described as "rather light-headed and anxious to seem more knowing than the rest", landed the flagship right among the shoals.

"When I saw the bottom suddenly diminish, I shouted to the small ship *Rosairo* to go ahead and sound. They did this very badly because our line touched eight fathoms and the next minute four and a half . . . and the ship gave three bumps upon a sandbank. We lowered the anchor, struck all sail, the ship spun round upon her moorings and dropped into five fathoms and a half."

Everyone on board *Santa Maria da Serra* worked hard to save the ship. The pilot got into the cutter and sounded all around to find the best way out. Diogo Fernandes de Beja, who had come away from Aden with a bullet in his chest which he carried till his dying day, came out on deck and turned to with the best. The boats of all the other ships were needed to tow the flagship off the sandbanks. Most of the fleet stood by at once, but several of those which had the biggest and most useful boats proceeded airily upon their way, to Albuquerque's indignation. "I got into a small boat and sailed after them, and obliged them to strike sail and anchor—saying to their captains some appropriate words!"

Santa Maria was finally extricated, none the worse for having run aground, and Albuquerque vowed that he would build a chapel at Goa to the ship's patroness for having pulled her safely off.

Thus they reached the island of Kamaran. Rumour, for once, was right. Water there was, and plenty of it. That was the best that could be said of Kamaran; it was a flat and desolate island, close to the still more desolate Arabian shore. There was a grove of date palms on Kamaran, sundry wells, a swamp of stunted mangroves, some tufts of yellow grass, and ruins. Not much of a place, admittedly, but more of one than anywhere else around.

Kamaran was a halt of some importance for all ships

navigating the Red Sea. Not only water could be found there, but meat. On the island were both goats and camels, and Kamaran was noted along this arid coast for the riches of its pasture!

Here Albuquerque replenished his stores of food and drink, and then, to his intense disgust, the east wind died away. The westerly winds that set in would never take them to Jiddah, still less to Suez. Was it really too late? he asked the Arab pilot. Would the wind not change again that season? It was not yet impossible, they answered. There was still a hope of reaching Jiddah. But after they had waited for some days no east wind blew, and—"certainly, Senhor, I was annoyed! . . ." He sent a caravel across to Zebayir, to find out if there might be a different wind in mid-sea, but it was just the same there.

One night (oh joy!) the wind did veer east, and the fleet was hustled out of port as soon as morning dawned. The men went sulkily. They did not see the point of penetrating farther into this sinister and burning sea, with its treacherous shoals and death-like shores fanned by a desert wind. The latter filled their sails for a short while, then tantalizingly turned round and blew the other way. Albuquerque, more annoyed than ever, kept his ships at anchor for three weeks. When water gave out—it did not last long in that thirsty region—he returned to Kamaran for more and dragged his reluctant fleet outside the port again. And still the west wind blew.

While they were waiting there, one moonless night, a flaming cross made of nine stars rose in the sky. It travelled slowly across the firmament and set over the land of Prester John. "It was," says Albuquerque, "very clear and resplendent. A cloud came up behind it, and arriving, broke in two, without touching the cross nor eclipsing its light. It was seen from many ships, and men fell on their knees in adoration—others prayed devoutly with many tears. . . ." That cross, the Governor said, was pointing out the way. Since they could not reach Jiddah, they ought to travel to

the land of Prester John. By constant tacking they could cross to Massawa. But, greatly edified though all had been, men were not prepared to trust the heavenly sign to that extent. The pilots did not think that the cross would keep them off the sandbanks if they attempted the manoeuvre that the Governor described. Albuquerque felt sure it could be done, but he did not insist.

The month of May was nearly past. It was too late for any change of wind, and the water was giving out again. He took them back to Kamaran, and by that pleasant island they stayed until the 15th of July. "At Kamaran," writes Albuquerque, "we overhauled the ships and heeled over those that needed it . . . we made nets and fished—fish is abundant there—we fed on this and on stray camels found about the isle, and we fared very well, for we also captured ships bearing provisions to Jiddah and Mecca, and I ransomed captives for food. They brought us cows and goats and hens, grapes, peaches, quinces, pomegranates, dates and Indian figs. . . ." After reading this, we are surprised to be informed by every other writer that hunger was not the least of the hardships endured by the men at Kamaran!

The explanation seems to be that the ships were taken and the captives ransomed at the beginning of their sojourn on the island. Once it became generally known that the Portuguese fleet had entered the straits, Albuquerque himself admits, no shipping ventured out. "Neither barque nor boat did navigate the sea, nor did even the birds alight upon it, so terrified was the Red Sea by our arrival, and so deserted!" That would reduce them to the resources of the island—fish and camels, for the goats had disappeared. It would not trouble Albuquerque, who took little interest in food, but the average man might find such diet uninteresting.

Whatever may be said about the food supply, the climate certainly was devastating. Of the seventeen hundred white men who had sailed from India, five hundred died in the Red Sea. They succumbed one by one to a mysterious epidemic that nobody could understand. "Two or three

attacks of fever," says Gaspar Correa, "with great pain in the chest." And that was all. They died—some of them suddenly as they sat or stood. Small wonder if despondency prevailed at Kamaran.

It was not for lack of occupation that they brooded on their woes. On the contrary, the repairing of the fleet kept them quite busy enough to feel aggrieved. Consequently there was a general gasp of dismay when the Governor called out the masons and set them to work examining the stones and making lime. "He is going to build a fort!" they told one another, horror-struck. A fort on Kamaran would be the last straw!

It turned out a false alarm. Albuquerque describes Kamaran as "the best place in the world" for putting up a fort. It had plenty of water, many stones and a splendid natural harbour. All the same, he decided that Massawa would be a more useful spot to occupy, and Massawa could not be reached that year. Thus the men escaped their building. They continued working at the ships and eating camels—very bored and very miserable.

Albuquerque, however, was not bored in the least. He found the Red Sea absorbingly interesting. Its barren shore appeared to him a land of promise, and endless ideas occurred to him beside these sandy wastes. As for the temperature, "it is hot," he says indifferently, "because it is an inland sea and at that time the sun was near the tropic". That is his sole comment on the subject in a report running to over 20,000 words.

In other respects his treatise is exhaustive. He discusses the Red Sea from every point of view—geographical, commercial, military and nautical. He gives its length and breadth and different soundings. He names its islands and the ports of either coast, and informs D. Manuel about their export and import trade. He enumerates the sheiks and sherifs that rule along those shores and estimates the numbers they command. He discusses winds and anchorage and navigation and comments upon the phenomenon that gives

the sea its name: "The Moors call it Enclosed Sea, but Red Sea is a better name, and aptly chosen by whomsoever first thought of it, for it has patches as red as blood. While we were anchored at the entrance of the straits, there streamed out of its mouth a vein of sea, quite red, flowing towards Aden. Within the straits it stretched away as far as eye could see from a ship's castle. I asked the Moors what it was, and they said that the movement of the tides below the water caused it. . . ."

The Moors must have found him a mine of insatiable curiosity. Everyone upon the island of Kamaran, every prisoner taken, was called upon to contribute some item of interest. Needless to say, the alleged armaments at Suez were carefully inquired into. It appeared that these had been grossly exaggerated. Fifteen small ships were in construction, with some thirty men on guard. The wood needed to complete the work had been captured at Rhodes. Meanwhile there was nothing doing, and the half-built ships had to be watered every morning to prevent their sides being split open by the sun.

"Suez," adds Albuquerque, "used to be a big town. It is almost uninhabited, with great buildings in ruins. . . . I think it must have been Eziongaber of which the Bible speaks. . . . From the port of Suez to the sea of the Levant is a very short distance. The Moors have it that Alexander, when he conquered the land, thought of cutting through from one sea to the other. . . ."

A Suez canal could be of no interest to Portugal; it would only make things easy for Turkey and Venice. But there was another engineering feat that Albuquerque considered seriously: why not divert the Nile? is his suggestion in one letter. Some of the experts from Madeira who cut irrigation channels through the mountains could cope with the job. It would not be difficult to turn the Nile away from Cairo, and Egypt would be conquered by the desert in two years!

From Kamaran, Albuquerque gazed longingly towards the land of Prester John. Incidentally, "the Moors and Abys-

sinians call him Elaty, or Emperor, but not Prester John. . . . They say he greatly desires to meet us and have intercourse with us. . . . The land of Prester John is vast; it extends along the interior of Mogadoxo towards Sofala, and on the other side towards Cairo by the coast of the Red Sea as far as Suakin . . . it stretches in the direction of the Congo and the lands along that shore. . . . From the Red Sea to the Congo overland, in my opinion, cannot be 600 leagues."

There was a prophecy among the Moors that one day Prester John would feed his horses and his elephants within the House of Mecca. "May it please Our Lord to help him so to do, and that your ships, your captains and your men take part in the performance!" This might quite well come about. When Albuquerque got to Jiddah (it could not be that year, but why not next year?), Mecca would be conveniently near. Five hundred Portuguese on five hundred chargers provided by their ally Prester John would swoop down upon Mecca and burn it to ashes. They might even carry off the Prophet's body from Medina and ransom it in exchange for Jerusalem!

The possibilities were endless. To be within easy access of Prester John they ought to build a fort at Massawa. Massawa was the depot for the gold of Abyssinia and the pearls of the Red Sea. D. Manuel could rake all this wealth into his coffers. Once established at Massawa, Portugal with Abyssinia at her back would command the ancient trade route of the East. Turkey and Egypt would be ruined, and the Red Sea would become a Christian waterway. "More things than I can write could be done here for the service of God and of Your Highness! I say this, Senhor, because I have seen the Red Sea, and I see how Our Lord is disposing all affairs of India for the best, and for the aggrandisement of your state, renown, and name—to give you all the wealth you could desire. I tell you, Senhor, establish yourself on the Red Sea and the riches you will have are unbelievable! As for all that nonsense people talk about the shoals—on either side our ships can sail safely by day with reasonable pre-

caution, though not at night, and in the middle of the sea by day or night without the slightest fear. There are not those submerged rocks said to exist, nor any of those things with which they frightened us, neither are there tempests nor gales nor hurricanes, nor thunderstorms. . . ."

A note of exultation runs throughout the whole report. Albuquerque's three months in the Red Sea seem to have been a mental tonic. Of the physical discomfort they entailed, not a single word. The island of Kamaran might be an agreeable seaside resort, for all we gather to the contrary!

Purgatory, other people called it. They entreated the Governor to take them out of it. He could not have done so even if he had wished. Kamaran was the only accessible spot where there was water, and the Indian Ocean could not be navigated during the monsoon.

A man-at-arms named Fernão Dias found a way out for himself. He had once been captive at Gibraltar and had lived for many years among the Moors. He knew Arabic well, and Moslem customs. Might he not disguise as one, he asked the Governor, and travel overland to Portugal? He could give the King the latest news of India.

It seemed to Albuquerque that this would be a fine adventure. "You are quite sure you know the language well enough to run the risk?" he asked. Fernão Dias had no doubt at all. He was duly landed on the Arabian shore with a chain about his ankles so that he might seem to be an escaped prisoner. Thence, reciting the Koran with great unction and posing as a holy man, he cut across the deserts and reached Portugal. Those who saw him go from Kamaran quite envied him. For the first time, perhaps, it seemed a splendid thing to know Arabic.

João Gomes in his caravel was another one who got a change from Kamaran. A caravel could sail where heavier ships could not, and Albuquerque ordered him to go and coast around the island of Bahlak. This he achieved successfully, bringing back with him much information and a drawing of the island.

Having thus investigated everything within his reach, in the middle of July the Governor prepared to sail. He explored the island of Perim before he left the straits, and dispatched Ruy Galvão and others to Zeila and to Berbera to explore that coast, and finally the fleet arrived at Aden.

There they repossessed themselves of the islet of Sirah, and from the Sheik's own tower they bombarded the town, after which Albuquerque prepared once more to burn the ships. The merchants offered to ransom these for any sum. Let them pay their ransom to the Sheik, said Albuquerque, and obtain from him five Christian prisoners said to be languishing in a dry cistern underground. Unless they did this, their vessels would be reduced to cinders. The merchants returned no reply, and Albuquerque made ready to fulfil his threat.

But he found his council in a most refractory mood. They did not object to burning ships on principle, but the spirit of contradiction had descended on them all. Those ships, they said, were close up to the town and well defended by artillery upon the city wall. Too many lives had been lost already. It was not worth while risking more for a few ships.

To threaten and not fulfil, said Albuquerque, would simply look as if they were afraid. The captains shrugged their shoulders. How often, one of them sententiously remarked, had the Governor said he would give fifty ships for just one Portuguese of any kind—and now he proposed to risk fifty fidalgos for a few ships!

Albuquerque rose in disgust. It was perfectly true, he answered witheringly, that he would give fifty ships for just one genuine Portuguese, but for four cows he would not mind risking fifty fidalgos!

He sent for the pilots and a hundred seamen and set them to do the job. "Bless you, my knights!" he said, when they prepared to go, "burn the ships of those dogs, for you will do it better than the men-at-arms!" And he went with them in his cutter. The "dogs" had mostly filled their ships with water, but some of them were burned. The men fought

successfully upon the beach and carried off much spoil. The fidalgos, always temperamental, were dying to land and fight someone or something the next day, but—"I did not see fit, and so prevented them".

Before sailing, Albuquerque reconnoitred Aden carefully. He had only attempted one assault this cruise, but next time he would get down to business. "Aden," he reported, "could be taken without much trouble or danger if one were not short of water."

On the whole he felt that that season's work had not been wasted. He had not achieved what he had intended, but he had no doubt that he would succeed next time, the more so that he had the information necessary for planning his campaign. Further, the appearance of the Portuguese beyond Bab-el-Mandeb had shattered the morale of both Arab and Turk. Fifteen days after the fleet first arrived at Aden, the news had been transmitted to the Soldan by fast camel post. Panic reigned in Cairo and a quaking population had abandoned Jiddah. "Your Highness," wrote Albuquerque, "has dealt the House of Mohammed the greatest blow it has received for the last hundred years, by entering the stronghold of their confidence. . . ."

So, dreaming of empires overthrown and drastic reconstruction of the map, Albuquerque led his fleet out of the desert's fierce heat into the freshness of the Indian Ocean.

CHAPTER XXI

A Year in India

AS a keen chess player eyes his board, so Albuquerque followed every move in the complicated game of Indian politics.

He saw no reason why Portugal should not one day find herself supreme throughout the length and breadth of Hindustan, but he knew that that could not be achieved at the point of the sword. The total population of Portugal was under two million. The Governor of India rarely had three thousand men at his command, and those had to be spread along a line that reached from Goa to Malacca. Every petty Indian prince ruled over myriad hosts, but the weakness of these gorgeous rajahs was plain. "May it please the Most High God," says Albuquerque piously, "to sow such wars and dissensions among them that some may call Your Highness in to help and offer you a portion of their lands!"

Meanwhile he watched their intrigues with interest and was careful to destroy any illusions which D. Manuel might entertain about the ingenuousness of the simple Asiatic. "Kings out here know how to play their games as well as over there!" he assures his sovereign. Personally he trusted none of them, not even his dear friend the Rajah of Cochin. Who has been supporting Calicut for all these years, he queries cynically, if it is not Cochin? Officially the rulers were at daggers drawn, but a great deal of hanky-panky went on behind the scenes. "No one here takes pride in truth or loyalty, or in keeping faith, for they have none. . . .

Put your confidence in good fortresses, Senhor, not in the friendship of these kings!"

All the same, he does not recommend dealing falsely with these slippery customers, nor—to his credit be it said—did D. Manuel desire him so to do. "Certainly, they seldom tell us the truth," writes Albuquerque, "but all the same it would not be well to treat them in that way. As you say, Senhor, the preservation of India rests upon good faith, and so, I think, does that of any land on earth."

Albuquerque therefore kept to his agreements. "Those of India," says he, "know well that I have never acted treacherously. Our enemies trust me, so that they come straight to me without safe conduct. . . . My word is very much esteemed in India"—a boast confirmed by other writers. But, barring perjury and treason, at which he drew the line, he played the diplomatic game as well as any, and knew exactly what he meant to get out of each of his neighbours.

He wanted Diu from the King of Cambay, and he called to have a look at it on his return from the Red Sea. This gave occasion for an affectionate meeting with his rival, Malik Yaz, who sent boatloads of provisions, wood and water for the fleet. To Albuquerque he sent a golden belt and dagger, and the same in silver for each of the captains, besides caskets of mother-of-pearl. The services of all the carpenters and caulkers of Diu were offered to repair such boats as needed it. Finally Malik Yaz himself, accompanied by a flotilla, sailed out into the bay to call upon the Governor. Greetings could not have been more cordial or polite. Malik Yaz requested Albuquerque to leave a factor in his port in the interests of trade. This is exactly what Albuquerque meant to do, but he acted the part of one who hesitates. Out of his deep regard for Malik Yaz he granted the request.

"Malik Yaz," says the chronicler, "who did not economize his words, made elaborate protestations. Afonso de Albuquerque paid him in the same coin, and so they parted friends."

Albuquerque duly left behind a factor with merchandise and orders to keep an eye on Malik Yaz, and Malik Yaz set off at once for the court of Cambay with gold and jewels to bribe the King and all his ministers. There would be no Portuguese fort at Diu so long as Malik Yaz could pay!

"Diu," writes Albuquerque reflectively, "is very much weaker than I imagined." Malik Yaz rather feared that that might be his impression, and reinforced the place as best as he could.

Arriving off the Indian coast, the Governor found the Shah of Persia again active. Ismail's ambassador was making the round of all the Moslem courts, canvassing for converts to the Shiah sect. Apparently his missionary endeavour had met with little response.

The envoy had called in at Goa and left a gift there for the absent Governor. The latter found it when he arrived from Aden and received the man himself a few weeks later. The meeting took place at Cannanore, on board a galley, and an eye-witness has described the scene in some detail.

Amid his captains as gaily dressed as peacocks, sat Albuquerque impressively but sombrely attired in black. He had a black cloak of damask lined with velvet and a large black velvet cap upon his head. A jewelled dagger was in his belt, he wore a heavy chain about his neck, and at the end of his long white beard was tied a bow—which extraordinary decoration Gaspar Correa seems to think looked very well.

The ships were all bedecked with flags; the artillery was fired as the ambassador arrived on board. He approached with the profoundest bow, and the Governor took him by the hand and made him sit beside him on cushions of crimson brocade.

The letter from the Shah expressed polite regrets that Portugal's first ambassador to Persia should have come to grief. Would Albuquerque kindly send another? The Shah greatly desired to see a Portuguese warrior. The Governor

therefore looked around for a suitable example. His choice fell upon Miguel Ferreira, a man of prepossessing personal appearance and great diplomatic gifts. In view of the precarious existence of ambassadors at Oriental courts, it was deemed well that his kinsman João Ferreira should go with him to act as understudy. Should some unhappy accident suppress Miguel, João would carry on.

Besides presents and a letter for the Shah, Miguel Ferreira took with him a weighty "regimento" by which to guide himself in every circumstance. When we read the elaborate instructions which Albuquerque made out for his ambassadors, we are forced to the conclusion that he had little faith in other people's common sense!

Miguel Ferreira had a formidable list of "don'ts" to memorize: Don't stare. Don't ask questions. Don't seem surprised at anything, nor yet appear amused. Don't lose your temper publicly. Don't spit (!) when entertaining visitors—and never walk upon a carpet in your shoes. Don't attend any banquet if it can be helped, but if you must, eat little and drink only water (a wise precaution in view of his predecessor's fate). Above all things, Miguel Ferreira was to abstain from any kind of amorous adventure.

Thus admonished, Miguel Ferreira and his Persian friend left for Tabriz. The latter, it is said, had been so struck by Albuquerque's personal appearance that he had his portrait drawn to show the Shah.

Meanwhile the Governor went to Calicut to have a heart-to-heart talk with the Samorin. A new Samorin had just succeeded to the throne. Negotiations with Calicut had been going on spasmodically for the last three years. Each time Albuquerque dropped the matter, the Samorin entreated him to come to terms. Each time he took it up again the Samorin grew coy. "He is the falsest man ever born to woman!" is Albuquerque's description of the Samorin, and the chroniclers agree.

The Samorin's brother, who was also his heir, had always been pronouncedly pro-Portuguese. He would have accepted

D. Manuel's friendship when it was offered by Vasco da Gama fifteen years before. He had been working for it ever since. When Albuquerque returned from Aden, he found the Samorin dead. "I am certain," the Governor informs D. Manuel, "his brother poisoned him. In all my letters I told him that if he did so, then we could make peace." This incitement to murder seems to have troubled Albuquerque's conscience not at all; it is referred to by his admiring son without apology, and accepted by the King without rebuke. Sixteenth-century mentality is a little staggering at times. It is true that as the heathen were supposed to go to hell in any case, logically there could not be much harm in urging them to crime!

Having dispatched his predecessor, the new Samorin expressed his desire to conclude peace on the Governor's own terms. Albuquerque signified that such was his pleasure. Not, as Albuquerque made clear, that Portugal had any need of Calicut, but in order to promote good feeling between neighbours. For this altruistic end a fort was necessary, on such a site as Albuquerque might select. A yearly tribute consisting of half the harbour dues would pay for the expenses of the garrison. Calicut must agree to supply all the spices that Portugal might need, in exchange for merchandise of every kind. Finally, the new ruler would make full compensation for all the goods appropriated by his predecessor at the time when the men left by Pedralvares Cabral were murdered. The Samorin was happy to make peace at such a price, and the treaty was signed.

Albuquerque was delighted to have brought Calicut to heel. The Samorin was the richest and most powerful of all the kings of Malabar, and his port had been the last refuge of Moslem traders. Everything worth while along that coast was now under the sway of Portugal.

An ambassador was sent from Calicut to Lisbon, and Albuquerque entreated the King to make much of him in honour of the new alliance. He seems a little apprehensive lest D. Manuel should seal his official letter to the Samorin

with lead—a thing which simply was not done between kings in the gorgeous East. “It must be silver or gold—he is making a gold one for Your Highness.”

Feminine influence evidently counted at the court of Calicut, for D. Manuel is further enjoined to send some presents to the Queen and the Samorin’s sister, “who have worked hard for the conclusion of this peace. . . . He does not follow the custom of these other kings,” writes Albuquerque. “He has only one wife, and brings up her sons as his own.” As polygamy and polyandry flourished side by side throughout the lands of Malabar and nobody could tell whose son was which, it looks as if this Samorin were an early example of the progressive Oriental prince with a leaning to the habits of the West.

With the ambassador was sent to Portugal a young relation of the Samorin—“about fifteen years old, and not very black”—according to Gaspar Correa. This youth, who delighted Lisbon by arriving in his loin-cloth, appears to have been sent more for his education than for diplomatic ends. There again the Samorin was the forerunner of the modern Asiatic potentate who sends his sons to Eton. The young prince spent five happy years in Portugal. D. Manuel had him baptized and taught to read and write in Portuguese, sending him back to India with the pompous title of D. João da Cruz.

The person who felt bitter about the alliance with Calicut was the Rajah of Cochin. It suited him that Portugal should be at war with the Samorin; besides, he was jealous. Albuquerque talked to him very seriously. What business was it of Cochin’s, he asked, if Portugal chose to make peace with Calicut? “You never account to me for your arrangements, nor do I insist that you should, though I might have a right since when you are in difficulties you always send for me! If anybody has cause for complaint, it is I, because you and the Rajah of Cannanore have always helped the Samorin.”

Having admonished Cochin and made peace with Calicut,

Albuquerque dispatched Diogo Fernandes de Beja to the court of Cambay.

It seems to have been a very splendid embassy. Diogo Fernandes, we are told, was a man who knew how to do things in style. No expense was spared on his equipment or his retinue. He travelled inland from the port of Surat, putting up at night in his own lordly tent. This remarkable erection could shelter about five hundred men. Its prosaic canvas foundation was covered outside with white and coloured cloth and lined with silk inside. It was divided into three compartments: one was reserved for the domestic staff, one formed a reception room furnished with low chairs and upholstered stools, while in the third Diogo Fernandes slept upon a gilded bed adorned with rich silk counterpanes and coloured satin pillows.

His interview with the King of Cambay was a brilliant ceremony. The King reclined upon a couch covered with cloth of gold. He was dressed in white from head to foot, with a golden dagger in his belt, and a golden bow and arrow in his hand. Diogo Fernandes was also worth looking at: he wore a tunic of crimson silk lined with red damask, and ornaments of gold and pearl-seed embellished his sleeves. A red velvet cap was on his head, with a white plume held in place by golden brooches. His inner tunic was of red satin with blue taffeta lining, while breeches of blue taffeta spangled with golden roses, and velvet slippers completed his costume. And Diogo Fernandes was a very handsome man.

The King of Cambay was graciousness itself. He loaded the ambassador with gifts, including a rhinoceros—a beast that nobody had ever seen before; he offered him Bombay, Surat, Mahim—anything on earth except Diu. The canny Malik Yaz had taken precautions with regard to that, and by a dazzling present had propitiated Bilirane, the lovely Rajput queen and favourite of the King's five hundred wives.

It was clear, said Albuquerque when Diogo Fernandes rejoined him at Goa, that some pressure might be necessary in order to obtain Diu.

Besides receiving embassies from Siam and Pegu, the Governor was at the time busy playing the Deccan against Vijayanagar. The satisfactory state of discord for which he so devoutly prayed was almost permanent between these countries. Albuquerque saw what could be made out of the situation.

"I have decided," he wrote to D. Manuel, "that your service demands that all the horses of Persia and Arabia should be in your hands, for two reasons: one being the heavy duties that they pay, and secondly, that the King of Vijayanagar and those of the Deccan may recognize that victory depends on you . . . for he who has the horses will defeat the other. . . ."

Accordingly he would allow no horses to be disembarked at any port but Goa. All ships carrying horses from Persia or Arabia would find themselves waylaid by the patrols off the Indian coast and were gently but firmly escorted to Goa. They could not complain of their reception there. Every facility was extended to the traders, and everything they wanted was conveniently to hand: excellent accommodation for themselves, stables for their horses, abundant fodder for the beasts, and grooms to attend them. The port could supply everything needed for the repairing of their ships, and in the factory a cargo of spices might always be bought and loaded for the return voyage. It was all so easy and pleasant that next time the merchants came to Goa of their own accord; in this way Goa came to be the horse market of India.

The horses settled the matter. Throughout the year of 1514 Idalcan and Vijayanagar tried to win Albuquerque's favour. He unblushingly put himself up to the highest bidder.

The King of Vijayanagar declared that he was Albuquerque's friend. Would not Albuquerque accept these bracelets, anklets, jewelled dagger and string of pearls as a token of his profound esteem, and allow himself to be adorned with them by the ambassador's own hand? The King would pay 60,000 "pardaos" per thousand horses for

the privilege of having all reserved for him, and he and Albuquerque together could destroy Deccan. He, the King, would be responsible for all the expense. "I will consider the matter," said Albuquerque non-committally, and sent the jewellery to D. Manuel.

Idalcan dispatched his ambassador post-haste. Was he not a nearer neighbour? Neighbours ought always to be friends. Let Idalcan have all the horses. He would pay anything to have them kept for him.

Albuquerque listened amiably to the ambassador, and sent a messenger to Vijayanagar. As a friend, the Governor felt that he should inform the King that Idalcan was ready to make any terms he liked. He had a deep regard for Vijayanagar, but a good offer could not be reasonably refused—not, that is to say, unless a really better offer gave an excuse for doing so. Perhaps the King would like to give him Baticala and pay 80,000 "pardaos" for the horses?

The King of Vijayanagar took his time to answer. He wanted first to see what Albuquerque said to Idalcan. But Albuquerque said nothing; he was waiting for a reply from Vijayanagar.

There seems to have been a surprising amount of petticoat government at the courts of India. The Samorin, as we have seen, was ruled by his wife and sister; the beautiful Bilirane was the power behind the Cambay throne, and young Idalcan, they say, was managed by his mother. This dowager, seeing negotiations hang fire, dispatched one of her ladies to Goa to buy some horses for herself and try to hurry up the Governor.

No man brought up at a Western court could keep a lady waiting. The veiled ambadress was given prompt attention. She could tell her mistress that the Governor had been too busy to answer her son's envoy as yet, but the matter would be dealt with shortly. Might she buy some horses? Certainly, as many as she liked.

The long-suffering ambassador was dispatched at last. If Idalcan wished for his friendship and the horses, declared

Albuquerque, then he might give him the mainland adjoining Goa and the pass over the Western Ghats. By that time the Governor was preparing to sail again so there was no immediate hurry for Idalcan's reply. When Albuquerque returned to Goa, he would see what offers had come in and close with the best.

The whole of 1514 had passed in these negotiations. Albuquerque remained in India all that year. His first intention had been to sail at the end of January for Aden and the Red Sea, but a number of circumstances had prevented this. What chiefly held him up was the condition of his ships. The fleet of India, never remarkably seaworthy, had returned from the Arabian coast unfit for going anywhere but to the bottom. One ship had actually sunk on the return voyage—happily no lives were lost—and the others would not be able to sail again until they had undergone thorough repair; and the pepper fleet was monopolizing the shipyards. As Albuquerque writes: "They arrive from Portugal in August or September, and I return to India in September or October, according to where I have been . . . and I find the carpenters, smiths, caulkers, coopers and ropemakers all taken up, as well as the time I need to prepare for sailing again at once. . . . Sometimes they make me leave so late that I cannot reach the places where you order me to go." The King, he says, should send out twice as many skilled workers or extra ships to stay in India. "The few sickly artisans we have out here are all needed for your fleet each year . . . it takes up August, September, October, November and December, so I can only leave India in March or April, and then it is with one hand upon my beard and the other on the pump!"

Even in this peculiar attitude he could not get off that year before the monsoon. In some ways this was as well. There was much in India that required attention, and many officials especially who needed watching. "So long as I am present all goes well, but the minute my back is turned, each man acts according to his nature!"

Antonio Real, Lourenço Moreno, and an amiable pair (relatives perhaps) named Diogo and Gaspar Pereira, had been acting according to their natures while the Governor was away in the Red Sea. This enterprising quartet seem to have floated a company amongst themselves for exploiting profitable side-lines. Public funds and government stores were the capital which they had to draw upon. To this Diogo Pereira, clerk of Cochin factory, added money of his own, with which he travelled inland, bought up pepper very cheap, and sold it to the factory afterwards at an enormous profit.

The Governor's arrival broke up the company for good. Not only were the partners scattered, but D. Garcia de Noronha stayed at Cochin when his uncle left, to act as deputy. D. Garcia was young, but already a martinet. No serious disorder would occur where he was in charge. From Cochin, he could also keep an eye upon the fortress works at Calicut, progressing under the direction of the remarkable Tomás Fernandez. Albuquerque himself wintered at Goa, greatly to the advantage of that town.

Elaborate preparations for Aden next year kept all hands occupied. Not only was there the fleet to be repaired and refitted, but material of every sort, offensive and defensive, had to be gathered in. Ladders were made—very long and very strong this time—gunpowder and shot were prepared, artillery and weapons were put in order and large supplies of biscuit were baked. To ensure skilful marksmen for the next campaign, Albuquerque set the men to intensive musket practice. Every Sunday shooting contests were held, with a prize of one cruzado for the man who scored the most. Cavalry exercises occupied Sunday afternoons. The Governor and the fidalgos would take all the horsemen of the garrison into the field, teach them how to ride on Moorish saddles, and practise feats of horsemanship. Often they returned by torchlight after darkness fell.

The ordenanças also received attention. Men were growing accustomed to this institution by that time, and

were beginning to see that military discipline did not lower their dignity. Further, to convince everyone that it was not a form of penal servitude, Albuquerque made a point of accompanying the *ordenança* to the field himself twice a month, marching in the ranks with a pike on his shoulder. When they returned to quarters, all pikes were collected, counted, and put away each on its own peg in the armoury. So much order seems to impress Gaspar Correa greatly.

The *ordenança* made a fine display before the ambassador from Vijayanagar. That diplomat, leaving the Governor's presence, saw a file of men enter the city gate, and had to stand aside to let them pass. He stood there for two hours while a continuous stream swung by with rhythmic tread. The ambassador counted ten thousand men, and no doubt concluded that Europeans were strangely alike! "They do these marches every day," observed the captain of the fort complacently, "to keep themselves in training." He might have added that the daily exercise did not include entering the town by one gate, leaving it by another, running quickly round the wall and re-entering once more!

The captain of Goa resided in the fort. The Governor occupied what had been the Sabayo's palace. It made a very convenient Government House. There was a vast hall opening upon a square, and in this hall the Governor sat at table with the *fidalgos* and about four hundred men. There was no lack of entertainment during meals, for something was always going on in the square outside. There the native troops would come and execute manoeuvres to the sound of strange instruments, there the twenty-four elephants of Goa would be paraded round and at an order from their driver make obeisance before the Governor, while professional dancers from the town would also come and sing their songs and display their agility. It must have been like a perpetual circus.

Though Goa was always full of men-at-arms—and a wild lot some of them were—yet it was a most orderly town. Albuquerque had his firebrands under such complete control

that Gaspar Correa says the provost's function was a sinecure. Women were safe, brawling and fighting were suppressed—the incorrigibly quarrelsome found themselves shipped back to Portugal—and gambling was strictly forbidden. Draughts and chess were the only games allowed. Gambling, said Albuquerque, was a man's perdition—just as greed, he added, was woman's undoing. (Why he considered gluttony a female vice is not explained.) Bad language was also discountenanced. Albuquerque himself, it would appear, was not given to swearing. Certainly he had command of sufficient vigorous and expressive language to need no expletives.

Contemporaries agree that Albuquerque's conversation was very entertaining. He knew how to talk to anyone, and there was nobody whom, if he chose, he could not keep amused. He could be terrifying, but he was never dull. They say that when the Governor delivered a mild scolding it was great fun for those who listened—and were out of it. He seems to have been popular rather than otherwise, but opinions were sharply divided. Afonso de Albuquerque could arouse bitter hatred like that of Antonio Real, or a blind devotion like that of Pero d'Alpoem—indifference was a feeling, or rather lack of feeling, which he rarely met.

Among the native Goanese the verdict was unanimous. They adored him as a conqueror had seldom been loved. He ruled them with strict justice, looked after their welfare, assisted their poor, and never allowed his men to bully them.

Nor were the children of the town neglected. Curiously enough, the terrible Albuquerque seems to have had a soft spot in his heart for children. It is said that when *Frol de la Mar* was wrecked, a little frightened girl, daughter of a captive, came and clung to his hand. Prisoners of war of any age or either sex were simply part of the booty to be divided up among the victors and subsequently sold as slaves. In disasters at sea they were always left to sink or swim. But Albuquerque picked this child up in his arms and

held her there. Of all the rich spoils of Malacca, this baby was the only thing that he saved from the wreck.

At Goa he rounded up all the fatherless and destitute children in the town. Gaspar Correa says that there were many, mostly orphans of dead Portuguese—and raised a fund for their support. They were fed and clothed, those old enough were taught to read and write and say their catechism, and later on they were given means of livelihood. All fines imposed for various delinquencies were made to contribute to this good work, as well as part of the value of prizes taken at sea. A portion of the endowment of the chapel built by Albuquerque on his return from the Red Sea was also earmarked for this charity. Any sums over from the church expenses were to be given to the orphans' fund.

Goa came near to being a model colony. From the conquest onwards, Albuquerque worked to embellish and improve the place, "as a man works for something of his own"—says one who watched him at the task. Besides the fort and factory, armouries, warehouses, storehouses, stables and shipyards, Goa could boast of a school, a well-equipped and well-run hospital, a chapel, an oratory and an important church.

In front of the church the Governor planted a grove of palms. For some reason all were convinced that they would not grow upon that spot. "It will be a great palm grove with tall palms!" said Albuquerque, and went on planting. People called it the "impossible palm grove".

All the same, the palm trees grew.

CHAPTER XXII

The Yearly Mail

“**T**HE Governor,” says Gaspar Correa, “rose in the small hours of the morning, and with his guard, on foot, went to hear Mass, after which he rode off alone with a cane in his hand and a straw hat on his head and, attended by his halberdiers, he made the round of the riverside and the city wall, inspecting all work in progress, for he saw everything with his own eye and he directed all. There followed after him four secretaries with ink and paper, writing orders and dispatches which he signed on horseback as he went along. I, Gaspar Correa, was also his secretary.”

The post of secretary to Albuquerque was no sinecure. These scribes had to trail around after their active chief the best part of the day, and by all accounts he was a most exhausting person. He worked so fast and so incessantly that there were few who could keep pace with him. Fortunately for them, Albuquerque’s secretaries were young and healthy and apparently survived the strain.

Gaspar Correa does not pretend with Braz de Albuquerque that the Governor was “a model of patience at all times”. “Most reasonable, except when he lost his temper!” is this young man’s discerning comment on his chief, whom he seems to have admired immensely all the same. Albuquerque’s temper—we have it on the same authority—was of the kind that breaks out suddenly but passes almost at once.

Antonio da Fonseca, Pero Ortiz, Fernam Pimental, Fernam Moniz, and Gaspar Correa—a boy in his teens, a budding author with a gift for drawing—are the names of

the stout-hearted youths who composed the Governor's clerical staff.

It may seem incredible that any of Albuquerque's hard-worked secretaries should feel like writing in their leisure hours, but Gaspar Correa did. Soon after reaching India in 1512 he had begun his monumental work, which was continued through a lifetime. It is to him that we owe the best descriptions that we have of Albuquerque, and the most authentic portrait too, though one sadly out of drawing.

From the viewpoint of posterity Gaspar Correa is the most distinguished member of the Governor's secretariat, but Albuquerque would have said that Antonio da Fonseca was the man who counted. Antonio da Fonseca had been with him since he took office. He had followed him to the conquests of Goa and Malacca, and accompanied the cruise to the Red Sea. He was senior and chief of the band of secretaries, and all the most confidential work passed through his hands. "He is a great writer," says Albuquerque, "and very expeditious." So he needed to be, for the correspondence that he had to cope with was voluminous.

The beginning of September to the end of the year were the rush months for the secretarial staff. There were all the dispatches to be made up and all the mails to answer. The Governor had no time for this by day, but at the hour when other people went to bed, he sent for one or more of his secretaries and dictated his immortal letters to the King. Often morning found them still at work. Volumes of letters went home every year, some running to ten or twenty thousand words. Four copies were taken of each one and minutes kept of all. No wonder that Albuquerque seems a little sorry for Antonio da Fonseca!

The series of letters that have come down to us is very incomplete, but even so they fill a fair-sized volume. Albuquerque's dispatches are unique of their kind, although there is not the slightest indication of any effort on his part to make them so. There is no straining after literary effect, no polishing of periods—not to be expected of a man who

burns the midnight oil after a strenuous day. He writes exactly as he might have talked, in picturesque and idiomatic Portuguese, the flavour of which is lost in translation. But his direct simplicity is strangely arresting. He has a terse and epigrammatic way of summing up people and situations that would be difficult to imitate. Indeed, Albuquerque's style is so peculiarly his own that any paragraph of his composition can generally be recognized without the signature.

It was not only to the King that he found time to write. Gaspar Correa says that all the dukes and counts of the realm, all members of the royal council, comptrollers of revenue and secretaries of state, were kept minutely posted on the affairs of India, that they might speak from knowledge when called upon to give advice. It is a pity that so few of these missives have been preserved. Being of a less official nature than dispatches for the King—some of these officials were personal friends of Albuquerque—they might give us interesting sidelights. But all that remain are two or three isolated letters and some fragments of the correspondence with Duarte Galvão, the historian, for whom Albuquerque seems to have had a great affection.

It was apparently Duarte Galvão who administered Albuquerque's property in Portugal, but the latter refuses to discuss business with his friend: "I assure you, I don't know what I have, nor do I think about it nor can I remember." He wishes Duarte Galvão would use the proceeds for himself: "if you do me this favour, you will make me feel twenty years younger and I shall believe in your friendship!"

Duarte Galvão was deeply interested in the affairs of India and especially excited at the prospect of an Abyssinian alliance. Duarte Galvão believed in the divine mission of his nation as fervently as any British-Israelite. He had been studying the Prophets, and there he saw the imminent downfall of Islam clearly foretold. What an honour for Afonso de Albuquerque, he cries, to have the chance of being instrumental to the fulfilment of the Heavenly Plan! "So certain am I that this is so and so shall be," he exclaims

with increasing enthusiasm, "that were I much older than I am" (he was sixty-six) "I should be happy for the King to send me out without a hope of gain! There is neither old age nor weakness in the service of God. As St. Paul says: 'My strength is perfected in weakness'. . . . And the proof of this is what has been done by the Portuguese and will yet be achieved. . . . Just as by twelve apostles the Catholic Faith was implanted and idolatry overthrown, so through the Portuguese, few in number and without power, may originate the downfall of Mohammed and his perverse sect! I am sending no other letters this year. . . . I should be obliged if you would show this one to my son, that he may increasingly give himself to the consideration of these sacred matters, as I do."

It is to be feared, however, that pious meditations were not particularly in Ruy Galvão's line. His anxious father goes on to say: "I beg you as a special favour to look after him, and advise him not to be so extravagant, nor entertain so lavishly. His position does not require it of him. Please cure him of this, if he be not already cured."

Apparently he was not. "He is a very good knight," says Albuquerque, relating the boy's exploits at Benastarim, Aden, and Zeila, but adds: "He is a great spendthrift! His one idea is to foregather with other irresponsibles, and together they spend everything he has. Sometimes I reprimand him on your behalf. Nevertheless when he has taken on himself a man's estate, he will outgrow these things and be a most distinguished person. Leave him to weather!"

Duarte Galvão was not the only parent who seemed to expect the Governor to act the heavy father to his offspring. "They say you are displeased with me," writes Albuquerque to Tristão da Cunha, "because I did not function as preceptor to your son." This was Manuel da Cunha, one-time captain of Cannanore, who arrived in India in 1510 and was killed at Goa the next year. "Certainly I would have done so, had I known you had such confidence in me. I did what I could for him, as everybody saw. If he was led astray by

Francisco de Sá and Simão Rangel and would not listen to my advice—what could I do about it, having so much on my shoulders? The Rajah of Cannanore wrote complaining of him and his disorders. I let it pass, and wrote reprimanding him like a son. He answered by a letter I had kept to show you that you might punish him.”—Sixteenth-century fathers wielded absolute authority over their grown-up sons.—“The Rajah wrote again . . . saying he could not stand him—I let that pass again and gave him good advice. When the third complaint arrived from Cannanore, so sharp that I thought the fort would be besieged as in the time of the Viceroy, then I sent for him, lest the last error should be worse than the first. He remained at Goa of his own free will, and died like a true knight, which he was, with all his youthful follies.”

These young men must have been a handful.

Frei Antonio do Loureiro, ex-chaplain of Socotra, is another of Albuquerque's correspondents, and an ardent admirer, judging by an effusive letter written from Moçambique, signed “Your dear friend Frater Antonius”. “I hope you will send me two lines to let me know how you are,” entreats the good man, “and if the seed of the Faith is growing well; and every fleet will bring you news of me, about my poverty and infirmities!” Not a cheerful sort of letter to look forward to!

Nothing, however, could be more depressing than the letters of D. Manuel himself.

In his sunny corner of Europe, the High and Mighty King of Portugal and the Algarves, Lord of Guinea and the Conquest, Navigation and Commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia and India, the Kingdom and Dominion of Ormuz, the Kingdom and Seignory of Goa, and the Kingdom of Malacca—resplendent in his multifarious titles—sat basking in reflected glory. It mattered little to D. Manuel if England, France, Spain and Germany struggled and schemed to consolidate their position on the Continent. His own share of Europe was small, but his flag ruled ten thousand leagues of

ocean, and far-off princes bowed before his throne. Aloof from the welter of his neighbours' politics, he sat serenely and read his Indian mail, and from time to time apprised his brother kings by what new title he might in future be addressed.

Manuel the Fortunate had reason to be pleased with life. It was satisfactory to be told that "All ports from Ormuz to Ceylon are open to your trade . . . and from Ceylon beyond, all ports and all the gold and silver mines are ready to receive your subjects and to deal with them . . . even to China your ships and merchandise may sail secure. . . ." It was pleasant to receive pearls and rubies, priceless silks and exquisite Oriental jewellery every year. It was interesting to have a menagerie of strange animals (the King of Cambay's rhinoceros was a huge success), and exotic slaves enough to stock an ethnological museum—and certainly it was a fine thing to have your ambassador walk through the streets of Rome preceded by an elephant and so announce the conquest of Malacca to the Pope! Also, it was gratifying to have a sermon preached about that conquest before the Holy Father, in which D. Manuel was compared with other Kings of Christendom, much to the latter's disadvantage. While these devoured each other, said the preacher, the virtuous King of Portugal was slashing at the Infidels and conquering fresh dominions for the Faith!—No wonder D. Manuel lived in an atmosphere of almost smug self-satisfaction.

He was careful to share none of this elation with the man who won his glory overseas. It was not often that he expressed approval of anything that Albuquerque did. About Malacca he seems to have said something in a general way, for we find the Governor thanking him politely for these few kind words: "All of us kiss your hands for having remembered us, and feel encouraged to serve in greater things as loyal and good servants." Such commendation, however, was rare. "Your Highness blames me—blames me—blames me—" one letter begins almost desperately.

It was so. D. Manuel blamed Albuquerque for every-

thing. If any pepper leaked out through Cairo, it was through the Governor's neglect. "It is not lack of care and diligence upon my part," Albuquerque protests, "but shortage of ships and men!" When he sailed for Malacca, he was accused of leaving India unprotected, though half his fleet and most of the troops remained. He was upbraided for things he had not done, such as raising the men's pay. "Would it not be well, Senhor," says Albuquerque, "before accusing me, to examine the books?" If Cochin factory failed to pay its way, there again, it seemed he was responsible, though at the same time the King tied his hands by giving him only slight authority over the factors, forbidding him to winter at Cochin or interfere with the loading of the ships.

Albuquerque was perfectly aware of what went on at Cochin. He was plainly itching to set matters right. He considered that the factors were a feckless lot. "They would not know how to buy ten reis of bread at the market!" he declared; further, though he makes no direct accusations, he is more than dubious of their honesty. He has not really much faith in anyone in a commercial walk of life, but, he tells the King, "it would be more advantageous for Your Highness to let yourself be robbed by Florentines, because they are born to business and they understand it".

A factor who does his duty, according to Albuquerque, should not be above taking a hand himself in packing and unpacking bales. "He should examine the pepper to see if it is damp or very dirty. He should verify the weights one by one, and watch the cargo loaded on to the barge and taken straight on board. I judge of this, Senhor, by matters which come into my department. I find that unless I attend to things myself, nothing gets on!" Lourenço Moreno, factor of Cochin, did not like having Albuquerque about!

But the unkindest cut of all was when D. Manuel declared he was not sure if Goa was worth keeping. Goa would, no doubt, prove expensive! Why not give it back to Idalcan, who would certainly make advantageous terms? Let the captains be consulted about this. Albuquerque must not be

prejudiced by all that Goa had cost him. "I am not so vain!" said he, "I only wish that Goa as it is now were due to me alone. I should boast about it to Your Highness and paint a glowing picture!" To his relief, the captains all agreed that to give up Goa would be a grave mistake. It was the very place the Turks had wanted for their naval base.

"I had no idea," laments Albuquerque in a letter to a friend, "that His Highness viewed Goa in that light! I thought he had Goa in his soul, as the greatest thing in India!" To the King himself he says: "If now or ever Your Highness should leave Goa to the Turks, then it is because Our Lord has willed the end of our supremacy in India!" With regard to expense, Goa actually cost very little and would be self-supporting.

This subject of expense was a sore point with D. Manuel. World empire appealed to him but he did not really want to foot the bill. His attitude has been set forth in his own words:

"Afonso de Albuquerque, Friend," he wrote in 1512. "Men who are well paid will serve with greater satisfaction and be happy to remain abroad. Our pleasure is therefore that they be well paid and content . . . but, we enjoin you, let this be done with other people's money—not our own! . . ."

Assuming, no doubt, that other people's money was always readily available, D. Manuel kept Albuquerque very short—how short is illustrated by the well-known story of the lascar. This man had not been paid and came to the Governor to say he could not live. "Borrow from your friends," suggested Albuquerque, thoughtfully tugging his beard. The lascar said that he had no security to offer, but if he could have some hairs of the Governor's beard he could raise money on that. Albuquerque handed him a few. "Pawn them, if you like!" he said—which the man went off and did.

Some time later, when the annual tribute from Ormuz had filled the empty coffers and everyone was being paid, the lascar reappeared. "Will you redeem your beard?" he

asked the Governor. Albuquerque embraced him, and as the money was already gone, paid him from his own pocket.

A less pleasant person than the trusting lascar was the man who expressed what he felt about arrears of pay by emptying slops out of a window when he knew that the Governor was passing underneath. Albuquerque pretended that he had not seen that the man did it on purpose.

He similarly refused to take action when it was reported to him how certain parties were calling him the vilest names. They had reason to be angry, he said, having served well and being unpaid. It was a wonder they did nothing worse than talk. They must vent their feelings somehow, and it was better it should be upon his person than on what concerned the service of the King.

In 1514 the King seems to have had a fit of generosity. He authorized the Governor to spend 8000 cruzados every year in the distribution of rewards for merit.

"I kiss your hands for this favour. Your Highness has done me a great kindness." The rumour of potential gratifications had travelled with the letter, and "men seem to like my face much better than they did!" says Albuquerque.

He seems quite overjoyed at this concession; it was not often that he got any satisfaction from his mails. A catalogue of complaints, a moan over expenses, accusations, unpractical suggestions, and conflicting orders made up the usual budget from home: "Do you know that you change your policy each year?" writes Albuquerque in despair. "India is not the castle of Elmina that can be played with all the time! If Your Highness continues this way, the whole thing may be upset—it is the letters from the poets of India, Senhor, that make you do this."

What Albuquerque called the "poets of India" were the discontented souls who wrote home their version of current events, their grievances against the Governor, and their views as to how things should be managed. "When they have nothing to say, then they invent it. They prognosticate and prophesy, they speak with witches who tell them what

is to come, and so they gather the ingredients for that pie they send home to Your Highness every year!"

The people in question were of course Antonio Real, Lourenço Moreno, Diogo Pereira, and last, but certainly not least, Gaspar Pereira, who bore the pompous title of Secretary of India.

The trouble with Gaspar Pereira, according to Albuquerque, who had known him from his humble origin, who, in fact, had helped him rise, was that he suffered from swelled head. He had come to India with the Viceroy, who, he felt, did not consult him enough. More than once Gaspar Pereira had suggested this and so provoked the snub direct. D. Francisco could not stand Gaspar Pereira. Afonso de Albuquerque heartily concurred. "He is good for nothing else but intrigue," was his verdict, "and at that he is better than any man I know!"

Gaspar Pereira went home at the beginning of 1510, but returned two years later, occupying the same position as before. "He did not approve of me when he came back," says Albuquerque, "nor of my mode of government!"

The post of Secretary of India was really that of Governor's aide-de-camp, and a more unsuitable person than Gaspar Pereira for such a post it would be hard to find. He accompanied his chief to Benastarim under protest, but at the earliest opportunity escaped to Cochin, a happy hot-bed of intrigue where he could feel at home. "It was a mercy!" declared Albuquerque, "that he would not come with me to Aden. He would have made mischief with all my captains and the men. But he will not embark with me to save his life."

Gaspar Pereira was careful not to accompany his chief on any cruise. He had no taste for maritime adventure. A sedentary existence amid a paradise of papers would have been his choice, for he was Nature's bureaucrat. "What he would like," wrote Albuquerque, "are sheaves of petitions in his charge to be dispatched behind closed doors, and many things for which there is no time in India!" A modern government office would have been his spiritual home.

To such a disposition Afonso de Albuquerque was a dreadful trial. He had a horror of accumulating papers or shelving anything till the next day. "Wherever I receive a petition, I read it at once, and answer it upon the spot." He would deal similarly with purely verbal applications, and not insist that they should be written out formally. Gaspar Pereira, who loved red tape, thought all this highly incorrect.

Further, Gaspar Pereira was static. Afonso de Albuquerque was exactly the opposite. João de Barros says of him: "He neither settled down nor slept by day or night"—clearly an exaggeration, but it shows the impression that he left. Gaspar Pereira did not enjoy being attached to a human dynamo; "he said that he was ill and could not follow me about," says Albuquerque, visibly incredulous. But Gaspar Pereira seems to have taken it amiss that the Governor did not sit down by him.

Francisco de Almeida had neither composed nor signed dispatches. He left such work entirely to the Secretary, and Gaspar Pereira disapproved of this. He disapproved far more of Albuquerque, who sent home volumes every year, but never asked for his assistance in the matter.

Albuquerque refused to dictate letters to Gaspar Pereira. He said that his writing was not good enough, besides which he was not "a tractable person whom I can send for at midnight or before dawn, and who can stand a sharp word now and then". Poor Antonio da Fonseca! The post of amanuensis to an overworked genius can have been no bed of roses.

Albuquerque was willing that Gaspar Pereira should see the letters afterwards—so long as they were not confidential. There again was a sore point: "He is offended that I should have secrets from him, but I have always found that Gaspar Pereira never keeps a secret!"

Altogether the Secretary was a man with a grievance, and he intrigued against his chief with all his might. The state of India as set forth in his rather incoherent letters to the King was deplorable. There was the Governor, skulking

behind the lines or sleeping in his tent, while he, Gaspar Pereira, and others performed prodigies of valour. There was the Governor confabulating suspiciously with the Moors of Benastarim, and telling him, Gaspar Pereira, to step out of earshot, that he might not overhear their shady machinations. On this occasion the Governor had accepted for his nephew a coffer full of gold! Finally the writer draws a touching picture of himself—serving faithfully, though discredited by the unworthy Governor who never listened to his sound advice—terribly ill (“He is always ill when I ask him to do anything!” seems to be Albuquerque’s impression), suffering agonies indescribable, but ready still to die where Duty called!

In the congenial atmosphere of Cochin, Gaspar Pereira and Antonio Real, with their mutual friend Diogo Pereira, conspired against the common enemy. Antonio Real had been at Cochin for many years, and while he was in India, there he meant to stay. He had taken no part in any of the conquests or any cruise of Albuquerque’s time. The Governor had wished to send him to Malacca in 1512, but Antonio Real said he was not well enough to go. Albuquerque would have taken him to Aden, but there again, his delicate health forbade. Except on such occasions, however, there did not seem to be much the matter with Antonio Real.

His job at Cochin was to look after the shipyards and to repair the fleet, and he made a great deal of his service to the King: “All the good things that the Governor did,” says Castanheda, “Antonio Real exhibited as his own. Those things he did himself which were not good, he said the Governor ordered to be done!”

Antonio Real’s letters home are masterpieces of invective. Not that they were really his; Antonio Real, it appears, could not compose a letter. He told Diogo Pereira what he wished to say and Diogo Pereira gave it literary form. The calumnies thought out by this inventive pair appear to have no limit. Albuquerque figures on their pages as a monster—not even a monster with brains—not even brave—

a monster who cried out insatiably for ships and men, merely to kill off the one and wreck the other—a dangerous lunatic, it would appear! He was totally incompetent, according to Antonio Real, entirely dishonest, ready to take bribes from anyone, and rapidly amassing wealth by every shady means. Those marriages, for instance, that he arranged at Goa, were nothing more than camouflaged slave-dealing. From the pay of every man that he had married the Governor docked the estimated value of his bride. Albuquerque had made a good thing out of it!

Lourenço Moreno's diatribes were less violent but quite as venomous. He did not love Diogo Pereira, but he disliked the Governor far more. A superior with a penetrating eye was little to his taste. On whatever other subject they might disagree, when it came to rending Albuquerque's reputation, these four were at one. If you throw enough mud, some is sure to stick, and so they laid on hopefully.

To Albuquerque's face, apparently, they were as sweet as honey: "They smooth me down, and butter me up, and talk to me about their aches and pains and how they are unfit for any work, and when they have got me into a good temper and feel sure I shall not report their misdeeds to Your Highness—then, Senhor, they write those letters. . . ." Albuquerque seems to think that he was really too soft-hearted with them. For one of Antonio Real's stoutest efforts fell into his hands at last.

In 1513, at Cannanore, after the Governor's return from Aden, one of the captains, Antonio Raposo, came to him with curious revelations. Gaspar Pereira had been trying to induce him to sign a complaint against Albuquerque that he was sending home. Six fidalgos, whom Gaspar Pereira named, were joining in the accusation.

Antonio Raposo drew Gaspar Pereira on. He easily obtained a copy of the indictment, but Gaspar Pereira showed a strange unwillingness to let him see the alleged signatures. The accusations were of varying strength. The coffer of Benastarim figured conspicuously, but perhaps the

most surprising statement of all was that the men who really governed India were Albuquerque's two Jewish interpreters!

Antonio Raposo promised to consider the question and withdrew. As a result of his cogitations he presented the interesting paper to the Governor himself. Albuquerque took it at once to those fidalgos who were stated to have signed it. He asked them what they knew about the matter, and found that it was the first that they had ever heard of it. Gaspar Pereira was a public danger, they declared.

But further and more surprising disclosures were to come. A certain Antonio Madeira announced that he had seen a letter written by Diogo Pereira for Antonio Real and sent home last year. It was filled with accusations of the Governor. Of what nature? the latter inquired, and Antonio Madeira told him. The charges were many, but Albuquerque has summed them up succinctly enough: "He called me a thief and a Moor and a coward, and a man who did not obey Your Highness's commands."

Diogo Pereira was summoned and invited to confirm what Antonio Madeira said. Exactly what was in that letter? The Governor promised that he should not suffer for it if he told the truth. To look Afonso de Albuquerque in the face and brazen out a lie required a stronger nerve than Diogo Pereira possessed. He collapsed at once. He had done wrong, he wailed. He begged to be forgiven and he would own up.

It was not an easy confession to make, as anybody who has read that letter will agree. Quaking visibly, Diogo Pereira stuttered and became tongue-tied. Albuquerque observed that it was astonishing Antonio Real should have found someone ready to go to Hell for him, whereas he could not find one who wished to go to Heaven for telling the truth!

"Forgive me!" bleated Diogo Pereira once again.

"I forgive you," said the Governor, "but tell the truth!"

Diogo Pereira confessed everything. All that Antonio

Madeira said was in that letter and a great deal more besides, nor was it the only one he and Antonio Real had composed. Albuquerque demanded a copy of the letter, and Diogo Pereira handed it to him.

Antonio Real's bad time came next. In his presence, before the Governor and all the captains and fidalgos, his letter was read aloud "so that all could hear about my infamy", says Albuquerque. When required to swear upon the Gospel if the charges there set forth were true, Antonio Real swore that all were lies.

The fidalgos, indignant at what they had heard, drafted a letter to the King, denying all these accusations. They asked the Governor to send it home. "Not in my mail bags!" he said, fearing that the King would think that he had asked for it.

People wondered what would happen to Antonio Real and his friends. As a matter of fact, they did not even get an angry word. Albuquerque would not punish them, he said, because it was a personal matter. He preferred to send them to the King. Antonio Real and Diogo Pereira were paid up to date, given such loads of pepper as all officials of a certain standing were permitted to take home and comfortably embarked for Portugal. Gaspar Pereira followed the next year. "Let him clear himself before Your Highness," writes the Governor, "because he did not think me an unbiased judge!"

Pending a fresh appointment from the King, Pero d'Alpoem was made Secretary of India, for "I know that he will not deceive me", Albuquerque tells D. Manuel. A Secretary of India's work was always at the Governor's side. There could not be a more congenial post for Pero d'Alpoem.

To be called a coward by Antonio Real does not seem to have troubled Albuquerque, but the suggestion that he was running a slave market troubled him. "The world is so bad," he writes, "that nothing can be said that will not be believed!" He ordered an inquiry to be held upon the subject. All those whom he had married were made to state

upon their oath before the magistrate if they had bought their brides!

This curious document has been preserved, and the testimony is unanimous. Not only were the brides given free and for nothing, but each girl had brought a small dowry with her. To this declaration the interpreter Francisco—now a Jew no longer, but baptized and married at Goa—adds the gratuitous piece of information that his lady would be worth 5000 “pardaos” on any market! The practical Hebrew further estimates the exact cash value of sundry wedding presents given him by the Governor.

The discovery of this “mine of letters”, as Albuquerque puts it, in some way explained to him the mass of reproaches that made up the 1513 mail. But it is a terrible thing to be falsely accused when you know that, even if your refutation is believed, you will have had to live two years under a slur.

“Senhor,” he writes in 1514, “I kiss your hands for any confidence you have in me, for in the dispatches João de Sousa brought, I saw so many faults alleged to me without a cause and so much disbelief of my true letters and genuine information about India, that my heart sank to the ground, and I became twice as white as I already was, for I saw myself wholly misrepresented and my works entirely misconstrued. None the less, Senhor, I showed no sign of this to anyone, nor did your service suffer.”

It is strange that D. Manuel should have been so ready to accept everything that Albuquerque’s detractors said without further investigation. But these four “chroniclers of India”, as Albuquerque calls them, seem to have been much in favour with the King: “Your Highness recommends to me Antonio Real,” says the Governor, “in view of the letter he wrote about me and the confidence with which he inspires you, you ought rather to commend me to him!”

To his friend, D. Martinho, Albuquerque writes that he himself, a member of the Council, would not venture to advise the King so freely as did these men. And yet “what can they know of the affairs of India, shut up in Cochin

and in Cannanore, chewing betel with black women to the right and left!"—which sounds as if Antonio Real and his friends were inclined to go native.

The royal favour went to their heads. Antonio Real, just before he was sent home, made endless trouble by publicly flaunting a very gracious letter from his sovereign lord. D. Manuel thanked Antonio Real for his good services and granted him certain rewards. The *fidalgos* just returned from Aden felt very bitter that such attention should be shown a man who had been living comfortably at Cochin for the last few years. The Governor had the greatest difficulty in soothing their resentment. Why, he asked Antonio Real, had he done such a thing? "The devil tempted me!" replied Antonio Real in a burst of frankness.

The King, Albuquerque tells D. Martinho, should think twice before sending letters of that kind. "Even I, old as I am, and unexcitable, could not receive a letter of thanks from the King without swelling with pride!"

But such things did not come his way.

CHAPTER XXIII

Ormuz Again

THAT he was intrigued against in India, Albuquerque knew. He probably had no idea how many in Portugal were interested in breaking his career. Some of the *fidalgos* whom he had come up against from time to time bore him a bitter grudge, and they had powerful relatives at Court.

Though many of their grievances were fanciful, two or three genuine cases of arbitrary conduct on the Governor's part could be cited. The origin of the trouble, however, was invariably the same: none of these men could endure discipline, and Albuquerque was an autocrat. He had never abused his position for wiping off personal scores. Indeed, in all matters purely personal he could be strangely patient, and few men have shown themselves more willing to forgive; but when it came to insubordination he punished without mercy, and not always in cold blood.

That is what had happened in the affair of Diogo Mendes. Albuquerque's rages were as brief as they were violent, but in this instance some of the offenders had been swinging by the neck before the Governor had time to be "*arrependido*", as Gaspar Correa puts it. Their widows went and wept before D. Manuel, and when Diogo Mendes arrived he had much to say. Diogo Mendes had studied law at Salamanca and knew how to make out a good case for himself.

Albuquerque was at a serious disadvantage as compared with his detractors; they blackened him entirely, but he was too fair-minded to do the same by them. We find him saying what he thinks of his opponents' conduct, but pointing out their worth in the same breath. This peculiarity comes

out in his references to João da Nova, Francisco de Tavora, and Diogo Mendes himself. Even of Antonio Real and his friends he makes no sweeping denunciations, and the worst that we know about this group we do not learn from him. More than once he tells the King that he does not like accusing people, and a study of his letters convinces one that he was sincere. But this distaste for back-biting was more useful to his enemies than to himself.

At Court the envious backed up the discontented. The Governorship of India was an honour which more than one fidalgo felt might worthily be vested in himself. All these suggested to the King that a change was due. It is improbable that D. Manuel ever supposed Albuquerque to be the villain that his enemies made out. At the same time the King appears to have been a remarkably poor judge of men. He took personal pride in Albuquerque's victories, but either he imagined that they were Heaven's reward for his own merit, or else he thought that anyone could do as much. Nothing else can explain why a would-be Emperor of the East should contemplate exchanging an Afonso de Albuquerque for a Lopo Soares.

Lopo Soares de Albergaria had no real wish to go abroad. He had a very pleasant " quinta " at Torres Vedras, and two daughters whom he was loth to leave; besides, he had epileptic fits. He aspired to be Governor of India purely in order to gratify his vanity and satisfy a petty spite, for Lopo Soares hated Albuquerque for reasons not on record. His powerful kinsman, the Barão de Alvito, was pulling strings at Court. The baron was also very anxious to do Albuquerque harm. These intrigues must have been seething throughout 1514, but the fleet that reached India in September brought no hint of them.

Albuquerque had a most attractive programme for the coming year. He would leave as early as possible in force, make for the straits, capturing Aden on the way, proceed thence to Suez to destroy the Soldan's shipping there, and after that down to the island of Dahlak, which he would

seize, and Massawa, where he would build a fort. From Massawa he would cross to have a look at Jiddah and "see what could be done. . . . My idea is to remain a year in the Red Sea with part of the fleet, sending the other ships back to India with my nephew D. Garcia." Next monsoon D. Garcia would return to the Red Sea and take charge while Albuquerque made for India via Ormuz.

The only question was, could Ormuz be left over quite so long? Ever since the conquest of Goa, Ormuz had never dared to refuse the tribute money, but that fort was unfinished still. It had been waiting for nearly seven years. If the rulers of Ormuz imagined that it would wait for ever, they did not know Afonso de Albuquerque. He might be obliged to postpone a project, but he never relinquished one on which he once had set his mind.

When Goa fell, Cogeatar grew nervous; the conqueror might arrive at Ormuz any day. In 1512 the Vizier sent an ambassador to Lisbon—a Sicilian captured as a boy and brought up in the Moslem faith. He was to see what concessions might be obtained from D. Manuel.

Albuquerque had the envoy embarked with every honour. At the same time he wrote urging his King to be very firm. On no account should he reduce the tribute fixed at 15,000 seraphims. "Moors always cry poverty," said Albuquerque, "but 30,000 seraphims would be nothing to Ormuz!"

In a matter affecting his revenues so closely D. Manuel was ready to take Albuquerque's advice. He entertained the ambassador royally, showed him all the sights of Portugal, persuaded him to return to the Christian fold, and sent him back to India rejoicing in the respectable Portuguese name of Nicolau de Ferreira. With regard to Ormuz, D. Manuel told the ambassador to treat with the Governor as the latter might think fit.

But the political situation of Ormuz, never long static, had undergone radical change while Nicolau de Ferreira was away. The Vizier Cogeatar had died, and his understudy Rasnoradin had stepped into his shoes. King Ceifadin did not

get on well with Rasnoradin, and Ceifadin was over twenty—an advanced age for the royal house of Ormuz. A little dose of poison settled Ceifadin, and his younger brother Turan Shah reigned in his stead. Rasnoradin was Persian and inclined to the Shiah sect. He filled the town with his numerous sons and nephews, and was considering the idea of presenting Ormuz to the Shah. Such was the state of affairs reported by the squadron which Albuquerque had sent to fetch the tribute money and explore the Persian Gulf. The ambassador, Nicolau de Ferreira, just arrived in India, had been similarly informed.

On 25th October we find Albuquerque still hesitating between Ormuz and the Red Sea. By 27th November he had made up his mind. If something were not done about Ormuz at once, the island would be appropriated by the Shah.

Further, the financial problem had to be met. No money had arrived from Portugal in 1514. In the factories, Albuquerque affirms, "I cannot see a single 'real'!" If he took the troops to the Red Sea that year, how could the men be paid? On the other hand, Ormuz was simply oozing with money, so Ormuz would be a useful place to occupy. "We are not kept so well provided by Your Highness that it is not sometimes necessary to seek for supplies where they can be found." Everything considered, Aden would have to wait for another year, and when the time came Ormuz would be a convenient base from which to operate.

Conquer Aden—settle Ormuz—and make a Christian of the Rajah of Cochin—so ran D. Manuel's rather wholesale instructions as set forth in the dispatches of 1514. The last item did not seem a very likely proposition but, orders being orders, Albuquerque sailed via Cannanore for Cochin to test the Rajah's reactions to missionary endeavour.

"I used all the arguments mentioned in your letter, and others that occurred to my own feeble intellect." The Rajah, as might have been expected, said that this was very sudden and he must have time to think.

They discussed the matter at great length—quite

pleasantly, it seems. Albuquerque expressed his frank opinion of the customs prevalent in Malabar, "more like those of animals," he said, "than of men so intelligent and sensible as they! . . ." The Rajah vaguely assented, though probably he did not see the point at all. He observed that his people would object if he were to change his faith, but that argument was brushed aside. With the King of Portugal to back him, Albuquerque pointed out, it did not matter what the people thought.

Why did D. Manuel not try to convert his colleagues of Cannanore and Calicut? inquired the Rajah. "I said it was because Your Highness loved him best!" The others would be tackled later. "To everything he answered that he was Your Highness's servant and the work of your hands, but this was a weighty matter to be considered carefully. I answered it was well." So it was left at that.

The Samorin of Calicut, it seems, was always holding the threat of his own imminent conversion over the Rajah of Cochin. He would become a Christian, the Samorin said, and persuade the Portuguese to give Cochin to him! "I could see the Rajah was thinking of that when I spoke to him," says Albuquerque; "I let him think! May it please Our Lord to touch them by His Grace and put them in the way of salvation," he concludes piously, but he does not sound particularly hopeful.

At Cochin, Albuquerque found that his nephew had been having trouble with a certain João Delgado. This man had fought gallantly under the Viceroy and in Albuquerque's time, but in private life it seems he was a ruffian. A Malabar woman to whom he was behaving brutally complained to D. Garcia, and D. Garcia by way of punishment consigned him to the fort.

João Delgado, in a fury, called his young superior names in front of everyone. D. Garcia was not the man to stand this. The prisoner was loaded with chains and locked up in a narrow cell. There he would stay, said D. Garcia, until the Governor came.

When Albuquerque arrived at Cochín, João Delgado asked to be released. "Apologize to D. Garcia," said the Governor, "and he will let you free." João Delgado was beside himself. He did not mean to apologize to anyone! He resolved to poison both the Governor and D. Garcia, and if others were wiped out in the process, João Delgado did not care.

"The devil showed him a way," says Gaspar Correa. The slit that gave air to his prison looked upon the courtyard of the Governor's kitchen. He made friends with a Moslem slave who was assistant cook and gave him a dose of salts of mercury to put in the food. The poison was used to season a dish of sweet eggs that went in for dessert.

Antonio Fernandez, the black butler, who dished the sweetmeat up in bowls, cast longing glances at it. Antonio Fernandez was greedy and the temptation was strong. He could not help eating a little, and was surprised to find how queer he felt almost at once. Sweet eggs, he thought, were sickly on an empty stomach. He withdrew to his quarters feeling very unwell, but did not like to own what he had done.

The dish was taken, unsuspected, to the Governor's table. Happily for them, the captains were less fond of sweet things than Antonio Fernandez. Albuquerque did little more than taste of the dessert, and nobody ate much of it. Thus, though everyone was ill that afternoon, no deaths occurred.

It was obvious that a poisoner had been at work. The kitchen staff were all arrested and, threatened with torture, João Delgado's accomplice confessed.

Albuquerque observed that those who wished to see him dead might well have patience. He was already a sack of straw that might be buried any day. As they would not have long to wait, it was hardly worth while to poison him!

He tried to find out from João Delgado where the poison had been obtained, but nothing could be drawn out of the man beyond a torrent of abuse. The boy Gaspar Correa listened with popping eyes to the prisoner's amazing flow

of words. "If his speech had not been so coherent," he declares in awestruck tones, "one would have thought the man was mad—the things he dared say to the Governor!" Albuquerque sat still and let him talk, hoping that he would let out some clue, but João Delgado did not. "Numbers of men are longing for your death," he shouted, "and some of your best friends among them!"

João Delgado was judged by a tribunal consisting of all the principal fidalgos. He was found guilty and sentenced to a traitor's death, but who had given him the poison no one ever knew.

January found Albuquerque back at Goa assembling his fleet. It had been increased that year by several galleys and some half-dozen caravels, all built in India. The former were expected to be particularly useful in the Red Sea, where the deep-draft ocean-going ships had serious drawbacks.

A Corsican expert, Silvestre de Bacham—called Silvestre Corso by his Portuguese contemporaries—had superintended the construction of these galleys, assisted by a carpenter whom Albuquerque describes as a "marvellous man".

Silvestre de Bacham had two brothers with him, and an officer from the galleys of the King of France made up the little group of specialists in shipping of the Mediterranean type. The Governor assures D. Manuel that he is careful to treat all these foreigners well "rather better than I should a Portuguese of equal rank, because the Portuguese are by their nature more easily content".

Silvestre the Corsican may have been difficult to please, but he knew a great man when he saw one, which is more than could be said of some of Albuquerque's compatriots. He writes of the Governor in terms of unstinted admiration as the most distinguished captain of his time. Neither Gonçalo de Cordoba in the Italian Wars, declares Silvestre, nor Monseigneur de Limoges in France, has done anything to compare with Albuquerque's conquest of Goa.

"He is a great servant of Your Highness," the Corsican further informs D. Manuel, "and no one could be more

careful in the administration of what is yours. As far as I can make out, that is the only reason why some men in India bear him ill-will, for I cannot see that he is wronging anyone. . . . It seems to me, Senhor, you would be well advised to let him govern India for life, should he be willing. . . . I write to tell Your Highness of all this, because over there it is not known how well he serves you, owing to the intrigues of people out here. Let Your Highness bear in mind the great service he did you at Malacca, you owe him this and more. . . .

"Remember what I said to you about Gaspar Pereira!" is the rather cryptic conclusion of this letter.

Large ships, small ships, caravels, foists and brigantines all put to sea on 21st February, Ash Wednesday. The fleet numbered twenty-seven sail, which were counted from the flagship masthead every morning. Albuquerque kept his ships all rigidly to heel, and if anyone dropped out, there was trouble.

He was furious when one morning eleven ships were nowhere to be seen. He took in canvas to wait for them and fidgeted all day. That the galleys were among their number, he said, did not surprise him. What could one expect of these lawless Corsicans?

At sunset the defaulters were sighted far behind. The whole fleet hung back and they were able to resume their places before dark. But the captains heard about it when they sailed up to the flagship for the customary salute. The Governor, Gaspar Correa says, "reprimanded each one with strong words". A sharp scolding by Albuquerque was rather a shattering experience. The Corsicans decided to let a day or two elapse before they ventured within speaking range of their commander. They knew that he could see a joke, so they prepared to divert his attention from their misdeeds by an elaborate "rag".

One Sunday morning, with artillery pointed, and bristling with lances, bedizened with flags, the galleys bore down all together—a beautiful and warlike sight. At the prow of

the foremost stood Silvestre Corso, in shining armour with helmet and plume and leaning upon a two-handed sword. "What manner of men are on that ship?" he shouted to the look-out on his galley mast. And the man aloft looked down upon the flagship deck and said that they were "ratinhos" (journeymen) from Beira!

"Surrender," bellowed the Corsican, "in the name of King Bacchus, Lord of Cellars and Good Wine!" Albuquerque laughed. He had the topsail taken in and his flag carried aft. He had surrendered, he declared; what else did they demand?

"Samples of the ship's merchandise!" replied the Corsican, and the Governor, taking the hint, sent them a tub of wine.

"That was a good prize," observed Silvestre to his men as the barrel was emptied. Having thus successfully escaped their scolding, the Corsican and his following discharged their artillery with great effect, and moved off to repeat the show for D. Garcia's benefit, and incidentally obtain further liquid refreshment!

The fleet put into Muscat for wood and water. Muscat, meek and submissive, was very different from what it had been eight years ago. Everything in the town was at the Governor's disposal, and so was the obsequious Sheik, who called to present his compliments on board.

The Sheik had much to say about the situation at Ormuz. From day to day this was becoming more complicated. Rasnoradin's energetic nephews and their following continued to occupy the town, but one of them, Rais Ahmed, more energetic than the rest, had shut up Uncle Rasnoradin and taken possession of the King himself. What Rais Ahmed's plans might be, no one exactly knew. Rasnoradin was still Vizier in name, but Rais Ahmed held the treasure and the seals of state. It was surmised that he also meant to have the throne.

The Governor felt that his visit to these parts was not ill-timed.

In the purple light of sunset, as he had seen it first eight years ago, Afonso de Albuquerque hove to before the island

of Ormuz. They hailed the city to the sound of trumpets, after which "the ship fired beautifully and so did all the fleet". As in the course of this splendid salvo the heavy guns showered stones upon the town, the inhabitants no doubt appreciated it less than Gaspar Correa did. But the thundering fleet was an impressive sight as darkness fell; "the ships appeared on fire".

So far as might be seen in the evening gloom, Ormuz was prepared against emergencies. All roads leading to the beach were stopped with barricades, on which was mounted artillery of iron and bronze.

Next morning found the fleet all in gala array, flags fluttering from every mast, pikes and lances much in evidence, and brilliant suits of armour hanging in the sun—the heat of that same sun being no doubt the reason why the owners of the suits were not inside them.

The captains assembled on the flagship, which had been adorned with all the splendour it possessed. Everyone must have worked hard the night before, but the result was gratifying. A sail was stretched as awning overhead, a carpet was spread upon the deck, and Flemish tapestries were draped around. Upon a sideboard was laid out a lordly silver dinner set, newly arrived that year from Portugal. The Governor had sent for it, Gaspar Correa explains, because he found that to serve meals on china ware looked poor in gorgeous Asia. Coats of armour were also exhibited, complete with surmounting helmets and belt and sword about their hollow waists, while pikes and halberds hung on pegs all round. Upholstered benches were placed to seat the captains, and for the Governor there was a handsome chair, black velvet, embossed with gold. They never seemed to have more than one chair on these ships, but that one was always very splendid.

As they all sat in state awaiting events, a little boat came alongside bearing a distinguished-looking Moor and another man in a flowing Persian gown. The latter stood up and, cap in hand, shouted in fluent Portuguese "God save the

Senhor Governador, the ship and all the company!" amid great excitement!

It was Miguel Ferreira, hale and hearty after two years at the Persian court. He was returning with the Shah's ambassador, and together they had reached Ormuz about eight weeks ago. His companion in the boat, whom he now introduced, proved to be a messenger from the aforesaid ambassador, sent to present the latter's compliments to Albuquerque.

When all the correct politenesses had been exchanged, the Persian went ashore, and Miguel Ferreira stayed to relate his adventures. He had had a pleasant time in Persia on the whole, though at first it looked as if he was to share his predecessor's fate. A slave had tried to poison him on the way to Tabriz, and although the attempt failed to kill him, it made him very ill.

The Shah sent to find out why the travellers delayed. On hearing of Miguel Ferreira's mishap, the monarch ordered the captain who was his escort to hurry notwithstanding. The invalid could travel in a palanquin, and on no account must die upon the way! If by any chance he did so, the captain was to lose his head. Miguel Ferreira's own mother could not have looked after him more carefully than the Persian captain did after this.

The captain was assisted by the Shah's own doctor, whose orders were to cure the patient or else be decapitated. His wits thus sharpened, the physician did his best, and to the relief of both the harassed officials, Miguel Ferreira did not die on their hands. He arrived at Tabriz convalescent, and shortly afterwards, arrayed in crimson and purple satin, was able to make his bow before the Shah.

Shah Ismail was most gracious to his foreign guest and entertained him splendidly. He gave him a fine house in a pleasant orchard, and every day sent lovely dancing girls to play and sing to him. Miguel Ferreira gave them "gifts and courteous words" but showed himself impervious to their charms. Not only were his orders to keep clear of such

entanglements, but also Miguel Ferreira, we are told, was not that sort of man.

The Shah caused Miguel Ferreira to be shown the glories of his town (four times the size of Evora, it would appear); he sent him on a conducted tour of his dominions, and took him with himself to a great hunt.

His thoughtful kindness went further than this. It seemed a pity, said the Shah, for any man to be without a wife. His guest would have the loan of a charming young woman from the royal household for the duration of his visit. Miguel Ferreira apologized for having to decline the Shah's obliging offer. He had, he said, a wife in Portugal, and he had promised her that he would be faithful while he was away—which excuse the Shah accepted, but did not believe.

When at last Miguel Ferreira craved permission to depart, he was loaded with gifts. An ambassador was sent with him to go to India and to visit Albuquerque. Thus it came about that they all met at Ormuz.

And how had he found Ormuz? asked Albuquerque. Much the same, it seemed, as was reported at Muscat, only that Rais Ahmed released the Vizier when he saw the fleet arrive. Further, a Persian captain had reached Ormuz not many days ago. He was said to have an army waiting on the mainland.

Albuquerque felt that it was high time that he put in his oar. He dispatched the galleys and brigantines to intercept communications to the island, and sent his messengers ashore to see Rasnoradin and Turan Shah.

CHAPTER XXIV

Triumph

TURAN SHAH, King of Ormuz, was as wretched as a mouse in a trap, probably more so. A mouse does not know what is likely to happen next, and Turan Shah knew very well. If he had only been ten years younger all hope would not have been lost, but Turan Shah was already eighteen, and at eighteen a King of Ormuz's life was over. The future held just two alternatives for him: either he would die in his first youth, or live without his eyes. The only question was, how short would be his shrift? It might be a day, or days, or weeks, or months--a year or two at the very best—but his fate was certain and it would soon be on him. And the face on which he daily seemed to read the sentence of approaching doom was the haughty countenance of Rais Ahmed.

Turan Shah lived in terror of Rais Ahmed, and Rais Ahmed never left him. He had shadowed him relentlessly ever since one stormy night when the young king awoke to find the Persian standing over him with a naked sword. "Observe that I can kill you if I choose!" Rais Ahmed had icily remarked.

The upbringing of these persecuted little kings of Ormuz was not calculated to produce strong nerves or stout hearts. Turan Shah flung himself at Rais Ahmed's feet and begged for mercy. Rais Ahmed made him place himself and everything that he possessed in his power; from that day Turan Shah had lived a prisoner in his own palace. He could neither come nor go without permission from Rais Ahmed; he could not receive nor speak to anyone without Rais Ahmed

at his elbow prompting his replies; he could only spend such money as Rais Ahmed might dole out to him; in the fullness of time Rais Ahmed would suppress him altogether. The only reason why the tyrant stayed his hand was that he knew himself to be unpopular. But he was quietly filling Ormuz with supporters from Persia, and when he felt that he was strong enough, then he would crown himself and make an end of Turan Shah.

Turan Shah's only ally was the Vizier Rasnoradin. But Rasnoradin was as helpless as himself against Rais Ahmed. The old man had been ill at the time Rais Ahmed had brought off his coup, and unable to circumvent him. Rasnoradin was now only Vizier in name and just as much a prisoner as the King.

Rais Ahmed became pensive when he saw the Portuguese arrive. His own position was unofficial, to say the least of it, and might be awkward. Awaiting developments, he relaxed his pressure on his uncle and the King. His victims breathed again and hoped for better things. Turan Shah saw a solitary ray of brightness on a black horizon. Perhaps he would find a protector before it was too late.

The ambassador who had been sent to Portugal by the dead Cogear had returned to Ormuz with the Portuguese fleet. He wished to land and deliver his report but, having embraced Christianity unauthorizably, he felt that his position was a little difficult. He said that he hardly dared to go ashore without a hostage being given.

Albuquerque accordingly demanded one on his behalf. At the same time the King was informed that, in the interests of peace, the Portuguese fleet was watching round the island. Any armed men caught attempting to cross would be sent to the bottom. Turan Shah was invited to issue a proclamation to that effect. Other matters there were to discuss, but they could wait till the ambassador had seen the King.

Everyone was anxious to see the returned traveller and hear the result of his embassy. Rasnoradin dispatched a young and most reluctant son as hostage on the flagship.

This poor boy seemed to think that his last moment had come, and the Governor's friendly welcome failed to put him at his ease. He sat all day on a low seat upon the deck, gaping at the unaccustomed sights around and stiff with fear. Albuquerque tried to find out from him about Rais Ahmed, but to be addressed by the alarming stranger made the youth speechless with fear. Nothing could be done but leave him alone.

While the hostage sat tongue-tied, the ambassador was talking a great deal. His strange experiences in Portugal kept the court spell-bound, if incredulous. When, however, he informed them that he had often seen the Queen, her daughters, and lovely ladies of the royal household, his audience waxed almost indignant. Now they knew he was pulling their leg!

His tales were far-fetched but interesting. Turan Shah requested that the ambassador might be allowed to stay with him that night and tell him more. "Keep him as long as you like!" replied the Governor, but he let the trembling hostage go. The King's word was good enough for him, he said. Rasnoradin was pleased. "If you keep faith with the Portuguese," he told Turan Shan, "they will keep faith with you!"

Rais Ahmed said nothing. He and Albuquerque continued to ignore one another. At every interview Rais Ahmed might be seen, a handsome, haughty-looking man of some thirty years, leaning over the King's chair with one hand on his dagger. It was observed that Turan Shah's remarks were all dictated by Rais Ahmed. The latter, however, found no messages addressed to him. When Albuquerque had conquered Ormuz eight years ago, he had delivered the government to Cogear and Rasnoradin, and he now refused to recognize Rais Ahmed.

D. Manuel's answer to the ambassador had been that Ormuz could settle terms with Albuquerque. The Governor announced his intention of abiding by the treaty signed in 1507. He would now finish building the fort he had begun.

Rasnoradin was summoned to see him and discuss the matter.

Rasnoradin, old and gouty, gazed in dismay at the ropeladders that hung from the tall ships. He could not picture himself swinging on one of them. The galleys, on the other hand, were comfortably low. Would Albuquerque be so kind as to receive him on a galley?

On board Silvestre Corso's galley, festively upholstered, Albuquerque and Rasnoradin embraced like long-lost brothers. They talked agreeably of old times before broaching the topic of the fort. Upon this delicate subject the two fenced awhile. Rasnoradin affirmed that the King would be delighted to give the fort to Albuquerque, but not upon the site where it was first begun. That was practically on top of the royal palace, and inconvenient to the last degree. Turan Shah would build one at his own expense in any other place that Albuquerque might select. But it so happened that Albuquerque did not want another place, and in any case it was his firm intention that Turan Shah should pay. Certainly, Albuquerque said sweetly, he would not insist; at the same time he gave Rasnoradin to understand that the only other site likely to be of use to him would be that already occupied by the mosque. Shocked at the prospect of such sacrilege, Rasnoradin prepared to yield his point.

This matter of the fort was in abeyance for several days. Rais Ahmed opposed it very strongly, and Rasnoradin, though anxious to oblige, would have preferred not to give in. But Turan Shah was ready to do anything that placed him under Portuguese protection. Albuquerque was his only hope. In a burst of independence born of desperation he sent word that the Governor might take possession of the fort.

Albuquerque did not wait to be pressed. The very next morning Ormuz awoke to find the point of land, on which the fort had once been in construction, entirely encircled by a strong barricade. Stakes, planks, baskets filled with sand, every sort of fencing material had been landed in the night,

and artillery was posted in the gaps. It was useless now for anyone to change his mind. The strangers could not be dislodged. Besides the fortress, Albuquerque had demanded all the houses by the beach to accommodate the captains and the troops who came ashore.

"You have given your town to the Portuguese!" observed Rais Ahmed in disgust to Turan Shah.

"Better that," said he, "than expose it to the horrors of war!" But it was the horrors of blindness that he really had in mind.

Albuquerque, having scored his first point, turned his attention to the Shah's ambassador, who had come with Miguel Ferreira and was still waiting to be interviewed. The time was now ripe for receiving that diplomat in a manner calculated to impress Ormuz as well as Persia.

When Albuquerque was out to be impressive, he did not do things by halves. This performance was both public and spectacular. A platform three steps high was erected in a conspicuous place within the barricade. A carpet was spread out upon it and green velvet cushions scattered here and there. For background there was a screen of silk brocade. The Governor sat on a chair of green and gold. He wore that suit of black damask in which he always dressed on such occasions. It certainly was very dignified, and emphasized the whiteness of his beard. The captains and *fidalgos*, also in their best clothes, were grouped around, and their pages stood behind, with caps respectfully in hand, each holding his master's lance and shield.

On either side of the road the troops were lined up, complete with banners, pikes, trumpets, and drums, the Malabars and Kanarese beating cymbals and emitting fearsome yells. Between their ranks the ambassadorial procession marched up to the dais, while all the ships' guns roared.

The trumpeters came first, adding their blaring contribution to the deafening din, and were followed by the presents that preceded every Oriental embassy. The Shah's gifts to Albuquerque formed a procession in themselves: in

front two Moors pranced on horseback, with hunting panthers held in leash across their chargers' flanks. After these were led four stately steeds, with silver-plated trappings and a fine coat of mail hanging from each saddle-bow. Behind the horses men walked two by two with costly cloths, silks, satins, damasks and brocades—four hundred pieces altogether—held draped over their outstretched arms. Following these were borne along two basins of uncut turquoises, behind these a golden bowl and ewer, then a dagger and belt of gold, and finally a rich brocaded gown. At the back of all this magnificence walked the ambassador himself, "nobly dressed" and carrying the Shah's letter written on gold leaf, stuck in the folds of his turban.

Beneath the eyes of all Ormuz, including the King and ministers, who were not too proud to gather at the palace window, the dazzling stream moved up towards the dais. Each man deposited his gift upon the platform with bows and complimentary speeches and stood aside for the ambassador. The latter, before climbing the first step, inclined himself until his forehead touched the ground.

"The Governor," says Gaspar Correa, who was drinking it all in, "did not move from the chair in which he sat, only with his hand motioned him to proceed. The ambassador then took the letter from his turban and flourished it aloft. Discarding his shoes, he walked towards the Governor, and in the middle of the platform bowed again. The Governor arose and held out his right hand which the ambassador touched with his own finger-tips, then raised them to his lips and kissed them, which was the greatest courtesy he could have done. After this, he kissed the letter, placed it on his head, and handed it to the Governor. . . ."

"For the Great Lord who commands," Shah Ismail wrote, "stay of the governors and great ones of the religion of Messiah. Mighty warrior, strong and great-hearted Lion of the Sea, Sir Captain General most pleasing to my eyes and heart, you stand high in my esteem, and this is certain as the light of dawn, and unmistakable as the scent of musk!

I desire you may be always great and prosperous and that your path may be illumined as your heart may desire. I would have you know how Coge Alijan came and told me of your love and your goodwill. Some words exchanged between you, he repeated very well, and they increased our mutual friendship. Therefore I send Coge Alijan that he may tell you some things I said to him and make them known to you. I beg you to dispatch him soon and send him back to me. Send me also some master gunners and I shall satisfy them as they wish. I ask this of you for our friendship's sake. All my hope rests with you, and let our messengers ever come and go. Anything you desire of me, ask it of him, and have great confidence in my friendship!"

Having delivered this flowery missive, the ambassador presented the Shah's lordly gifts. He urged the Governor to put on the belt and dagger, as well as the magnificent brocaded robe. The Shah had sent it from his own wardrobe and begged Albuquerque to wear it as a friend.

Albuquerque threw the wondrous garment about his shoulders, but with the usual masculine unwillingness to sport unconventional attire, declined to put it on. Not being a king, he tactfully told the ambassador, he could not wear anything quite so beautiful. He would keep it among his most treasured possessions and show it to his friends.

The ambassador was escorted with dignity to his abode. The dazzling gifts remained displayed upon the dais and Albuquerque made the whole lot over to the captains in one sweeping gesture. He only kept the Shah's gorgeous gown to make a dress for the Virgin in the chapel of Nossa Senhora da Serra at Goa, the coats of mail to send to the Infante D. Luiz, the golden basin and ewer for the Queen, and the hunting panthers for the King of Ormuz. For these he paid the captains out of his own money.

"The captains," says Gaspar Correa, "divided the presents up among themselves, and the other fidalgos and the men remained disconsolate!"

Albuquerque decided to relieve their gloom by making a

general payment up to date. He had been studying Ormuz politics during the last fortnight, and it struck him that here was a golden opportunity to see his army "well paid and content" in the inexpensive manner prescribed by D. Manuel. He sent along the hunting panthers with his compliments and a suggestion that Turan Shah might well oblige him with a loan.

There was nothing on earth with which Turan Shah did not wish to oblige him. He disgorged a handsome sum at once, and the men were paid "at a table before the door of the barricade, to the sound of trumpets, while many Moors looked on". When the money came to an end, Albuquerque brazenly demanded more, and Turan Shah produced as much again.

It was Rais Ahmed himself who fetched the money, looking very pleasant. By that time he had decided upon his line of conduct. He meant to make himself agreeable for the present, while arranging for an opportunity to murder Albuquerque.

Turan Shah discovered his plans and sent a message to the Governor. "He means to kill us both!" it ran, and further details followed. One afternoon when Albuquerque was alone, Rais Ahmed would suddenly appear with many men carrying splendid gifts. Rais Ahmed would present them to the Governor, and while the usual courtesies were going on, the latter could be neatly stabbed.

Albuquerque answered soothingly that he knew all about Rais Ahmed and would deliver Ormuz from his clutches very soon. Meanwhile, he thanked Turan Shah for the friendly warning.

Rasnoradin had also told his tale of woe. It was that of the wicked nephew and the persecuted uncle. After a long and honourable career, this grief had come to darken his old age. Rasnoradin was very pathetic. He implored Albuquerque to pity his grey hairs and save them from a dishonoured grave.

Whatever Albuquerque may have thought about the

Vizier's blameless past, he felt quite certain that Rais Ahmed ought to be suppressed. How this might best be done was discussed with the captains in council. Some writers say that they resolved to seize Rais Ahmed and send him bound to Portugal. Others affirm that from the first the intention was to kill the man, and this is quite probably the truth. Men of that century were not disposed to take the sixth commandment very literally and, when dealing with one who was already planning murder, to forestall him would hardly be considered wrong. At any rate, what happened was this.

A meeting was arranged between the King of Ormuz, Rais Ahmed, Rasnoradin, and Albuquerque. They met in one of the houses by the beach and each party left their armed followers outside. The understanding was that those who went into the conference (eight of each party) should be unarmed—a stipulation which nobody appears to have observed. All the captains had their daggers, and Rais Ahmed came wearing a sword at his side, a dagger in his belt, and a set of knives hanging around his waist, and in his hand he held a little axe. He arrived before the King and walked straight through to the courtyard where the Governor was waiting.

Why these weapons? inquired Albuquerque. Rais Ahmed said that it was his custom to carry them. However, he would take them off. He turned away and apparently discarded some of them. At the same time the King arrived, accompanied by Rasnoradin and sundry others. D. Garcia, posted by the door, ushered them in and bolted it behind them.

Rais Ahmed returned to where the Governor stood. Albuquerque seized the Persian's right hand in both his own. "Take him!" he said to the captains, and pulled him towards them.

With a jerk Rais Ahmed freed himself, caught hold of Albuquerque's velvet collar with his left hand, and with the right sought to snatch the Governor's dagger. Failing to

do this, he was drawing his own sword, when the captains all whipped out their poniards and felled him on the spot.

All this happened very quickly. As Rais Ahmed was dispatched, the Governor stepped forward to greet the King. But Turan Shah had had a fearful shock. He had expected to see Rais Ahmed arrested, but not killed. He feared that the whole thing was a trap. Must he die too? he cried, shaking with alarm.

Albuquerque swept off his cap and bowed profoundly. "You were a prisoner," he said, "but you are now a King!" and apologized for having had the traitor slain before his eyes. He led him ceremoniously to sit upon a lordly chair, girded him with a sword, dagger, and satin cuirass, and threw a gold enamel chain round his neck. All the knights and fidalgos present would serve him, the Governor told Turan Shah. "Therefore," he added pleasantly, "you can cut off the head of anybody who displeases you, and be afraid of none so long as you are a good friend to my Lord the King!"

Outside in the town confusion reigned. Rais Ahmed's followers, battering at the door, were shouting that the King and everyone was killed. The captains of the *ordenança*, at a given signal, scattered them and cleared away the crowd around the house. Albuquerque led Turan Shah up to the terrace on the roof to show to all that he was still alive. Up there, the King addressed his people: Let them be happy and rejoice, he said, for the traitor was dead. He, Turan Shah, was safe upon his throne, and Albuquerque was like a father to him! Loud and prolonged cheers greeted this speech. An awning was erected overhead, and Turan Shah remained on view for the rest of the day. He ordered that food should be brought up for him and for the troops outside.

All the cookshops in Ormuz then displayed their staff work. The fare might not be varied, but it was abundant, and appeared in an incredibly short time. Boiled rice with mutton was prepared wholesale and sent in gigantic cauldrons, each carried by six men. The King's guard ate, the

"ordenança" ate, the Malabars and Kanarese ate, the men guarding the fortress ate, food was even taken out to the ships, and still there was some over.

An enormous meal in silver basins was carried up to Turan Shah as he sat upon his cushion on the roof. He invited Albuquerque to take a seat and share with him, but the Governor does not seem to have been tempted. He said that the Portuguese did not sit down while they were armed. None the less he "slid his shield up his arm, and took a bowl, and put it in the cauldron of rice and took a little, and leaned his lance against his shoulder and ate some, only to show the King that he would eat his food".

Rais Ahmed's brothers and their men had withdrawn to the royal palace and barricaded themselves inside. There they proposed to stay, but some vigorous threats from Albuquerque cleared them out. They were allowed to leave for the mainland with their goods and chattels, and the excitement in Ormuz died down.

In the evening Turan Shah was escorted in triumph to his palace. Albuquerque on a prancing steed curveted in front, and the captains with the troops and trumpeters came after. The bright steel flashed in the red light of torches, Turan Shah rode proudly in his satin cuirass, while an enthusiastic crowd stood on the roofs and ran alongside. The palace gates were opened to the King with cries of joy. "From a terrace aloft some youths with many words and high voices chanted a harangue of praise and benediction, at the end of which were shouts, clashes of cymbals and trumpet blasts."

In the courtyard everyone dismounted. The Governor took the King by the hand, led him to his apartments and bade him farewell with a sweeping bow. "If you wish," he said, "we all shall sleep here armed to guard your person."

Turan Shah embraced his protector enthusiastically. Albuquerque was his father, he declared again, and he would be obedient as a son. There was no need to set a watch at night. He felt so safe that he could sleep with all the doors

open! All the same, Albuquerque left a guard with him.

Ormuz seems to have rejoiced over the murder of Rais Ahmed. But the natives marvelled that the Governor had stopped at that. Having the King entirely in his power, nothing would have been easier than to take possession of the palace, appropriate the treasure, and seize the reins of government himself. Instead, he had merely bowed Turan Shah back on to the throne. To the people of Ormuz this appeared remarkable good faith.

Though Ormuz remained autonomous, however, it must be owned that Albuquerque was very much the master. He had but to whistle for Turan Shah to come to heel, and the young man submitted all problems to him. Such an obedient princeling was much to Albuquerque's taste. He could not have treated Turan Shah with more politeness and respect. He bent the knee to him in the most courtly manner. He stood before him with uncovered head—but he did not hesitate to make known his demands.

There were too many armed men in Ormuz, he told the King. Some partisan of Rais Ahmed would one day let an arrow fly at Turan Shah. The defence of the town being now the Governor's responsibility, it was quite sufficient that the Portuguese alone should carry arms. No others should be allowed to bear weapons, with the sole exception of the royal guard. Let the King issue a proclamation to this effect, and that for his own safety.

How kind of him to think of it! said Turan Shah, and forthwith ordered all his subjects to disarm.

Albuquerque next demanded the artillery. News had come that the Soldan's fleet was on the way (it was true that the Governor had received a letter stating this, but he did not feel called upon to add that he believed the tidings to be false) and extra cannon would be needed.

Take it all! said Turan Shah; but Rasnoradin demurred. The heavy guns, he said, were underground and to dig them up would give much trouble. "No trouble at all!" replied Albuquerque cheerfully—the sailors would do it. He

supplied Rasnoradin with an exact list of the pieces which he required—it amounted to the whole collection. Much to the Vizier's disgust, all the cannon were disinterred and taken.

The Governor further pointed out to Turan Shah that the fortress works and fleet were very costly. Added to this he had an old account to settle with Ormuz. He produced the document presented years ago to Cogcatar, demanding satisfaction for expenses then incurred. When Turan Shah and Rasnoradin had looked into the matter, he requested that they would kindly square the bill. A hundred and twenty thousand seraphims were thus found to be owing, and Albuquerque built his fortress cost free.

Most of these points were settled in the course of some very cordial meetings that took place between the King and the Governor. Turan Shah called soon after Rais Ahmed's death to offer presents and express his gratitude. Albuquerque returned the visit later. Rasnoradin received him at the palace door, followed by the captain of the guard, who told the Governor that he was his slave. The King himself promptly stepped out to meet Albuquerque, who would have kissed his hand on bended knee in the approved style of D. Manuel's court, but Turan Shah would not allow it. He embraced the Governor and kissed him on the head.

With arms entwined they entered the reception room. There they talked, sitting on two velvet chairs with their feet resting on velvet cushions. This was the happiest day in his life, said Turan Shah with more politeness than veracity, and Albuquerque replied in the same tone that all days were happy days to him when he could be of use to Turan Shah. On this high level the conversation was sustained. .

All the same, that Turan Shah might not feel unduly exalted, Albuquerque sent for the latter's two small nephews, children of the late Ceifadin. He caressed them ostentatiously. He loved them because they were the sons of his dear young friend Ceifadin—"poisoned, I am told"—he added, glancing innocently at the Vizier. These boys must be brought up with

every honour, he enjoined Turan Shah, "because they are your heirs". That as such they might be suitably protected, he would take them to live in the fortress with their mother and their household, in style befitting their rank—at Turan Shah's expense, needless to say!

Having thus secured a useful whip to hold over Turan Shah should the latter one day fail to do his duty, the Governor bade his protégé an affectionate farewell. Turan Shah continued to say that Albuquerque was his father, but sometimes, one imagines, he found him a heavy father.

Turan Shah was very glad, however, when, in order to avoid future dynastic complications, the Governor took charge of the fifteen blinded ex-kings of Ormuz. These with their wives and households were subsequently sent to Goa to be maintained there (by Turan Shah, of course!) until they died. Blinded kings with rising families formed the mainspring of Ormuz politics. The great ones of the realm, thus left without a peg on which to hang their intrigues, were now obliged to make the best of Turan Shah.

In accordance with his usual policy, Albuquerque made no attempt to interfere with local government. Beyond insisting that Ormuz should be cleansed of some of its worst vices, and discountenancing oppression of any kind, he left the King and Vizier a free hand. Nor did the foreign occupation upset the residents at all. Merchants were encouraged to come and go, ships visiting the port were given every facility, and any Portuguese who made themselves vexatious were severely punished.

Justice, as conceived by sixteenth-century Europe, was publicly displayed to all the town. "The Governor," says Gaspar Correa, "had a pillory erected in the bazaar, with hooks and rings for hanging people, and a block held by a chain for cutting off hands and heads. When it was finished, the Governor with a few men went to see it one night. He knelt on the first step and, with cap in hand, he said: 'God save thee and increase thee always, Rod of royal Justice of our Lord the King, beloved of God for the punishment of

evil-doers and the protection of the righteous who cannot defend themselves!'"

This pillory was placed at the disposal of the King of Ormuz whenever he cared to use it for the punishment of his own criminals. Turan Shah was charmed with it, but—Albuquerque informs D. Manuel—"he never executes anybody without first advising me".

The fort was meanwhile being built at high pressure. Exactly what remained of the original fort begun in 1507 is not clear. It cannot have been much, for from Gaspar Correa's account—and he took part in the construction of 1515—it seems that most of the foundations had still to be laid.

The work was formally inaugurated on the 3rd of May. That morning the Governor and all the captains took hoes and began to dig, while the priests chanted prayers. The workers then turned to and opened the whole trench. Three days later the first stones were laid, after being blessed and sprinkled with holy water.

"The Governor," according to Gaspar Correa, "cast a cloth over his shoulders, upon which was placed a stone, which he carried down to the foundation and deposited where the builders indicated, after placing beneath it with his own hand five golden coins. D. Garcia and the other captains each brought stones upon their backs and placed them as they were instructed." The fort at last was under way, and Albuquerque's first conquest was regained.

"With this achievement," he writes exultingly, "we shall have settled everything in India except the Red Sea and Aden, to which Ormuz brings us very near and greatly increases our prestige in India. . . . Now, if God please, I shall not ask the King of Cambay for a fort at Diu, but for Diu itself with all its revenues—and I have no doubt he will give it, and anything else Your Highness may demand along the coast. . . ."

For use in the Red Sea next year, he had left two galleys in construction in the shipyards of Cochin and two more at

Calicut—the latter he had arranged to have built free of charge.

“The King of Calicut begged me to allow him to send two ships to Aden this year, but I excused myself, saying that I was going there to make war on the Moors, so why did he want to send his ships? . . . When I decided to come to Ormuz, then, making a virtue of necessity, I told him that if the merchants would build me two large galleys, I would grant them leave to sail. Contrary to my expectations, they agreed. . . . If God please that I find them finished we shall have three large new galleys and one galliot.”

The future seemed full of radiant possibilities, and with this gold-mine of Ormuz in hand, the financial position seemed really promising. Goa was self-supporting and would have a surplus to help elsewhere, Malacca always had paid handsomely, the duties contributed by Calicut were very useful, and “if the Lord permit us to settle at Massawa, which is a port of Prester John, we shall have the pearl fisheries round there and at Dahlak, besides the gold from the land of Prester John. Thus little by little the expenses of India will be relieved.”

Albuquerque hoped for great things from the alliance with Persia. To maintain the friendly intercourse begun, he sent Fernão Gomes de Lemos to Tabriz carrying gifts of weapons and of spices. Fernão Gomes must persuade the Shah to send a Persian envoy direct to Portugal.

Albuquerque's reputation had been growing throughout Asia for the last six years, but this reconquest of Ormuz, bloodless and easy though it had been, carried it to the heights. His name was becoming legendary, and he was the most talked-of man in Persia and Arabia. One by one the chieftains round the Persian Gulf sent their messengers imploring his alliance.

“To the Great Lord, Governor and Great Captain of the Great,” wrote Mirabuçaca, Persian ruler of the lands along the borders of Arabia, “First of the First, Captain of many captains of this age, Fortunate Lion, Captain General and

Governor of India, I, your humble servant and true friend, desiring to serve you as your servant—a thousand times I tell you that I wish you well! I shout aloud that I am your servant! That is why I had to write this letter. I send to you Coge Alachatim Mohamed, at your service, who will tell you what I said about our friendship and that we are one. Have confidence in him, and do not forget us. Write and let me know of anything that you desire, and I shall do it—you will so confer a favour upon me. I write no more save—God increase your state!”

The King of Basra in Arabia wrote:

“I inform the great captain who executes justice and commands on sea and land, who does good on sea and land—that our wills are all at one, and we are obedient to your orders. Your manner of justice is as all men desire, and we hope we may be worthy to be honoured by you as you honoured Abraham Beg and Mirabuçaca with letters and messages. We desire peace and to serve you in everything you wish in any way. Our land is at your service, our vassals are yours and our sons are your sons. In all that you command we shall obey. The honourable Cid Mohamed has gone to you on my behalf—if you tell him what you wish, he will obey. Send your messenger with him. My desire is that nothing should come between us, and what you order Cid is as if you commanded me. My vassals are yours—do not reject them from your sight!”

The kings of Lara and of Bahrein also wrote in the same style. Ormuz was busy with unending arrivals of messengers and ambassadors.

Besides those who came on business there were the hero-worshippers pure and simple. Nowhere does the extraordinary ascendancy of Albuquerque over the Oriental appear to have been more marked than among the Persians and Gulf Arabs. They had seen him at his most terrible in 1507 when he swooped down the Oman coast with fire and sword; yet he seems to have been the conqueror after their own hearts. Men came from far and wide and gathered at

Ormuz merely to have a look at him. Princes sent painters to bring his portrait back, and crowds of admirers thronged the fortress door daily, begging to be let in for just one peep at the great man.

Albuquerque was not often seen outside the fortress works, but when he rode into the town, it was positively embarrassing. An enthusiastic crowd turned out to dog his steps. They pressed around and struggled to get near. When he reined in his horse to let them come near, there was great joy. They gathered by his side to gaze at him, they addressed him elaborate harangues chanting his praise, they presented him with gifts and kissed the hand stretched out to take the offering. Never had his triumph been more complete.

But Albuquerque was dying, and he knew it.

CHAPTER XXV

The Last Journey

AN indomitable spirit allied to a superb constitution will carry a man a long way, but not for ever. The first may never weaken, but then—given the opportunity—it is the more likely to wear the second out.

Albuquerque had exploited to the utmost his own extraordinary physical resistance. Any three of his six years as Governor of India would have left the average man a wreck.

Half killed at Calicut to start with, he had proceeded almost immediately to the conquest of Goa and its desperate defence, followed by weeks of starvation with the fleet in the river. The reconquest and settlement had all been achieved within this same first year, and the expedition to Malacca came in close succession. The strenuous conquest of that town and breathless fortress-building there filled up the next eight months, with shipwreck on the return voyage by way of added stress. Then came the capture of Benastarim, the cruise to Aden and Kamaran directly after; a busy year in India, then Ormuz. There had never been a pause to look round and take breath, for every moment that he was not fighting Albuquerque was working at high pressure all day long and half the night. He never had much time to finish off the task in hand before the next one (quite as urgent) had to be begun. And this unbroken effort was sustained in climates commonly alleged to sap the white man's energy. Albuquerque would have smiled at our modern talk of leave for Europeans in the tropics. When he left the Indian coast it was for such health resorts as the Malay

Straits, the Red Sea or the Persian Gulf during the hottest season—he knew no other climates for nine years.

Added to this was the perpetual harassment of inadequate resources—the problem of turning out bricks without straw, of making hundreds do the work of thousands, of maintaining troops without equipment, of waging war without supplies, of ruling the sea with rotten ships—all the adjustment of ways and means, all the thought and care and camouflage required to play the part of a great power with hardly anything to back him up, and little but destructive criticism from headquarters at home.

That Albuquerque loved his thankless task, that he was wrapped up in it heart and soul and lived for nothing else, we have only to read his letters to be quite convinced, and the fact that he survived so many years of it proves that his bodily strength was almost equal to his mental powers. But to keep pace with his own energy was humanly impossible. By the close of 1514, he himself appears to have become aware that he was nearing the end of his tether. The race with Time, if continued, would turn into a race with Death.

Another man would have slowed down the pace, or asked to be recalled. This one set his teeth, redoubled his efforts, and resolved that if he had not long to live, at any rate he would die in India. And he still hoped to take Aden first.

With this in view he pushed on Ormuz fortress at full speed. It must be finished before December if he was to return to Goa in time to sail for the Red Sea. As he told D. Manuel, Aden alone was lacking for the foundations of his empire to be complete. With Malacca commanding the way to the Far East, Goa in the middle of the India coast, Ormuz holding the trade routes of Central Asia, it remained but to close the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, and Portuguese supremacy would be assured. Upon these corner stones a mighty empire could be raised, an empire that should endure. Albuquerque saw clearly how it might be done, but for all

his dreams of future glory, even he knew moments of mis-giving. It was, after all, a gigantic task for a very small country. So much rested with so few—would her sons always bear in mind the vastness of their responsibility?

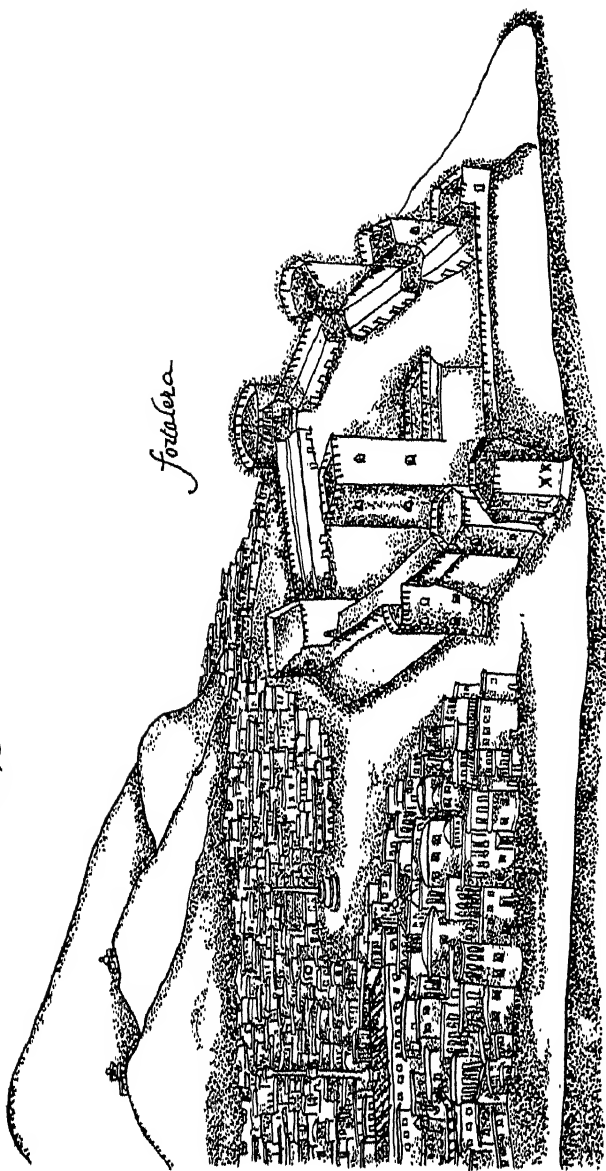
The captains suggested that the walls of Ormuz were not thick enough. "Just as they are," replied the Governor, "so long as they are upheld by justice and without oppression, they are more than sufficient. But if good faith and humanity cease to be observed in these lands, then pride will overthrow the strongest walls we have. Portugal is very poor, and when the poor are covetous they soon become oppressors. The fumes of India are powerful—I fear the time will come when instead of our present fame as warriors we may be only known as grasping tyrants!"

The walls in question being twelve feet thick, we may wonder what the captains had in mind. The building of this fortress gave perhaps more work than any of the others. It was situated on a headland running out to sea, and some of its foundations were laid under water. These had to be opened and filled up in great haste while the tide was low, and special cement had to be made that could resist the action of the sea. Upon the land side old foundations were discovered in the earth which required unheard-of labour to demolish them. Besides the main keep, eight flanking towers were raised. The water supply had also to be considered. There was no such thing upon the island of Ormuz. All water was brought over from the mainland in barges and sold at a good price throughout the town. To provide against siege, Albuquerque had to build two vast vaulted cisterns, underground. These were strongly made in stone and plaster, with closed doors, and they could contain four thousand pipes of water.

To build on so large a scale and solidly in such short time required organization, but Albuquerque knew how to set men to work methodically. He might have hundreds beneath his control and yet there never was confusion or overlapping. Each man's task and hours were rigidly defined,

Ormuz

foralera



FORTRESS OF ORMUZ

After a drawing by Gaspar Correa, who helped to build this fort

and a ceaseless stream of boats plied their way by day and night between the quarry and the fort, so that building was never held up to wait for stone.

To keep Europeans toiling constantly beneath the summer sun of the Persian Gulf would have been to kill them all. Albuquerque therefore divided his men into twelve teams, two of which went on duty every day. Hired local labour did the rest. Altogether, "what with our people," writes the Governor, "as well as Malabar and Kanarese from Goa, besides natives of this land, eight to nine hundred men are constantly at work—some one day, others the next, according to the day allotted them for duty, and the natives carry on continuously. . . ."

Albuquerque also carried on continuously. He never left the work. He was everywhere and behind everyone and superintended everything himself, down to such details as sending for refreshments for the workers and dividing up among them the great baskets of fruit sent by the King of Ormuz almost every day. Gaspar Correa seems to have an agreeable recollection of these impromptu feasts. "Very good wheaten bread which the Moors made like cakes," he tells us happily; "grapes, figs, mangoes, and ripe dates! . . ."

So the days passed. At night, we have it from the same informant, the Governor talked a great deal with Nicolau de Ferreira, the Sicilian-born ambassador whom Cogcatar had sent to Portugal. This man seems to have been much liked by D. Manuel, and had been often with the King. He had plenty to say about the Court and general news of Portugal. He may or may not have known of the intrigues going on there against the Governor. What he had heard and what he told Albuquerque was the rumour that the latter would soon be recalled. Nicolau de Ferreira supposed that the King desired to reward Albuquerque and keep him by his side to give advice.

To Albuquerque the prospect was appalling. "There is no honour in Portugal," he said sadly, "that is equal to the Governorship of India! There may be more bodily repose in

Portugal, but how long can my body live to enjoy that? And what greater refreshment can there be for me than to finish my days, which will be very few, in these labours which are so stimulating to the mind?" He continued with his stimulating labours, but a dark shadow had fallen on his soul.

The burning summer of Ormuz trailed its relentless way. Day after day the blinding sunlight beat upon the bare salt rocks and scorching sands, and shimmered on the white walls of the unfinished fort, where all day long teams of weary men were carrying loads of stone. The building rose while daily the men died. One by one three hundred Portuguese succumbed, and nearly all the less resisting Malabars. Fever and dysentery made fearful havoc, and sometimes men just dropped dead beneath the sun.

It was reported to the Governor that the salaried physicians who accompanied the fleet did not take their duties very seriously. They did not trouble to visit patients often, and when they did go they never failed to charge a fee.

Albuquerque sent for the whole learned fraternity. What was the reason, he inquired, that so many men should die? Upon this theme the sages all dissented at great length, but not, it seems, very convincingly.

"You draw pay as physicians," observed the Governor, "and you do not know what is the matter with the men who serve our Lord the King! Since that is the case, I will teach you of what illness they die."

He led them, wondering, to the fort, and had them loaded with big stones to carry to the wall. All day long the perspiring physicians laboured up and down, until at nightfall Albuquerque let them go. "Those who wrote the books of medicine," he remarked, "by which you learned to rake in money, knew nothing about illness caused by work! Now that I have taught you, you can cure the men of it, and give them of your money which you earn so easily. I advise you as a friend," he concluded amiably, "I should not like to see you sitting on the benches of those galleys!" The

doctors were too exhausted to argue, even had they dared, but they never presented another bill.

Notwithstanding the hard work and the terrific heat, we do not hear this time that anyone complained. "Because the Governor was always there," says Gaspar Correa, "all worked with great good will." He seems to have galvanized them with a spark of his own consuming energy—that energy that burned him up but never could burn out.

He was an exacting taskmaster, but not a callous slave-driver; he appreciated their efforts. "It is hard," he told D. Manuel in one of the last letters he ever wrote, "for knights and fidalgos, after gaining kingdoms and cities, to die beneath their load when carrying stones to fortresses, as happened here to Garcia Coelho upon his day of work!" But it no more occurred to Albuquerque to spare them than to spare himself. When there was work to do, one did it, and if it killed one—one died!

Albuquerque himself was ill with dysentery from the beginning of August, which disease, according to Gaspar Correa, "got a hold upon him because he was old and very wasted". The Governor was not nearly so old as he looked to his young secretary—probably no more than fifty-five—but he did not give himself a chance. He worked on unremittingly the whole of August and most of September, for Albuquerque, they say, would never stay in bed unless he was so ill that literally he could do nothing else. It is therefore not surprising that before October he had reached that stage. For eleven days he was seen by nobody except his servants and—it goes almost without saying—Pero d'Alpoem.

The sudden withdrawal of the driving force brought its inevitable result. Albuquerque had taught his men to work and to work hard, but never without him behind their backs. Everything sagged immediately. The Portuguese and native builders quarrelled, the work ceased to advance, and rumour spread about the town that the Governor was dead.

But Albuquerque, though completely prostrate, was still

alive, and while he lived he always knew what was going on. He became aware how matters stood, and decided that to be ill in peace was a luxury not for him. He arranged to spend part of his time lying by a low window that overlooked the building. There he was seen by everyone and could speak to the men. When he was not there he let the captains come to him. All this did not improve his chances of recovery, but at any rate the work progressed. He could not leave Ormuz until the fort was finished and, dead or alive, he was determined to be back in India by December.

He did not know that Lopo Soares was already there. That faction had prevailed at Court. Victory had seemed dubious for a time. The Queen, more discerning than her husband, had intervened in favour of Afonso de Albuquerque. She even begged her father the King of Aragon to use his influence, but the astute Fernando shrugged his shoulders. After all, it was no affair of his. What his son-in-law was thinking of to contemplate recalling Albuquerque, he remarked to the Portuguese ambassador, he could not well imagine! But he left it at that.

D. Manuel hesitated. For a while many strings were pulled and nothing was decided. But Lopo Soares was on the spot to mobilize his partisans, whereas Albuquerque had not been home for nine years. He still had friends in Portugal, but one so long absent is not, as a rule, very present to the mind.

Lopo Soares had his way, and in September disembarked in India amid general and most unflattering surprise and consternation. Goa received him with icy politeness and ill-concealed dismay. The native princes gasped in blank amazement. "My brother of Portugal," observed the Rajah of Cochin, "evidently needs Afonso de Albuquerque for some much greater thing."

"Not at all!" sniffed Lourenço Moreno. "The King has other fidalgos whom he desires to favour." To which the Rajah sensibly remarked that it seemed strange to exchange a good man for one who might turn out less satisfactory.

The Samorin of Calicut was terribly upset. He declared that he would not have signed a treaty with anybody but Afonso de Albuquerque, nor would he have given leave to build a fort if he had known that Afonso de Albuquerque was not to remain in India. He withdrew to his palace in the hills, that he might not find himself obliged to visit or otherwise communicate with any Governor who was not Albuquerque!

Lopo Soares was furious. He had never loved Albuquerque, but now his cup of hatred overflowed. At any rate there would be satisfaction when his rival returned from Ormuz to find him in possession!

It looked as if his rival would deprive him of that simple pleasure by dying in the Persian Gulf. Though the season advanced, Ormuz remained an oven, and there were fresh cases of sickness every day. Albuquerque, whose death was expected at any moment, confessed himself and received the last sacraments. He was apprehensive of the disorders which might arise among his firebrands when bereft of their commander. D. Garcia, as officially recognized second-in-command, might have assumed control, but D. Garcia had sailed for India at the end of August. Albuquerque summoned the captains and fidalgos to his side. While he still could speak, he said to them, he begged them to promise to obey after his death any person or persons whom he should appoint to take his place. "If you fail to do so," he added, "you can see for yourselves what harm will come of it and the account that you will have to give before God and the King." Deeply moved, all promised to do whatever Albuquerque thought best, and each man's oath was registered in writing. September 26 is the date given by the chroniclers for this occasion.

But Albuquerque did not die then. He even worked spasmodically all through October. Documents signed at Ormuz bear witness to the struggle. One, dated on the first day of the month, authorizes Pero d'Alpoem to make out certain orders in the Governor's name "because I am at

present ill, and unable to attend to things minutely". From that time onward the signatures of Albuquerque and Pero d'Alpoem appear alternately. For a succession of days we meet only the latter, then Albuquerque suddenly takes charge again. On other occasions we find both signing orders on the same day.

Only three letters of Albuquerque written at Ormuz are known. One is the report dated 22nd September, the other two, both short, are respectively of 22nd October and an obliterated date of the same month. Not one of the three contains the slightest allusion to his own state of health.

By the beginning of November the fortress was almost complete. The walls had risen to the battlements; most of the work remaining to be finished was inside. Albuquerque had never made a conquest that he did not leave in perfect working order, and the fact that he was dying made no difference now. He still had thought of everything and left all matters organized down to the last detail. The fortress was furnished with artillery, munitions, and stores, besides two thousand tons of water underground. Pero de Albuquerque, a young cousin of the Governor, being a favourite with Turan Shah, would remain in command. He would have 400 men in garrison and a fleet of three ships to guard the coast. Every officer connected with the factory, fleet, or fort was carefully selected and his salary fixed, and each received his "regimento" (paper of instructions). The exact expenses of the fort with pay and maintenance of all the men were minutely worked out, and the balance left out of the yearly tribute calculated. An extra sum was also given to the captain to be kept in reserve for emergencies.

Thus, having set "great good order in all things" as Gaspar Correa puts it, Albuquerque's task at Ormuz was accomplished and he could prepare to leave. As, contrary to all expectations, he had managed to keep alive so long, it did not seem impossible that he might yet recover. For this, the doctor was convinced, his best chance would be at

sea. He elected to travel on *Frol da Rosa*, the ship commanded by his great friend Diogo Fernandes de Beja. Three other ships would sail with them to India; the rest of the fleet was to remain until the building was entirely finished.

Albuquerque left Ormuz on the 8th of November. He embarked in the early afternoon, the hour when everyone took cover from the sun, preferring to face the noonday glare rather than the overwhelming demonstrations of his native admirers. Thus he escaped them all, and as soon as he was on board, *Frol da Rosa* sailed and anchored a league outside the town. From this safe distance the Governor sent two messengers ashore. They presented his farewells to Turan Shah and apologies for having been unable to deliver them in person. The King seemed very genuinely distressed. If he had but known, he exclaimed, he would have gone to see the Governor himself before he embarked—which is exactly what Albuquerque had manœuvred to avoid.

All the captains remaining at Ormuz went out to *Frol da Rosa* to take leave of their commander. He said that it was not likely that he would see them again. But he did not talk like that to Hasan Ali, a member of the King's household, who appeared alongside the ship before she sailed. Hasan Ali came ostensibly to present a boat-load of preserved fruit from the King to the Governor, and incidentally—it was suspected—to find out whether Albuquerque was really still alive.

It would not do to leave Ormuz in doubt of his existence. Albuquerque received Hasan Ali in his cabin. The latter could tell the King that the Governor was much better and hoped to return to Ormuz very soon. Albuquerque acted the convalescent so convincingly that Hasan Ali went off believing what he said.

There really was some slight improvement, it would seem, during the first few days at sea. Away from Ormuz at last—having left the heat and the dust and the noise for the clean open spaces and peace of the sea, and the soothing familiar roll of a ship riding over the waves—it was almost

impossible not to feel better. But the very fact that death seemed farther off brought back Nicolau de Ferreira's words and the haunting fear that they might find another Governor in India.

What of that? his friends declared. In view of his great services it could only mean that the King desired him to come home to be rewarded and to spend his declining years in comfort and repose, and certainly he would receive a title.

But Albuquerque had not the least wish to go home and rest. Physically he might be a wreck, but in spirit he was unwearied still. The reward for which he had always hoped was to be allowed to die in harness in India. He had even asked the King to grant him this, as may be gathered from a letter written in 1514. Nor did the idea of parading at D. Manuel's court—with or without a title—rejoice a man accustomed to using princes as his pawns and spreading himself across the map of Asia. "Portugal is very little!" he said. Besides, what reason had he to believe that the King appreciated his services as they suggested? D. Manuel had always shown himself frankly unenthusiastic. Albuquerque entertained no illusions regarding the reception likely to await him should he be recalled to Portugal and live till he got there. "I should find them all against me," was his verdict.

As they left the Oman coast they sighted a dhow, sailing the other way. It seemed to come from India and might furnish news. The brigantine gave chase, the dhow hove to, its captain and pilot were seized and hauled aboard. Albuquerque sent for them to be questioned in his cabin. He did not trust Diogo Fernandes to tell him the whole truth.

The Moslems said that they came from Dabul and were going to Malindi via Ormuz. A governor had arrived in India two months ago with many ships and captains for the fortresses. He had spent about four weeks at Goa and then gone to Cochin. That was all they had to tell. Albuquerque dismissed them with permission to proceed. He had found out what he wanted to know.

From the moment that he heard his life work had been

taken from him Afonso de Albuquerque gave up the struggle to get well. He had been living on nothing but his will-power for the last six weeks, so it was easy to let go. The relapse was immediate and final. Neither Diogo Fernandes nor Pero d'Alpoem could rouse him to take an interest in anything. To live till he reached Goa seemed to be his sole desire on earth. It was doubtful if he would succeed, for there was little wind.

Slowly they passed around the Gulf of Cambay and sighted Dabul. Albuquerque then ordered the royal standard to be taken from the mast, since he was no longer Governor of India. He dictated his last letter to D. Manuel—as terse and unemotional as any of the rest.

“ Senhor: I do not write to Your Highness in my own hand, because at the making of this letter, I am dying.

“ I, Senhor, leave behind a son to perpetuate my memory, to whom I bequeath all my property, which is little enough, but I also leave him what is owed me for all my services and that is much—affairs of India will speak for him and me. I leave India with all the principal points taken and in your power, the only difficulty that remains being to close—very securely—the door of the straits. This is what Your Highness committed to me. I, Senhor, always advised you to secure India from there and so avoid expense. I beg Your Highness as a favour to remember all this and to make my son great and give him every satisfaction for my service. I place my confidence in the hands of Your Highness and the Lady Queen—I commend myself to you both to promote my affairs, since I die in your service and I have deserved it of you. With regard to my pensions, most of which I bought, as Your Highness knows, I kiss your hands if you will transfer them to my son.

“ Written at sea, the 6th day of December of 1515.”
(Then, in Albuquerque's writing, shaky but still quite legible):

“ Your Highness's servant,

“ A. de Albuquerque.”

Already he had made a few additions to his will and given instructions for his burial. This was to be in the little chapel of Nossa Senhora da Serra at Goa, but shortly before he died he expressed a wish that later on his bones should be sent back to Portugal. He made Pero d'Alpoem his executor, and he specially requested the new Governor not to have an auction of his personal effects as was customary when anybody died in India. He said he did not want his worn-out clothes to be displayed for everyone to see! Incidentally, this was one of the first things Lopo Soares did.

Frol da Rosa glided down the coast before a feeble breeze. Not until 15th December did she approach the bar. Albuquerque was by that time "struggling with death", but his mind remained painfully lucid to the end, and so the last blow was not spared.

At night a foist proceeding from Goa to Gaul was hailed by *Frol da Rosa's* companion ship as she drew near. Who had arrived from Portugal that year? From the little vessel was answered briefly as she sailed into the dark: "Lopo Soares as Governor, Diogo Mendes de Vasconcelos captain of Cochin, Diogo Pereira as factor. . . ." Other captains were also named—mostly enemies of Albuquerque—and so the foist passed on "without stopping or asking any questions".

Albuquerque in his cabin heard it all. "This is good news for me!" he said bitterly to Diogo Fernandes. "Those whom I sent home and upon whom I reported unfavourably have come back with all the best appointments. My sins must certainly be great before the King. Since for the King's sake I have put men against me, and men have turned the King against me, there is nothing but to take refuge in the Church!" And he turned his face away.

This was the end. He asked for the Crucifix that hung upon the wall. "Lord!" he prayed, "who in Thy mercy didst shed Thy precious blood upon the Cross to redeem sinners—through this holy redemption, save my sinful soul!" He still survived the night, while his confessor read to him out of the Gospel of St. John.

In the red light of dawn they sailed into the river Mandovi. The island of Divar in front of Goa could be seen, and the little church upon the hill. Albuquerque, at the point of death, rose from his bed and with support he reached the cabin door. The dying man leaned his shoulder against it and looked once more upon his dearest conquest and his future resting-place. Then he lay down for the last time.

He died as the anchor slid its chain in Goa harbour.

They dressed him in the habit of a knight of Santiago, and carried him ashore in a boat all draped with black. The natives of Goa, who had received Lopo Soares so coldly, now turned out with heart-rending wails and lamentations to follow their dead conqueror to his grave. They said that there must be war in Heaven, since God had sent for him! D. Goterre de Monroy, the new captain of Goa, watched with amazement their display of grief. "The King must have been misinformed about Afonso de Albuquerque," he observed. "If he were as has been represented, these people would not have loved him so!"

This love Lopo Soares took very much amiss. Because they kept Albuquerque's grave adorned with flowers, and talked to him as if he were alive, and brought him their complaints, Lopo Soares desired to destroy both the chapel and tomb. He did not venture quite so far, but he had the upper storey of the chapel taken down.

He had to get what satisfaction he could out of this, for he could not wipe his rival's image from the people's hearts. He could, and did, try to destroy what Albuquerque had built, and alter everything he had arranged, but to make the generation that knew Albuquerque forget him was a more hopeless task than Lopo Soares could suspect. Four hundred years have passed since Albuquerque's death, but his memory is a cult at Goa to this day!

EPILOGUE

"Afonso de Albuquerque, Friend!" wrote D. Manuel, much agitated, on the 20th March, 1516. "News has reached us via Venice that the Soldan's fleet has gone to India, in which case, though we had commanded your return, we deem it imperative that you should stay! From the experience we have had of you and your service, and the victory which Our Lord has always given you, we feel it would be the greatest comfort to know we have you there! Therefore, we notify our will and determination, we enjoin and order you, if indeed the Soldan's fleet should have arrived, that you expel it with that zeal and good will with which you have ever served us."

The letter further takes on an imploring note: "You could do us no greater service than this," entreats the King, "nor give us more satisfaction . . . we rely wholly upon you, and if you execute these our commands, we shall feel as much at rest as though we could attend to them in person! . . ."

"Lopo Soares, Friend," also had his letter, which reached its destination if the other one did not, and which the recipient must have enjoyed!

D. Manuel trusts that Lopo Soares will take in a right spirit the new arrangements which his sovereign has seen fit to make: Cochin, Calicut, and Malacca are to be left to Lopo Soares with 400 men—Afonso de Albuquerque must resume command of all the rest.

"Though we have entire confidence in you," the King explains politely, "it seems to us that you are not sufficient should the Soldan's fleet have arrived in India. You cannot have the qualifications that Afonso de Albuquerque has with his years of experience, for the profit and safety of

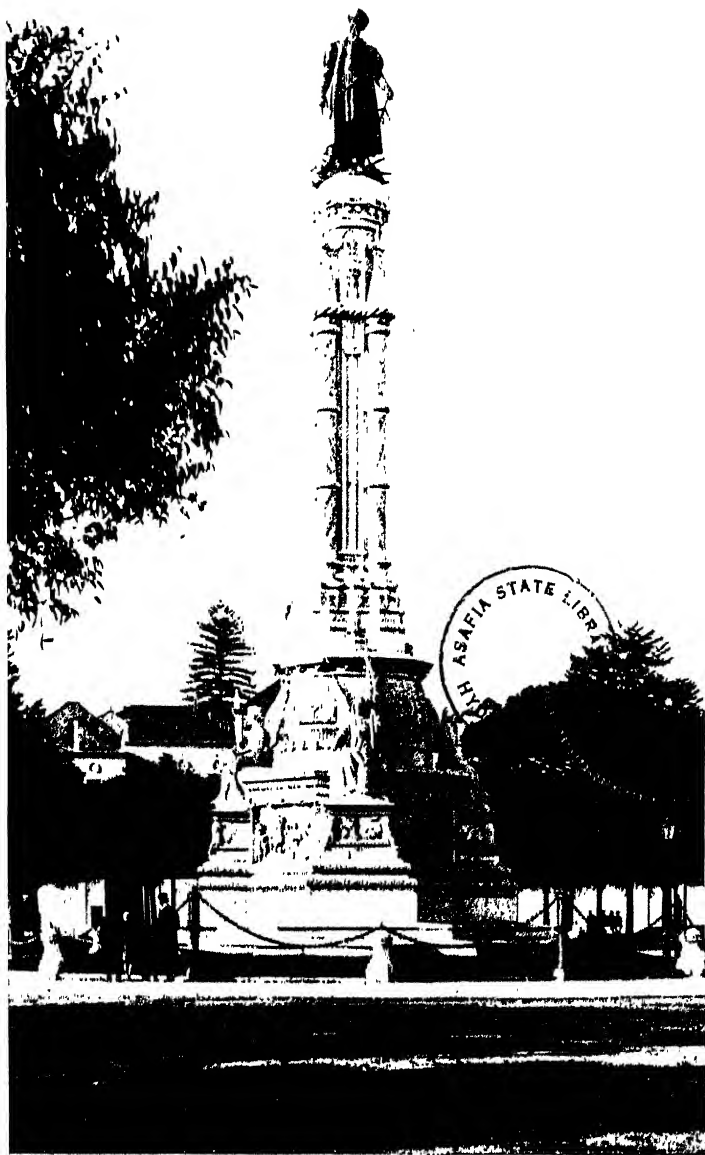
those parts. . . . It therefore behoves us to avail ourselves of this experience which he has on sea and land, as well as the great victories which Our Lord has always granted him in all his undertakings. . . ." Many more similar considerations are set forth by D. Manuel. If he had but thought of some of them a little earlier, the greatest empire-builder that his country ever had need not have died heartbroken, overcome by a sense of failure.

The Soldan's fleet as usual did not materialize, but Lopo Soares got little pleasure out of his three years in India. He went there hoping to triumph over a living man; instead he was humiliated by a haunting memory. It followed him to the Red Sea on his mismanaged cruise to Jiddah, where he heard men cursing his incompetence and comparing him unfavourably with Albuquerque. It rose to mock him at Ormuz, where the young King unsuspectingly filled his ears with praises of his predecessor, till Lopo Soares turned hastily away. And at Goa—haunted Goa—there was never any peace. Every day free fights occurred between his men and those who had served Albuquerque. Lopo Soares' minions, "abused Afonso de Albuquerque," says Gaspar Correa, "and the men of India could not bear it!" To criticize had been their privilege during his lifetime, but it had died with him!

D. Manuel was much the same. He had done little but find fault with Albuquerque while he lived, but once he heard that he was dead, he could not do enough in honour of his memory. He sent for the Governor's fifteen-year-old son and took charge of the boy. Braz in future was to call himself Afonso, that the King might still have an Afonso de Albuquerque.

But though D. Manuel had light-heartedly recalled the living Albuquerque, neither he nor his successor dared to have the dead man's bones brought home, and they remained at Goa fifty years. So long as Albuquerque's tomb was there, D. Manuel said, he felt that India was safe.

He did not know how much more was buried in that



THE MONUMENT TO ALBUQUERQUE AT BELEM

grave at Goa than just the worn-out body of its conqueror. With the passing of Albuquerque an age of brilliant possibilities had ended. The fact was not at once apparent, but the golden Eastern dream began to lose its lustre, and it faded slowly to the light of common day.

For seventy years or more Portugal continued to fill the Orient with the great deeds of her sons, but the Empire had become a thing that could not live. There were many reasons for this, of course—some of them beyond human control—but the first link in that fatal chain was forged by Manuel himself when he rejected Albuquerque for Lopo Soares.

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- Castanheda: *Historia do Descobrimento e Conquista da India pelos Portugueses*. Livros I, II, and III.
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Beyond a short biography by Antonio Baião (Coimbra, 1913), and an even shorter work by Edgar Prestage (Watford, 1929), I have been unable to discover any modern life-history of Albuquerque. Articles on different aspects of his career of course abound in various learned publications.

My own narrative does not claim to put forward any facts not already well-known to the historian. It is little more than a paraphrase of what I find related in the chronicles, checked and supplemented by the letters of Albuquerque himself and innumerable contemporary papers. His career in India is particularly well documented, and may be followed almost from day to day, thanks to the remarkable series published by the Lisbon Academy of Science. This includes practically everything that has survived of the archives of India during Albuquerque's time—a wealth of material out of which a dozen books might be compiled.

Incidentally, some of the most surprising facts of Albuquerque's career may be gathered, not from chroniclers who might exaggerate, but from matter-of-fact prosaic papers written with no eye on posterity and dating from the actual moment of the events to which they relate. It is from such sources that I gathered my account of the condition and equipment of the fleet with which Albuquerque sailed from Socotra to his first conquest of Ormuz.

Of contemporary writers enumerated in the list above, after Albuquerque himself, who naturally ranks first, Braz de Albuquerque, Gaspar Correa, and Castanheda are the most valuable. I have based my account almost exclusively on them. Gaspar Correa and Braz de Albuquerque, in my opinion, should bear more weight than Castanheda, excellent though the latter's work undoubtedly is. Being a member of the Governor's confidential secretariat, Gaspar Correa had access to information not easily available to other writers, while Braz de Albuquerque came into possession of all his father's papers, and it was with their aid that he compiled his narrative. For a living portrait of Albuquerque and vivid descriptions of the events of his time, Gaspar Correa is the man whom we must consult. He has the great advantage over every other writer of having known Albuquerque very well. Intimacy between the two obviously could not exist. The Governor was not likely to have made a confidant of this, the youngest of his secretaries. Gaspar Correa, however, had ample opportunity of studying his master's character, and the youth showed penetration. Albuquerque as depicted by Gaspar Correa, and the real man unconsciously revealed in Albuquerque's own letters, are essentially the same. For another man to convey the same impression of a personality as that person himself, is surely no mean achievement.

Fernão Lopes de Castanheda arrived in India in 1529. He conducted careful researches on the spot before embarking on his work. His history was not the first to be written, but it was the first to appear in print, and as such has enjoyed superior prestige. Castanheda is a conscientious and painstaking historian who consulted eye-witnesses and had access to documents. He is generally a safer guide with regard to dates than Gaspar Correa, who relies too much on memory for such things; this Castanheda obviously could not attempt to do. Castanheda's work is preferable to that of his contemporary João de Barros, who, indeed, is said to have derived much of his information from the former.

João de Barros never went to India, but he studied his subject carefully. His "Decadas" are good, but there is little there that Castanheda has not already told. The same applies to Damião de Goes, whose chronicle was published last of all, except that of Gaspar Correa which, though written first, remained for three hundred years in manuscript.

None of these writers, I may add, are Albuquerque's pane-

gyrists, with the sole and natural exception of his son—not that the latter's account differs substantially from any other, only he thinks that what his father did was always right. Thus, where Gaspar Correa would say quite frankly that the Governor lost his temper, to Braz he would seem moved by righteous indignation. But young Albuquerque is sufficiently the son of his father not to vituperate the latter's enemies, and even of the Viceroy's persecution he writes with some restraint.

The other authorities are quite dispassionate. They realized that Albuquerque was a great man, but, as often with contemporaries, they did not see him in his true perspective. Overlooking the gulf that separates talent from genius, they class him with Francisco de Almeida and other notable men of the time. It is as military commander that they appreciate him most; Gaspar Correa is perhaps the only one to show some appreciation of his constructive work.

One word with regard to native names occurring in my book. I have, with very few exceptions, adhered to the rendering given by Portuguese contemporaries. These are, no doubt, corrupted versions of the originals—attempts at phonetic reproduction of exotic sounds. Thus, I suspect, Cogear to be really Kodja Attar, and Rasnoradin is plainly derived from Ras-nur-ed-din, but being unacquainted with Oriental languages, I have not ventured to rectify, but merely copied what I found.

Further, I would like to add that none of the dialogues appearing in this book have been invented. All are words recorded by the writers of the time.

CHRONOLOGY

OF

PRINCIPAL EVENTS AND ITINERARIES OF ALBUQUERQUE'S CAREER

EARLY LIFE

Probable date of birth	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1460
Document signed by Afonso V granting Albuquerque's father six milreis a year to pay for his son's studies								29th December, 1473
Battle of Toro	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1476
Sailed with Portuguese fleet to Naples	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1480
Went to Arzila subsequent to death of Afonso V	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1481
Returned to Portugal	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	about 1489
Was member of D. João II's bodyguard commanded by Fernão Martins Mascarenhas	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1490
Appointed Chief Equerry to the King	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Shortly after
Returned to Arzila after D. João II's death	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1495
Returned to Portugal and became guardsman to D. Manuel								Subsequently

LATER YEARS

1503

FIRST VOYAGE TO INDIA

Sailed from Belem	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	6th April
Arrived at Cochin	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	End of September
Quilon	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	December

1504

Left Quilon	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	12th January
Sailed from Cannanore for Portugal	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	25th January
Arrived in Lisbon	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	July

1506

SECOND VOYAGE TO INDIA

Sailed from Belem	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	6th April
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Moçambique - - -	- - -	- - -	October
Exploration of Madagascar	- - -	-	November to January

1507

Return to Moçambique - - -	- - -	-	End of January
Socotra - - -	- - -	-	- April
Sailed for Oman Coast	- - -	-	10th August
Kalyat - - -	- - -	-	18th August
Sailed for Kurhat - - -	- - -	-	22nd August
Muscat - - -	- - -	-	2nd September
Sohar - - -	- - -	-	16th September
Orfaçom - - -	- - -	-	22nd September
ORMUZ - - -	- - -	-	25th September
Fortress begun - - -	- - -	-	- October
First protest of captains	- - -	-	8th December

1508

Outbreak of hostilities with Ormuz	- - -	-	January
Desertion of captains - - -	- - -	-	Before 2nd February
Departure from Ormuz - - -	- - -	-	6th February
Arrival at Socotra - - -	- - -	-	26th February
Guardafui - - -	- - -	-	March and April
Socotra again - - -	- - -	-	- May
Departure for Ormuz - - -	- - -	-	15th August
Destruction of Kalyat - - -	- - -	-	25th August
Ormuz - - -	- - -	-	13th September
Abandoned Ormuz - - -	- - -	-	3rd November
Arrival at Cannanore - - -	- - -	-	4th or 5th December
Sailed for Cochin - - -	- - -	-	11th December
Arrived at Cochin - - -	- - -	-	14th December

1509

Viceroy's battle with the Turks at Diu - -	- -	-	February
Viceroy's return to Cochin - - -	- -	-	March
Arrival of Diogo Lopes de Sequeira - -	- -	-	21st April
Albuquerque arrested and sent to Cannanore	- -	-	9th September
Marshal arrived at Cannanore - - -	- -	-	End of October
Albuquerque and Marshal arrived at Cochin	- -	-	28th October
Viceroy relinquished government and embarked	- -	-	5th November

1510

Raid on Calicut	-	-	-	-	-	-	3rd January
Return to Cochin	-	-	-	-	-	-	6th or 7th January
Sailed with fleet from Cochin	-	-	-	-	-	Before 6th	February
FIRST CONQUEST OF GOA	-	-	-	-	-	-	1st March
Arrival of Idalcan's army	-	-	-	-	-	-	April
Island invaded by troops of Idalcan	-	-	-	-	-	-	16th May
Goa abandoned for the ships	-	-	-	-	-	23rd or 24th	May
Death of D. Antonio	-	-	-	-	-	-	8th July
Fleet sailed out of River Mandovi	-	-	-	-	-	-	15th August
Anjadiva	-	-	-	-	-	-	17th August
Cannanore	-	-	-	-	-	-	26th August
Arrival of fleet from Portugal	-	-	-	-	-	17th	September
Visit to Cochin	-	-	-	-	-	26th September-11th	October
Cannanore again	-	-	-	-	-	-	16th October
FINAL CONQUEST OF GOA	-	-	-	-	-	-	25th November
Fortress-building started	-	-	-	-	-	-	1st or 2nd December

1511

Departure for Malacca	-	-	-	-	-	-	End of April
Arrival at Malacca	-	-	-	-	-	Between 11th	June and July
First assault on Malacca	-	-	-	-	-	-	25th July
CONQUEST OF MALACCA	-	-	-	-	-	-	24th August
Antonio de Abreu dispatched to the Moluccas	-	-	-	-	-	-	November

1512

Departure from Malacca	-	-	-	-	-	-	January
Arrival at Cochin	-	-	-	-	-	-	29th February
Arrival of fleet from Portugal and D. Garcia from							
Moçambique	-	-	-	-	-	-	20th August
Departure from Cochin	-	-	-	-	-	First week in	October
Goa	-	-	-	-	-	-	3rd November(?)
SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF BENASTARIM						First 3 weeks of	November
Report giving account of same	-	-	-	-	-	-	23rd November
Arrival of Ambassador from Abyssinia	-	-	-	-	-	-	December

1513

Sailed for the Red Sea	-	-	-	-	-	-	7th February
Arrival at Aden	-	-	-	-	-	-	22nd April
Assault on Aden	-	-	-	-	-	-	23rd April

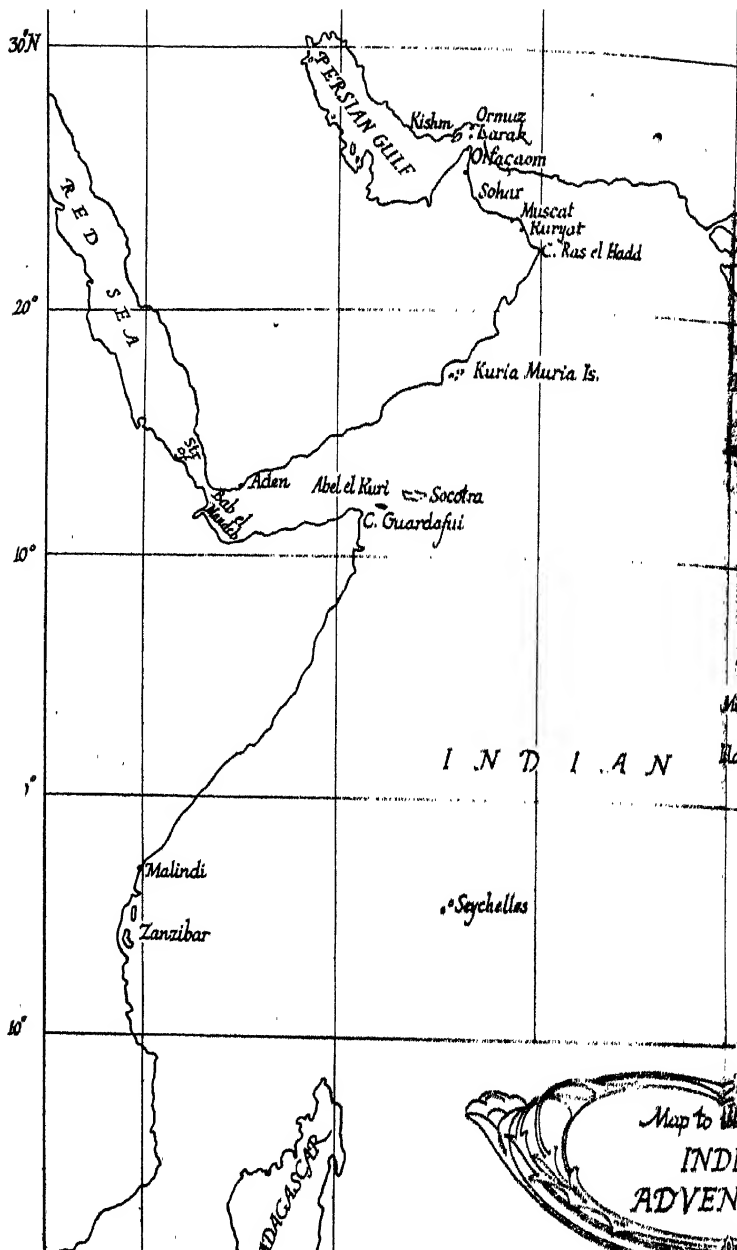
Fleet entered Red Sea	-	-	-	-	-	-	1st May(?)
Stay at Kamaran	-	-	-	-	-	-	1st June to 15th July
Aden again	-	-	-	-	-	-	25th or 26th July
Departure from Aden	-	-	-	-	-	-	4th August
Arrival at Goa	-	-	-	-	-	-	24th September
PEACE WITH CALICUT	-	-	-	-	-	-	October
Visit to Calicut	-	-	-	-	-	-	15th November
Cannanore (discovery of Antonio Real's letters)	-	-	-	-	-	-	November
Calicut again	-	-	-	-	-	-	December

1514

Cochin	-	-	-	-	-	-	1st January
Goa	-	-	-	-	-	-	23rd January
Diogo Fernandes dispatched to Cambay	-	-	-	-	-	-	February
Diogo Fernandes returned from Cambay	-	-	-	-	-	-	15th September
Albuquerque left Goa for Cannanore	-	-	-	-	-	-	November
Cochin	-	-	-	-	-	-	10th December
João Delgado's attempt at poisoning	-	-	-	-	-	-	December

1515

Calicut	-	-	-	-	-	-	8th January
Goa	-	-	-	-	-	-	23rd January
Departure for Ormuz	-	-	-	-	-	-	21st February
Arrival at Ormuz	-	-	-	-	-	-	End of March
Reception of Persian Ambassador	-	-	-	-	-	-	Between 8th and 18th April
Killing of Rais Ahmed	-	-	-	-	-	-	Between 15th and 18th April
Fortress-building begun	-	-	-	-	-	-	3rd May
Fernão Gomes de Lemos sent to Persia	-	-	-	-	-	-	May
Lopo Soares arrived in India	-	-	-	-	-	-	2nd September
Albuquerque's fatal illness	-	-	-	-	-	-	End of September
Last Will and Testament	-	-	-	-	-	-	1st November
Departure from Ormuz	-	-	-	-	-	-	8th November
Codicil to Will	-	-	-	-	-	-	23rd November
Last Letter	-	-	-	-	-	-	6th December
Death in Goa Harbour	-	-	-	-	-	-	16th December



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